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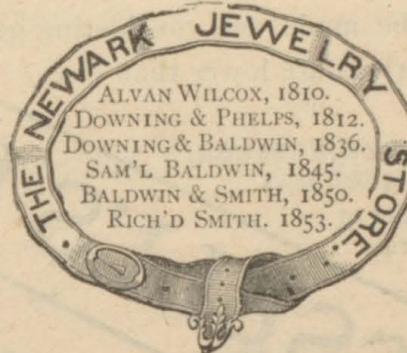
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1879

THE HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL

Printed by L. J. Hardham, Newark, N. J.



Bis vincit, qui se vincit in victoria.



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. III.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1879.

No. I.

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRIST was born on Christmas day ;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;
 Christus natus hodie !
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
 Of Mary.

He is born to set us free ;
He is born our Lord to be,
 Ex Maria Virgine !
The God, the Lord, by all adored
 Forever.

Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show :
 Christus natus hodie !
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
 Of Mary.

Christian men rejoice and sing ;
'Tis the birth-day of a King,
 Ex Maria Virgine !
The God, the Lord, by all adored
 Forever.

Night of sadness, morn of gladness,
Evermore and evermore.
 Ever, ever !
After many troubles sore,
Morn of gladness,
Evermore and evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,
Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early,
 Christ was born :
 Christus natus hodie !
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
 Of Mary.

Sing out with bliss ;
His name is this—
 Emanuel !
As was foretold in days of old
 By Gabriel.
 Ex Maria Virgine !
The God, the Lord, by all adored
 Forever.

Prize Essay of 1878.

THE MINISTRY OF WANT.

BY IDA A. BROWN.

FROM our earliest consciousness we are all familiar with the sense of want. Ungratified longings continually haunt us, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength, until at times we utterly rebel against the fate which places forever beyond our reach that which we so intensely desire. Something akin to this sense of want we find in the plant world. The tiny seed, while still in embryo, bursts the coats of the surrounding envelope, strikes its rootlets down into the earth, and sends its branches upward toward the surface, as if reaching after something outside of itself. Even in the world of atoms, the inorganic world, we find the particles of matter searching blindly for each other as if desiring companionship. Want seems to be the normal condition of all things in nature, whether animate or inanimate.

When this sense of unfulfilled desire presses most heavily upon us, we cry out in bitterness of spirit, "Why does what we receive bear so small a proportion to our wants as to keep us always striving for something more or better?" Seeking for an answer, we find that it is no arbitrary rule by which we are thus limited, but a law which has for its basis a wise and beneficent purpose.

"That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain."

Wonderful results follow even the attraction between senseless atoms; by the union of particles widely different the endless variety of things around us is produced; crystals are formed, marvelous in

their symmetry, and infinite in their variations, from the simple grain of sand which we tread beneath our feet to the emeralds and diamonds which flash and gleam in the coronets of kings; and by this same outreaching of atom after atom, countless worlds are held age after age in their orbits. The tiny plantlet, pushing down into the warm, moist earth, and shooting up as if it knew that the fresh dew and the bright sunshine overhead were in readiness to minister to its wants, gathers nourishment from both sources, and appropriating to its own use new particles of matter, it builds them up into a luxuriant foliage and blossoms of wonderful beauty.

The higher we ascend in the scale of being, the more numerous and varied we find the wants. Since God has in view for man, as his noblest creation, a higher end, He has created him with wants which expand his capabilities, and it is by the exercise of these very powers that he must be fitted to occupy a nobler sphere. The need of clothing which he must procure, of a home which he must construct, of food which he must prepare, call forth powers which would otherwise lie dormant and useless.

But infinitely higher than these merely physical wants are those of his intellectual and spiritual natures. His longing for affection and respect urges him to cultivate those graces and virtues which will command the love and admiration of all; his craving for knowledge leads him to educate his mind. Tyndall, Spencer and Edison, have made themselves kings in the intel-

lectual and scientific worlds, by simply following the promptings of nature and reaching out into the world of unknown things. The innate desire for freedom impelled our Revolutionary heroes to deeds so noble that their names have been honored by all succeeding generations. An insatiable desire for fame has given to history many of its most illustrious names.

For man's spiritual longings, the noblest and most sublime of his nature, there is but one source of complete fulfillment, and that is—God; but it is only when we realize that for the yearning of an immortal soul there can be no earthly satisfaction,

that the "peace which passeth all understanding" can come to us. Then the words of Christ possess a meaning never appreciated before: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

Thus, paradoxical as it may seem, want is the source of our highest enjoyment; for by its ministry, sometimes hard to be borne, but always tenderly severe, we are unconsciously impelled to prepare ourselves for another life, and are fitted to enter into the full glory and joy of the infinitely Good, Beautiful, and True.

TRUTH WILL TRIUMPH.

BY DAVID G. MACLAY. '78.

THROUGH the dark cloud of untruth, which has overhung this world since its first sin, a star has shone, a star which has mounted higher and higher in its glorious course, a star of hope, the star of truth. It speaks to us of a time to come when truth shall reign supreme; it is a precursor of the downfall of falsehood. As it rises it dispels the gloomy darkness which has for so long aided the rule of falsehood. Its light is a guidestar to humanity, leading to better things.

Our eternal father, whose every promise, however great, or however small, has always been fulfilled to the utmost, is the personification of truth; and shall that which has the Creator of all for its champion, be overthrown and dragged in the dust?

God is unchangeable and hence truth is unchangeable. That which was true at

the world's creation is true now, and will be true as long as the world shall exist. In all things and in all ages, truth has withstood the ravages of time's destroying hand, standing uninjured, a presage of its final triumph.

On the other hand, falsehood is an attribute and omnipresent companion of Satan. Falsehood is the means by which he has converted this once beautiful world into a dwelling of misery; falsehood, by which he has peopled his gloomy domain with the inhabitants of earth.

Any nation, which, perchance, may have obtained a high and honored position among the people of the earth, owes this mainly to its upright government and to the fact that its rulers recognize the truth of that old adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

That government which is based on a

false foundation is not durable; and its few remaining hours of existence soon glide by, from the very fact that falsehood is its governing principle and injustice its only standard of justice.

The empire of the first Cæsars in the spring time of its existence, was the most powerful and the most extended the world has ever known. It embraced all the then known world. It comprehended all the lands of the earth and races of men from the jungles of India, to the blue Atlantic; from the burning desert of the south, to the icy waters of the north. Its government was based upon a true foundation. Its fountain-head of justice was pure and free from all the corruption of falsehood. But when, in after centuries, the first seeds of luxury and vice were sown, then, also, were implanted the germs of decay. The years which brought to Rome the effeminacy of the east, brought also as a consequence, the Hun from the north and the Vandal from the south.

Truth has in its nature the surety of eternal existence. In the very fact that it has lived through ages in the world's history when it seemed that the only object left for man to strive for, was a position rendered secure by bloodshed and crime—in this very fact lies the assurance that it will live forever.

The silent power of truth in nature is one of the grandest of the Almighty One's grand creations for the welfare of the world. And as well might a worm attempt to rebel against its Maker, as the skepticism of this world strive to oppose or retard the laws of nature. It was to this mysterious, silent power of nature, which yearly clothes the earth with living green, which causes the grateful rain to descend upon the thirsty soil, and the sea to roll perpetually upon the strand—it was this unknown power to which the ancient

Greeks dedicated a temple with the inscription "to the unknown God."

There have been times in the history of man when any virtue which might have existed was so enshrouded in the all-pervading mists of sin, that it was imperceptible,—times when crime prevailed in all its many forms.

Truth is the Archimedean point by whose aid the lever of progress has set the whole world in motion—has lifted it from those dark and stagnant waters of almost absolute evil and ignorance. There are truths which are positive and which cannot be refuted by all the powers and sophistry of falsehood. It is self-evident that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two given points, and it is a recognized truth that the earth revolves around the sun. But there are truths higher and nobler far than these. It is an absolute truth that an honest, upright character, when compared to a character, its opposite in all things, will surely triumph, and its light—the light native to truth—appears still brighter by the comparison. There is unlimited evidence of this in the lives and deaths of many of the noblest mortals the world has ever known. The martyrs died for truth, all it was in the power of man to do. Their lives, their deaths, the Reformation and all the principal events of the ages are grouped together, as one mighty witness to the victory of truth over falsehood.

Truth is the common source whence proceed all actions productive of good, the common center from which and toward which diverge and converge all the events which have furthered the ultimate object of truth in the progress of the human race toward that condition of life, where falsehood, with its accompanying train of evils is unknown.

And around this common center of

every good, nature in all its different aspects, the mighty forests and the eternal hills, the crystal waters and the grassy plains, stand and shout aloud its triumph. The ceaseless ebb and flow of ocean, the

endless march of time from eternity to eternity, the nightly marshalling of the hosts of heaven upon the measureless fields of space, attest truth's immutability.

ATLANTIS.

BY HELEN L. TUTTLE, '79.

AWAY down the distant ages, borne to us on the swift wings of the flying centuries, there comes an old legend; a legacy left us by those ancient ancestors of ours, who feared Mars, adored Venus, and revered Jupiter. The dead and gone generations speak to us with these words.

Once, long ago, there lay in the sweet waters of Atlanticus, westward far away, a land beautiful beyond description; fair beyond mortal conception. The balmy winds of the south played round it, the warm skies of the east bent over it, the icy finger of the north drew round it a magic circle, and the western waters lapped its golden sands. Brave men built its cities, and tilled its fields. Beautiful women dwelt in its palaces. Neptune himself held the reins of State, and the love of the gods guarded from all ill. And the fame of this fair Atlantis, this paradise on Earth, spread far and wide through all lands, over all seas; and many there were who would fain leave their allotted tasks unfinished, and hie them to this blessed country; and the gods saw and knew it was not well; so they wafted the happy island beyond the bounds of mortality, while the unsatisfied ones

sought, and found it not. Thus saith the ancient oracle.

To-day there lies a region in the country of nowhere in the realm of King Nihil, as bright and beautiful as that land of old, where all fond hopes are realized, where all happy dreams come true. There the fountain of perpetual youth pours forth its sweet waters. Wealth untold awaits the poverty-stricken. Fullness of joy is there for the sad, wisdom for the ignorant, peace for the troubled, rest for the weary. And this happy place is called Utopia. Many have wandered hither and thither on this broad earth, searching for this far-famed kingdom; yet the way leading to its lofty mountains and fertile valleys remains undiscovered.

But there lies still another country beyond this world of ours, fairer than ancient Atlantis, more beautiful than modern Utopia; whose inhabitants shall no more say—"I am sick." "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying." "And The Lamb is The Light thereof." No one can miss the path to this heavenly city, since the crucified Christ stretches his pierced hands to the sinful world, saying—"I am The Way."

CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN.

BY G. C. H., '79.

BRILLIANT are the scenes displayed in history; the rise, the fall, the noon-tide, the splendor, the gradual decline, and at last the utter extinction of the most powerful nations; the lives and the deeds of heroes long since dead, kingdoms lost and won, kings dethroned, the age of chivalry, the crusades, the extinction of Feudalism, and the Reformation, all of which were truly grand events. About the close of the 17th century, Charles XII, a youth of sixteen, ascended the throne of Sweden. Sweden, at this time, stood at the highest point of her power. The possessions of the crown had been increased, and the Treasury filled by the prudence and frugality of Charles XI. The fleet and army were in a good condition; much of the present territory of Russia was then under Swedish rule, the site now occupied by St. Petersburg being a swampy hollow on Swedish soil. In courage and military spirit, the Swedes were inferior to none. On the death of Charles XI, the rulers of Russia, Poland and Denmark thought that the time had come for depriving Sweden of the lands which she had conquered. They accordingly concluded an alliance, and proceeded to attack Sweden at different points. But, to the astonishment of Europe, the young king of Sweden, who had hitherto been looked upon as weak in intellect, suddenly displayed a lively and energetic spirit, and remarkable military talents. In a few months he had conquered Denmark, repeatedly defeated the united armies of Saxony and Poland, and on the 30th of November, 1701, with a force of 8,000 Swedes, he defeated a Russian force of ten

times his number, at Narva. Having deposed the King of Poland, and placed a creature of his own on the throne, he next turned his attention to Saxony—the ruler of which country he completely humiliated. Whilst Charles was lingering in Saxony, Peter the Great, was not idle. He built vast fortresses, reclaimed after prodigious labor the swampy valley of the Neva, and laid the foundation of the new capital—St. Petersburg. Had Charles, when he left Saxony to turn his arms against the last and greatest of his foes, marched directly against St. Petersburg, he might easily have destroyed the Czar's new plans; but, fortunately for Russia, he proceeded to penetrate into the heart of the country. No Russian army opposed the fool-hardy king, who, at the head of his gallant forces, waded through streams, and marched across pathless morasses. But now came the turning point in the life of Charles. Instead of waiting for his General (Lowenhaupt), confident of victory, he fought the battle of Pultowa, which resulted in a total defeat of the Swedish army. Charles, a helpless fugitive, barely saved himself, with about 2,000 followers in a shelterless desert in the dominions of Turkey; the remainder of the fugitives—some 16,000—were obliged to surrender. Not one of those brave warriors ever revisited his home. They were dispersed over the vast empire, some died in the mines of Siberia, others as beggars on the highways. Thus perished this heroic band, as admirable in their endurance as in their triumphs. Charles was honorably received and generously treated by the Turks, but

the thought of returning a vanquished man without an army to his kingdom was unendurable to his haughty soul; he plotted to involve the Turks in a war with Russia. At length his plans seemed about to succeed. The Turks marched against the Czar, and, but for the sagacity of the Empress Catharine, would have captured his entire army.

Peace soon followed. Charles still remained in Turkey even after the Sultan had withdrawn the hospitality. It was not until news was brought him, that nearly all his possessions in Germany were in the hands of the enemy that he suddenly left Turkey, after a residence of five years, and arrived unexpectedly before the

gates of Stralsund. The King continued the war for five years without success. In 1716 he fell upon Norway with a small army. It was here that Charles met his death before the fortress of Freidrichshall, which he was besieging. Thus closed the life of a monarch whose military career may be likened to the flight of a meteor, dazzling in its brilliancy, but brief in duration. The battle of Pultowa may well be reckoned as one of the most decisive battles in history. Had the Swedes been victorious, their heroic king might have driven back the semi-barbarous Russians to their Asiatic home, and the glorious banner of Sweden might to-day be floating from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY CLARA VALENTINE. '81.

IT came to pass during the reign of King Dobbins in the province governed by Prince E. O., that one of the rulers in the province came unto me and said, "Thou shalt write a composition and do thou make it good, so that the girls of this division may shine in the *Annual*, and be puffed up with righteous pride like unto the rest of womankind. And do thou take for a subject unto thy composition.—‘Voices of the Night.’"

And I lifted up my voice and wept, and said unto her, "Why hast thou brought this affliction upon me? Have I not always been a faithful servant unto thee? Have I not always said rightly unto thee my lessons, and is that not sufficient for thee?"

And she was wroth against me; and said unto me, "Oh, thou girl of little wisdom, knowest thou not that it is the

custom of this kingdom to give unto the maidens, compositions, when the burden of lessons is more than they can bear? Knowest thou not that it is well for the mind to be crammed? Get thee away, I am angry with thee for thy blindness."

And I went unto my dwelling place, and thought and wondered much concerning the things which had been revealed unto me. And I said unto myself,—“I will wait until all my people are asleep, then I will arise and go to my window, and I will listen unto those things that raise their voices in the night, that I may the more easily judge concerning them.” And it came to pass as I said.

And behold I heard a grievous cry, like unto six harps with strings broken, and the clashing of untoned cymbals. And I lifted up mine eyes unto the next place wherein

I dwelt, and saw animals to the number of eleven singing with a song of praise,—“Come into the garden, Maud.” And there was to the single part a bass tenor, and a tenor alto, and a variation between an alto and a soprano; and the chorus was crescendo and diminuendo, and flat and sharp with trills and quavers, and semi-quavers and demi semi-quavers, with the prelude in the minor and major keys. And it came to pass in the midst of the most impressive chorus, I saw eleven other animals like unto those who were singing, come out of the places wherein they did dwell, and they came to greet the other animals, and they all united in their songs, and loud was the singing they did make. Now, grievous to tell, a sudden shower of wonderful things fell upon this mighty host, and they stopped not to give unto one another the brotherly kiss. And I heard a mighty voice saying—“Drat them cats!” and I said unto myself, “It is well.”

Now, a naughty host of small animals descended upon me, and great was the affliction they did bring upon me, and they had long bills with a full set of sharp lancets within them, and there was to their bodies a great buzz, and they did move quickly with a great noise about my face. And I fought bravely with this mighty

host, and killed two of them, whereat I rejoiced exceedingly, and I went unto my bed well pleased with what I had done. And it was the third watch of the night. And in the fourth watch, I heard a noise ascending unto the heavens, mighty in power, and passing strange in sound, and I arose from my bed, and went unto my window, and behold I saw seated in a half-circle, ten beasts, with pug noses and short tails, and each nose was turned to an angle of forty-five degrees, and twenty eyes were lifted unto the “Queen of the Night,” and each mouth was opened widely, and they were singing unto her, “Silver Moonlight.” And I lifted up my voice and said unto them,—“Shoo!” and they sang unto the moon,—“Bow, wow, wow, o-o o-o.” And I said again unto them,—“Go way, doggie. Go way, go way! go way! Shoo!” and they came unto me under my window, and lifted up their voices and said,—“Bow wow, wow, bow, wow!”

And I saw that I could not contend with so mighty a host. Then I went back to my bed, and in the fifth watch I arose and wrote these things. And let not the unbelievers say among themselves they never happened, for think’st thou I would bear false witness.

MR. MICAWBER'S LETTER-WRITING PROPENSITY.

BY BRUNO HOOD. '80.

IT is a fact which requires no exemplification that to write a good letter is an advantage of great importance which only one out of a thousand possesses. There is a peculiar pleasure in the very nature of correspondence which assumes the propor-

tion of delight when graced with excellence. We say these things in sober earnestness, and when we refer to Mr. Wilkins Micawber in this connection, it is only to illustrate the old rule how, what in itself is grand and good can be pervert-

ed into the ludicrous and absurd. For Mr. Micawber's letters not only cease to be objects of pleasure, but become perfect torments; though he has but little matter to write, yet he always writes too many words.

Mr. Micawber, as my readers well know, is the letter-writing hero of Charles Dickens. He is the one man to whom life is valueless if not combined with letter-writing. Meet him in joy or in sorrow, in prison or in his lofty position as governor, and if you find him at all, you will find him either composing a letter in the recesses of his fertile mind, or transferring the same to paper. To such a ridiculous extent does he drive this propensity that, put him in a position where the ordinary man would make use of speech, Mr. Micawber resorts to pen and ink. Witness the following by way of illustration: Mr. Micawber had seated himself close to the table at which "the friend of his youth" and several other persons were engaged in discussing an important question. Whether or not the organ of speech of Mr. Micawber was so seriously affected at that time, as to render speech impossible Mr. Dickens fails to tell. Be that as it may, though the distance between himself and "the friend of his youth" did not exceed one yard, he found it absolutely necessary to communicate his thoughts in writing.

This worthy gentleman is not a man of

few words, nor does he attempt to restrain his flow of language when he sets it forth in correspondence—a fact that is fully illustrated by the letter wherein he denounces that very "humble person" Uriah Heep. This piece of literature was of such extraordinary length that the mere sight of it caused the amiable Miss Betsy Trotwood to exclaim "Bless and save the man! He'd write letters by the ream, if it was a capital offense!"

Now it may very naturally be presumed that Mr. Micawber had matters of great importance to communicate, and hence the length of his letters. But this is not the case. About the only thing they contained is that he expected "something to turn up shortly," or that unless "something did turn up shortly," he would be a ruined man; either of which he might easily have spared himself the trouble to inform his friends, as they were very well acquainted with his weaknesses. Let me add by way of explanation that to ruin this man, as far as worldly circumstances are concerned, would be an utter impossibility.

One word more. Had his creditors—who were certainly quite numerous—deprived him rather of the privilege of letter-writing than of freedom, Mr. Micawber might have realized that this world is made for other things than letter-writing alone, and turned his ingenuity into a channel more profitable to his creditors.

WHAT more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of nature,
To raine in the aire from earth to highest
skie
To feed on floweres and weed of glorious
feature. —*Edmund Spenser.*

VIRTUE could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and
moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. —*Milton.*

NOTHING is beneath you if it is in the
direction of your life; nothing is great or
desirable if it is off that. —*Emerson.*

THE PRESENT CHILD IS THE COMING MAN.

BY ALICE DAWES. '82.

THE children of this age, we often hear, are to be the coming men and women, and this subject is continually before us.

Wherever we go, we meet the children of the day, and are often too slow to perceive in them the traits that we admire so much in our fathers and brothers. The faults of children are usually more pronounced than their virtues; in all probability that they may be impressed with the necessity of forsaking the evil and choosing the good.

The most of the great men of our day, and indeed of all days, have shown early in life signs unmistakable of the hidden power, that in after years has caused their names to be enrolled among the honored ones.

Sometimes the signs of greatness have been so misunderstood, that "stupid," "dull," and "idle" have been attributed

instead, yet the final development has proved the falseness of these epithets.

James Watt, who, while watching the movement of the tea-kettle lid, studied out the mighty power hidden in steam, was nevertheless severely reprimanded for his seeming laziness.

There is a great deal of mourning over the rising generation that might safely be omitted. Judging from the complaints made, one might think that the future would have no scientists, no artists, no poets; but when we realize how small and unnoticeable must ever be the beginning of real greatness, we need not despair.

It is to education we must look for the right development of the minds of the young. In a land where each can enjoy superior advantages simply by improving them, we may safely trust the future will not be devoid of great men.

MANUFACTURES.

BY JOHN H. CHARMBURY. '81.

THE origin of manufactures dates back into the remote ages of the world. Evidences of their existence have been found by geologists embedded in the earth's crust with the remains of our earliest ancestors.

Man, by nature almost defenceless, had to resort to his wits to place himself on an equality with the savage animals surrounding him. Forced by circumstances

to procure means of subsistence and protect himself from the attack of his enemies, it is natural to suppose that the bow and arrow had an early share of his attention. This, with a few agricultural implements and flints shaped into axes, probably completed the list of manufactures of our first parents. As experience was gained and greater expertness acquired, their manufactures took a wider range;

new substances were operated upon, and certain portions of the community confined their labors to producing articles for exchange, and as a consequence soon excelled in the quality of their productions. Foremost among these were the Egyptians; they were well clothed, and the ruins which still remain show that they must have possessed machinery of the most powerful character. The hieroglyphic inscriptions on their monuments represent instruments in use at the present day; such as the balance, the chariot and the potter's wheel.

Manufactures are at present carried on almost all over the world, but most extensively in Europe and the United States. Great progress has been made, especially in the last few years. The bow and arrow of the past has given place to the rifle of to-day; the torch has gradually developed into the tallow candle, and from that into the oil lamp, until now gas is generally used wherever artificial light is needed, and even this will probably in a few years be superseded by the electric light. Agricultural implements have also been greatly improved. Instead of reaping, mowing and threshing by hand, as was formerly done, these operations are now accomplished by machinery, and the old-fashioned windmills have passed away to be replaced by those driven by steam. The old way of transmitting intelligence through messengers on horse is now among the things that were, and the telegraph encircles the earth and brings all parts of the world into instant communication.

In consequence of the perfection to

which manufactures have been brought, articles that took months of hard labor to produce, and which were therefore out of the reach of most people, are now made in a few hours by the aid of machinery, and the prices thereby reduced so as to bring them within the reach of all. Owing to the improvements that have been made in machinery, many articles of convenience, that a few years ago were unthought of, are now in daily use. Apparent impossibilities have been performed, and the arts and manufactures have impelled science to greater exertions to pave the way and render possible the completion of some of its projects. Luxuries, which heretofore were only possible to the rich, and in many cases even out of their reach, are now the common possessions of the poor.

The extent to which manufacturing is at present carried on, necessitates the employment of a greater number of people than formerly. The different branches of manufacture are now more numerous, and are carried on on a larger scale than ever before, and in consequence of this the number of men employed must be proportionately larger. When the steam locomotive was first invented, it gave employment to thousands in building the roads, and to thousands more in building the engines and cars, while still greater numbers obtain constant employment driving the engines, loading and unloading the cars, keeping the roads and engines in repair, and in innumerable other branches of industry to which it has given rise.

"THE proper epic of this world is not now 'arms and the man ;' how much less 'shirt-frills and the man ;' no, it is now 'tools and the man :' that, henceforth to all time is now our epic."

GOD the first garden made, the first city,
Cain.—*Cowley.*

THE fearful disbelief is disbelief in yourself.—*Carlyle.*

RHYME OF THE FRANTIC SCHOOL-GIRL.

A UNA MULTARUM.

IT was a frantic school-girl,
And she stoppeth one of three,
“ By thy wild looks and distraught air,
Now, wherefore stop'st thou me ?

My dinner table waiteth now,
And I am stayed for, see !
My spouse, she sits behind the urn,
They tarry all for me.”

She holds him by her fevered hand,
He strives to break away ;
She holds him by her piercing eye,
He cannot choose but stay.

He gives one agonized look,
His friends have quit the room ;
He gives one hungered thought of bread,
And yields him to his doom.

A well-thumbed book the damsel bore,
She waved it o'er her head ;
The man addressed, here bent his breast,
And wished that he were dead.

Then from a heart that brimmed o'er,
The maiden thus began
With hurried speech and trembling voice,
“ Speak up, an thou'rt a man.

Oh why did Virgil write this stuff
To puzzle my small wit ?
Is't not enough to learn those things
Which in this age are writ ?

No excellent soul is exempt from a
mixture of folly.

—Aristotle.

What is this horse, this *equus* here,
Who built it, and why? say !”
He rolled his eyes to the pitying skies,
And muttered: “ O go way.”

She heedest not; but faster still
Her questionings did come ;
The fated man in silence stood,
As one that's stricken dumb.

“ Then Danai, Graii, Argives, speak !
This sorely puzzles me ;
Why call them forty different names ?
I like consistency.

Minerva, too, here is a stick :
Was Pallas' sister, she ?
Or is't Athenia, I think of ?
They are confused, these three.

Greeks, Trojans, Carthagicians, all
Are mixed in my head ;
Can'st thou not straight them ?” [She
looked up]—
The soulless man had fled.

And then a flood of bitter grief
Her faint heart over-flows,
Till she spies another learned face ;
And after it straightway goes.

And thus the story is renewed ;
She seeks aid near and far,
And execrates base Helen, who
Brought on this Trojan war.

Never marry but for love ; but see that
thou lovest what is lovely. —Wm. Penn.

HIDE AND SEEK.

BY IDA J. MORRISON. '80.

The games of childhood are often suggestive of the work which comes to the little ones in the later years. The free and joyous little boy calls for some one to play horse with him, that he may trot to Banbury Cross, and as he rides his wooden horse, he dreams of the day when he shall be a man, and rein a living steed; while the little maiden, moved by the same instinct which in the mother's nature causes her to have such tender solicitude for her little ones, chooses to tend her baby doll. When, however, hide and seek is proposed, even the dolly is left, and the journey to that unknown village is never completed but the children with one glad cry, join heartily in this mirthful game. In the universal love displayed for this game, we see the dawning of the nature which will be developed more fully in later years.

It is not strange that the children love it so, for has not Nature in her most winning ways taught it to them? The stars set it in the deep blue of the heavens, appear to be at this same joyous game. They shine down on us with their soft, silvery light, and then disappear for a little while, coming back to us again with the same merry twinkle, as if they had found a wonderful hiding-place in the depths of the blue atmosphere. In the Autumn, the earth hides all her foliage under a delicate garment of beautiful whiteness; but when the Spring-time comes, the sunbeams seek the flowers, and find them again.

In their childhood days, the little ones

hide from each other that they may be sought for again; but as the years pass on, and they come into school, things are found which some one older has bidden them seek, and the game becomes more earnest. As a glad, triumphant expression flashes across the face of the child, who has sought and found a playmate, so the school-girl at work for the hidden result of some difficult problem, may feel truly exultant when she has been successful in this truer game of hide and seek.

When the school-days are over, still more earnest becomes the game. Men learn that things are hidden from them, which are being searched for every day, and everywhere people are found working out this game that the children play, the seeking after hidden things.

Long ago, in the unremembered ages, this great world was covered with a most luxuriant vegetation. In time all this beautiful growth hid itself in the earth's dark bosom; there, untouched by the hand of any one, it underwent a marvelous transformation; and now the earth gives up its treasure, but the miners think not that they seek and find in this game which was begun centuries ago. And of its abundance, the earth yields other treasures from its dark caverns, to those who seek, gold and precious stones.

Longfellow says:

"The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;"

and there are those, who, from the boundless territories of the turbulent sea, gather together rare and pure things; and they

gather bits of truth in these weird journeys, which in time contribute to science, and enlighten the world. Others, in the far away depths of the azure sky, are discovering new worlds and myriads of suns, by means of the telescopes, which give the eye power to pierce the misty atmosphere far into space; and thus again, we find hidden things revealed by seeking.

It was the working out of this game that sent Columbus across the broad ocean to seek for an unknown path to India; but our own fair land waylaid him, and his searching won for him renown. Up among the northern icebergs, Dr. Hall sought for an open polar sea, but found instead a grave.

But there are other than material things for which men search. Unseen forces and hidden truths are often the objects of their

seeking, and the same impulse which leads the child to look for the cause of the wooden soldier's drumming, or the little milk-maid's churning, is developed in the man as he seeks the hidden principle of life.

When the merry Christmas-tide comes, and the bells rings out their joyous peals through all the land, our thoughts go back to that day in the long ago, when the wise men sought the Christ child, having seen His star in the East; and earth's wisest ones in every age have sought and found Him in His divine, not in His human manifestation. Those who search for material things may fail in their labors, but the seekers for divine truth shall obtain it, for we read in Holy Writ, "Seek, and ye shall find;" and again, "There is nothing hidden, that shall not be revealed."

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

EDITORS.

WILLIAM L. HAZEN, '79.

LOUIS R. MENAGH, '79.

BRUNO HOOD, '80.

HERBERT S. SUTPHEN, '80.

HANNAH M. COULT, '79.

LIZZIE P. BALDWIN, '79.

ADA STICKNEY, '80.

FLORENCE PATTON, '80.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer—"

THE distant tinkling of the merry Christmas bells, calls the otherwise unassuming High School student to the editorial sanc-tum. With joy he enters upon the du-ties of his position to send forth words of greeting to one and all. But doubt pre-sents itself too soon. Will welcome be accorded to his greeting? Often has he heard that the course of education pur-sued in the High School is uncalled for—an example of the city's waste and extrav-agance. If this be true, how can the Annual, a production of the High School, hope for a cordial reception? And yet we will not despair, for we wish to present in these pages a result which will justify the means—the Annual will proclaim the worth of the High School.

The establishment of the Newark Pub-lic High School dates back, as our readers may well know, to the year 1855, and it held its first session on the seventh of

January of that year. The number of pupils was about the same as at present, but the organization of the School was not complete. This time, however, has passed away, and the High School of to-day, reflects nothing but credit upon the city of Newark. The courses of study pursued in the Male Department are the Classi-cal, Scientific and English, and the Com-mercial. The first contemplates the pre-pa ration of students for college. The sec-ond embraces the Sciences, and Latin to a limited extent, and is intended as a pre-liminary course of instruction to those who may choose to pursue higher sci-entific studies, or end their school days with the Institution. The third and last pre-pares young men for a business life. Lit-erary pursuits form a prominent feature in the several branches, and that these all important exercises may be carried to a higher degree of perfection, a Society of the young men of the Senior and Junior classes is kept in a flourishing condition,

by the exertions of the majority of its members. Here, great attention is also paid to parliamentary rules and regulations—a circumstance which will prove useful in after life. Thus, the High School is to us all a copious fountain of culture and happiness. And, unpretending as we are, we may yet hope that these few statements of our School's character and doings, will prove convincing, and turn dissatisfaction into satisfaction, the cold "winter of discontent" into warm, "glorious summer."

But our thoughts carry us one step farther. Although the variety of instruction is enough, the over-crowded state of our School, and the deficient condition of our library and laboratory, are matters which require serious and immediate attention. If this year's ANNUAL should contribute one mite towards these much desired improvements, our murmurs will

cease, and the summer of contentment rule supreme.

Next, a word of sorrow. Friends have left us, and in the loss, both boys and girls share. The genial countenance of Miss EMMA P. SMITH no longer meets us. She has left the scene of eleven years' successful labor, and has accepted a position in the Mt. Auburn Young Ladies' Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio. So too, we miss the cheering voice and sweet song of Mr. JOHN L. HEFFRON. Although we regret the absence of these, our friends, still let us extend the hand of welcome to our new teachers, MISS CLARA W. GREENE and MR. J. WATSON SMITH, and bid God-speed to those, who, in the past, have so faithfully tried to better prepare us for our life work. And now we most cordially greet you one and all, and wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

AT the time of the issue of our last ANNUAL, the Society paper was published jointly by the young gentlemen and ladies, and rejoiced in the name of "Hesperian Record and Montagu Round Table." Whether this high-sounding title absorbed its vitality—children with too long names are said to be unhealthy—we cannot say. This we know, that toward the end of the year, the paper languished; and now, to use the words of our friend Mr. Tennyson, "The whole Round Table is dissolved," and the young gentlemen are left alone in their pursuit of journalistic fame. Not that the gallant knights of the Round Table have wholly given up their quest, but finding the blaze of publicity to which they were subjected, almost too much for their maiden modesty, hereafter they will

seek literary improvement in a more quiet and unostentatious way, content with having their names placed in print once a year on the pages of the ANNUAL, according to the time-honored custom.

The course of events in the Female Department of the High School, glides along in much the same channel this year as last. Our learned Principal leads a new flock through "pastures green;" that is to say, the hexameters of Virgil, and a new score or two of sympathetic damsels are called to weep the fate of *infelix Dido*, and to learn with wondering, that the tricks of the "senior-junior giant-dwarf Dan Cupid," were the same in the days of *Æneas*, as in the nineteenth century. The subtle reasonings of the geometrician are unfolded to their eager minds, and a

"well of English undefyled" is opened up to them by the lucid pen of the fascinating Mr. Quackenboss.

A new influx of scholars has been received from the grammar schools to be initiated into the mysteries of X, Y & Z ; to be led through the mazes of *lingua Latina*, to puzzle their heads over declensions and conjugations, and at last break their hearts on the stern rock of the subjunctive.

This year, the incoming scholars so far exceeded in number the graduates, as to render the formation of a new class necessary. The room chosen for their use is in Corey & Stewart's building, and has, at

least, the advantage of being near the sky. In this way, a new room has been added our School, and a new teacher, Miss Crane, to our corps of instructors.

Of course, each member of the High School imagines it in a more flourishing state during the year in which he graces the institution, than it has been before, or can hope to be in coming times. In school life, as elsewhere, we judge ourselves most leniently, and, in the same spirit, we beg all our readers to criticise our work.

"Be to our virtues very kind,
Be to our faults a little blind."

A CARD FROM THE "HESPERIAN RECORD."

" MY task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell shall break off this protracted dream,
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp ; and what is writ, is writ.
Would it were worthier!"

Thus, with this edition, our term of office expires. Although we have met with many difficulties and discouragements, yet we cannot say that the duties of an editor are devoid of interest. It brings one in contact with business duties of daily life, and tends to sharpen and enlighten the intellect by necessary research. For the success of our paper, our thanks are due to our contributors for their kind assistance, to our advertisers for the helping hand offered, and to our subscribers and readers for their willing sixpence.

In consequence of the publication of

this paper, it seemed expedient to us to combine the December and January numbers with the columns of the ANNUAL and we would request our readers to substitute this publication for the above mentioned numbers.

And now in resigning our positions to our successors, although our connection with the *Record* will be no more as editors, yet the same interest will always be felt towards it, and we sincerely wish that the project will be carried forward, proving to be, as it has been in the past, not only of great interest to those connected with it, but also to the Hesperian Society in general, and in time taking its deserved rank among the school journals of America.

" IF what shone afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in thy hand,

On again ; the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize."

LOCALS.

1879.

Merry Christmas.

Happy New Year.

'76, Mr. J. G. Olds is at Princeton.

The Semi-Public is next in order.

'78, Miss Alice B. Poinier is at Vassar College.

Why not have a Thanksgiving every month!

The next examinations occur during the fourth week in January.

Of the former members of the class of '79, Messrs. R. K. Clark and C. F. Darlington are at Princeton.

The membership of the present Hesperian Society exceeds that of any of the past five years.

Yale has 1022 students; Harvard, 819; Cornell, 500; Princeton, 495; Amherst, 335; Columbia, 227, and Williams, 208.

Our advertisers are the representative business men of Newark. In purchasing holiday presents bear them in mind.

The disappearance of Prof. —'s autograph album has caused quite a *furore* in the circles of the male Junior class.

The poem entitled "To our noble School Building," consisting of seventeen stanzas of twelve verses each, is respectfully declined.

The *Columbia Spectator* is one of the best of our exchanges. The college jokes are not the worst feature of the paper.

We don't quite understand, but will some young lady enlighten us as to how Miss Jennie S. Jones can be obtained from Miss Susan Jane Jones, or Miss Matilda Ann Slamhammer can be changed to Miss Millie A. Slamhammer, and others of a like nature?

'77, Mr. T. W. Lauterborn is studying medicine at the University of the City of New York. Mr. E. Riggs is at Columbia, Messrs. E. E. Worland and W. A. Dougall are at Princeton.

Among the latest contributions to our exchange table, we notice the *Irving Era*, published by the Buffalo Central High School, the *Penna. College Monthly*, and the *Rochester Campus*, all exhibiting a high degree of typographic and literary ability.

It is really astonishing to note the large number of drafts, that certain of our Newark firms have "just accepted" as we present a bill for advertising.

How can the art interests of Newark be advanced, when the young lady members of the Rhetoric class de-Klein to encourage our gentlemen artists?

'78, Mr. Joseph M. Woodruff is at Princeton, Mr. David Maclay is at Columbia, and Messrs. A. H. Ward and E. H. Rockwell are at the University of the City of New York.

Couldn't the Semi-Public committee arrange to have a farce in which all the members of the Hesperian could take part?

'76, Mr. D. H. Wisner is taking a course of lectures in medicine at the medical department of the University of the City of New York.

Mr. Pentz, having other duties to perform, tendered his resignation as Junior editor of the ANNUAL. His position was filled by the appointment of Mr. Bruno Hood, of the Senior class.

'74, Mr. Louis Hood, desires private pupils in the Classics, higher English, and German. Apply at 127 Washington st.

Of the twelve male members of '79, none swear, eleven dance, six out of a half-dozen are not partial to a good cigar, nine make regular visits every week, three have never treated to apples but always want to be treated—respectfully. All are Republicans, one imagines that he has a talent for singing, making the night hideous with his howls, and twelve would give their all to take part in the farce at the "Public." For further particulars, see Government Census for 1875.

The Juniors have lately had the well-known problem of the vintner and the wine, given them in their mathematics. A Junior editor remarks that it would be a good idea to put the name of a prominent member of that class in the place of the vintner, and Prof. —'s ink bottle in the place of the wine cask, and would like to know how many times the bottle has been filled up with water and how much pure ink there is left in the bottle.

CLIPPINGS.

We have found out the shape of a kiss at last;—It is a-lip-tickle.

We saw a young man the other night with two heads on his shoulders, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity.—One belonged to his girl.

The meanest thing we have heard of yet, is two Sophmores putting a Freshman to-bed after he had treated the class.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

One of the "fair ones" boasts that her lover in the junior class is telescopic.—She can draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up.

"What do you think of Brown's preaching?" asked a theologue the other day. "I think," was the reply, "that he did better two years ago." "But he didn't preach then." "That's what I mean."—*Spectator.*

A professor of German, not a thousand miles away, being asked how often he shaved, replied:—"Dree dimes a week, effery day but Soontay—den I shafe effery day."—*Ibid.*

A theological student was asked what theory he held regarding the devil. He blandly replied that he had not yet got to the devil.—*Campus.*

"What is an axiom?" asked a teacher of a Senior in Geometry. "An axiom is a—a thing that is plain at the first glance, after you stop to think of it awhile," was the lucid reply.

A Western editor publishes a poem which "was written by an esteemed friend, who has lain in the grave for many years merely for his own amusement."

A Junior wants to know if by "indirect vision" one can see a star that is below the horizon.—That is like shooting round corner.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

An inscription upon the wall of an old wayside inn, not ten thousand miles from Connecticut:

"Heres to Pands pen
Dasoci! al Hou?—Rinhar
M. Les, Smirt: Ha! (N. D. F.)
Unle, T, Fri; end, shi! Pre,
I, Gnbe, J, U, Stand, K. Indan
Devils!!! Peako, Fn (one)."

Can any of our readers translate it?

Dennis Kearney declined the chair of Profane History, at Harvard College.

MRS. JULIA C. A. DORR.

I KNOW a spot where the wild vines creep,
And the coral moss-cups grow,
And where, at the foot of the rocky steep,
The sweet blue violets blow.
There, all day long in the summer time,
You may hear the river's dreamy rhyme ;
There, all day long does the honey-bee
Murmur and hum in the hollow tree.

And there the feathery hemlock, makes
A shadow, cool and sweet ;
While from its emerald wing, it shakes
Rare incense at your feet.
There do the silvery lichens cling,
There does the tremulous hare-bell swing ;
And many a scarlet berry shines
Deep in the green of the tangled vines.

Over the wall at dawn of day,
Over the wall at noon,
Over the wall when the shadows say
That night is coming soon,
A little maiden with laughing eyes,
Climbs in her eager haste, and hies
Down to the spot where the wild vines
creep,
And violets bloom by the rocky steep.

All wild things love her. The murmuring
bee

Scarce stirs when she draws near,
And sings the bird in the hemlock tree
Its sweetest for her ear.
The hare-bells nod as she passes by,
The violet lifts its calm, blue eye,
The ferns bend lowly her steps to greet,
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.

Up in her path-way, seems to spring
All that is sweet or rare ;—
Chysalis quaint, or the moth's bright
wing,
Or flower-buds strangely fair.
She watches the tiniest bird's nest, hid
The thickly clustering leaves amid ;
And the small, brown tree-toad on her
arm,
Quietly hops, and fears no harm.

Ah, child of the laughing eyes, and heart
Attuned to Nature's voice !
Thou hast found a bliss that will ne'er
depart,
While Earth can say " Rejoice ! "
The years must come, and the years must
go ;
But the flowers will bloom, and the
breezes blow,
And bird and butterfly, moth and bee,
Bring on their swift wings, joy to thee.

ALL true work is sacred ; in all true work,
were it but true hand-labour, there is
something of divineness.—*Carlyle.*

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.—*The fraction
of life can be increased in value not so much
by increasing your numerator as by lessening
your denominator.* Nay, unless my Alge-

bra deceive me, *thirty* itself divided by
zero will give *infinity*. Make thy claim of
wages a zero, then ; thou hast the world
under thy feet. Well did the wisest of
our time write : "It is only with renun-
ciation (*Entsagen*) that life, properly speak-
ing, can be said to begin."—*Carlyle.*

COMMON SENSE.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY PROF. E. O. HOVEY, BEFORE THE NEW JERSEY STATE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION.

THE times demand men of good common sense. Men of this class are needed in all departments of business life.

Young men are daily graduating from our colleges and seminaries who know nothing of the practical affairs of life, and who fail in business simply because they think their knowledge of Latin, Greek and Geometry, and their fine elocutionary abilities will serve them in place of good common sense.

Many a teacher has gone to an early grave because he lacked it; because he had not learned that the body and the mind must have rest, and that the burning of midnight oil is a sure way to extinguish the lamp of life.

Intellectual culture, thorough mental discipline, a mind conversant with all the arts and sciences, a mind competent to grasp the theories of evolution and involution, are greatly to be desired; but the man possessing all these is feeble unless coupled with his grand attainments is good common sense. And nowhere is this needed more than in the school room. How many teachers fail because they lack it?

How many have you seen on your right hand and on your left to whom permanent success never came—who were never able to judge what seemed from what was.

"WHO does the best his circumstance allows, does well; acts nobly; angels could no more."

Distinction is the consequence, never the object, of a great mind.—*Allston.*

Common sense will teach a teacher how to ventilate his room, how warm to keep it, how to modify the admission of light according to circumstances, and how not to treat every pupil alike.

In a school room, among other pupils, was a little girl and a large boy. The little girl, thinking of things far away, was scratching the desk with a pin in her absent-mindedness. The teacher coming along pointed his finger at the place, but said not a word. The dear little girl burst into tears. Presently the teacher saw the boy scratching his neighbor's name on his desk. The deeds seemed very much the same. The girl needed only the look, the boy—if in whip-land—the whip.

Success does not depend upon birth nor wealth. George H. Andrews, one of New York's most eminent men of to-day, was a sensible boy. During his clerkship, his employer asked him one day how long it would take him to copy certain papers. "About two hours." "Copy them and wait till I return." He copied the papers and waited till four o'clock the next morning. His employer returned. "What, you here yet?" "You told me to wait till you returned, and I should have waited till to-morrow evening." Turning to his desk he wrote a check for \$200, and giving it to the lad said, "Go home and to sleep."

IT is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth, than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it. The cure is love for it.

BY A. B. G.

KNOWLEDGE is principally acquired in our schools in three ways: First, by the study of books; second, by oral discourses; third, by the study of words. To study books, is to feast one's mind on the very fatness that other minds have gathered. We have the additional inspiration of the human voice, when listening to wholesome oral instruction. These methods of acquiring the knowledge that the great minds of the past and present have accumulated are not over-rated, but it seems to me that the study of English words *as words*, is much under-rated, or rather is not rated at all by many instructors. I wish to make a plea for the study of English words, not in a grammatical sense, but as single objects of investigation.

The naturalist and geologist regard each fossil found imbedded in the earth's crust as an open page, from which positive knowledge is gathered. Some one has said that words are "fossil history." This statement is easily verified by the study of many of the words in daily use.

Webster defines the adjective "frank," as "free in uttering real sentiments; not reserved; using no disguise; candid; open; ingenuous." How came the word to have this meaning? The Franks were a powerful German tribe, who, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, settled in Gaul, since known as France. The people were noted for their love of freedom, honesty of purpose, and their scorn of a lie. And thus it came about that the word "frank" soon acquired more than its national significance; it involved a moral

distinction as well. A "frank" man was synonymous, not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but with a man of high moral qualities. Thus in studying the origin of this simple word, we fix in mind one of the characteristics of a powerful people, and at the same time the word has itself, acquired a more forcible significance, not easily to be forgotten.

The student in Rhetoric, readily learns that a "solecism" is an offense against grammatical concord, that property of style which demands English constructions; but usually the meaning of "solecism" leaves our heads much too early to meet gray hairs on its way out. In other words, it is forgotten almost as readily as learned. Soloe, from which "solecism" is derived, was an Athenian colony in Cilicia. The people of this colony, once of "blue blood," forgetting their Attic refinement of speech, became notorious for the ungrammatical Greek that they spoke. The people of this ancient colony, like many men since their time, became noted because of their blunders; but we can partially excuse them, since they furnished us so expressive a name for our mistakes in speech. From this we see, that by placing these words "frank" and "solecism," under the historical microscope, we find that words are "fossil history."

Many of our simple words have lost, from want of analysis, much of their original force. When we speak of a man's "caprice," we have in mind his abrupt change in feeling, opinion, or action. Upon learning that the word "caprice" is from the Latin word "capra," a goat, we

at once see that the person, who first called a whimsical man a capricious man, had a vivid appreciation of the similarity between the fantastical goat-leap, and the fickleness of a freakish mind.

Some may urge that the study of words, as to their origin and different shades of meaning, should be pursued incidentally, while studying Grammar and Rhetoric. What is to be done incidentally, is not usually done at all. Macaulay says that the study of Grammar never helped one to converse more correctly. Granting that Macaulay was wrong, we must still admit that in our conversation, the results from the study of Grammar are not proportionate, as to our command of suitable words, to the time spent on the study. What, then, is the trouble? Words must be studied *as words*. Words are to language,

as individual men are to the community. The candidate for a political office, if he would succeed, must know more than the social and business relations existing between the voters of his district; he must know individual men. Grammar treats of the social and business relations between words. To have these words at our command, to make them vote a "straight ticket," we must know them singly. Do we not need in our High School a more formal recognition of this important study? No student will waste his time, if he gives one hour a day for six months of his course, to lectures on the origin and significance of our ordinary English words. At the same time, the student should have practice in writing sentences containing words that are synonyms of words given by the instructor.

THE NIECES OF ROBERT BURNS.

J. M. Q.

Thackeray somewhere tells of an old lady of his acquaintance who had known Dr. Johnson, been intimate with Fox, and had been patted on the head by George the First.

One of the pleasantest of many pleasant memories associated with a trip to the Old World last summer, was a call on the nieces of Robert Burns. On the 20th of last August, we left St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, for a visit to the house and home of Scotland's dearest poet. In the lonely room where Robert Burns first drew breath, where

"One door shuts out the snow and storm
"One window greets the day."

we fell in with our distinguished countryman, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, who was en-

gaged in carefully visiting the places where Burns had lived, and wrote and suffered. After showing me the various things of interest in the house, the Colonel added: "Be sure, before you return to Ayr to make a call on the nieces of Robert Burns, Miss Agnes and Isabella Begg, who live in a pretty cottage a little distance from the main road." After we had visited the monument, walked through the grounds, full of rarest flowers which surround it, gazed with awe upon Kirk Alloway's witch-haunted walls, and spent a pensive and dreamy hour by the "banks and braes of bonny Doon," our unwilling feet bore us away from these scenes which genius has made immortal. We turned off from the direct road to Ayr which leads by the

birthplace of the Poet. A walk of a quarter of an hour brought us to one of those low thatched stone cottages which form so charming a picture to an English or Scotch landscape. The walls were fairly covered with running flowers. In a moment we were seated in the small sitting room, chatting pleasantly with the nieces of Robert Burns. Burns, the eldest child, was thirty years old when the youngest, their mother, Mrs. Begg, was born. But these ladies' faces bore marks of having lived serene, quiet and noble lives. Both had dark eyes, and I thought that those of the eldest, Miss Agnes, had something of the almost unsurpassed lus-

tre which lit up the face of her great uncle.

After a delightful half hour's conversation, mainly of their uncle's works and genius, a talk never to be forgotten by us, we tore ourselves away; a fast express train soon bore us through dirty, smoky Paisley, to dirtier, squalider Glasgow, from which, after passing but a day in visiting the stately buildings of her noble University, in enjoying the richly tinted windows of her venerable Cathedral, and the unsurpassed beauty of the crypt below, did we turn away from the Old World and its memories, to the New World with its hopes, setting our face joyfully towards home and the setting sun.

OCTOBER DAYS.

BY ISABEL E. DUNBRECK. '79.

WINTER, spring, and summer, have their special charms, but in autumn the year seems to hold a festival of light, shade, and color. In the beautiful October days the air is mild, yet crisp and bracing; pure, yet so softened as to give a feeling of tenderness to the cloudless noons.

"A flushed cathedral, grand with loneliness,
Gloomy with light, and bright with shadow, seems
Thy catholic air, October,"

sings a Western poet.

If the atmosphere of October days is peculiar to the month, no less so are the landscapes. In the woods where the maples form a large proportion of the trees, the first breath of frost kindles a flame, and sets their leaves all aglow with gold and red. But while the maples burn and blaze, the oak trees shine with green and crimson, the laurels are mottled with red, brown, and orange. Here and there, among all this splendor of color, the

hardy fir trees rise, their dark green untouched.

The roadside fences are all festooned with the long green and crimson sprays of blackberry brambles. Under foot is a soft carpet of the brightest, greenest moss, embroidered in patterns, gorgeous with the scarlet and orange cinquefoil and other delicate little leaves and tendrils; and most valued of all, the trailing, clustering vines of the bearberry, with its many-colored leaves and clusters of purple berries.

The chestnuts, hickory nuts, and acorns, fall with a patter and rustle among the leaves.

A few flowers linger here and there. In the garden the chrysanthemums, our farewell flowers, open their blossoms with their peculiar odor. The prevailing colors are yellow and white, but rich shades of red, none brilliant, mingle with them.

It is all too beautiful to last. One feels

this, with a pain that mingles with the pleasure of the enjoyment. It is brief, but while it lasts it is a continuous festival

of color; a luxurious feast for the eye, which the most dainty and delicate taste need not scorn.

THE POWER OF UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

BY JOHN K. GORE. '79.

THERE is in this world a power, which in its quiet way affects not only single individuals and small communities, but even nations bow before it, and its rays penetrate into every corner of the entire world; we call it the power of unconscious influence. Although silent as the grave in its operations, it leaves its footprints plainly along the pathway of every human life, and breathes inspiration or discouragement into every heart.

This power seems enveloped in a cloud of mystery at first, for we are so wise in our generation, that we are apt to take for our motto, "Not to believe what we cannot see," and those things we are unable to touch with our hands, or listen to with our ears, we pass into the waste basket of impossibilities.

This influence blooms into life, the moment that childhood is crowned with the wreath of reason, and when old age totters into the open grave, it drops a tear or a flower over him, and, being as long lived as memory, shapes itself into a monument of glory or shame.

I propose for a few moments, to follow the footsteps of this influence, and trace its windings here and there along the labyrinth of human life. Look at it in the home circle. How it is portrayed in the mother, as she moves among her loving subjects, nobler than a queen on her throne performing the duties of her realm; from the smile on her lips, as she welcomes the

family at the dinner table, to the tears that, sparkling like diamonds, unbidden flow in sympathy with their sorrows.

It stands out beautifully in the characters of the children, and, holding a higher power than that of King Midas, is capable of turning everything it touches into love. Who has not seen the wonderful result produced by one of these "angels of God in disguise," as someone has called them, in being of a cheerful, loving, helpful disposition; in weaving these characteristics into their life; and in making their influence "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

In social life we note the same effect. Society is moulded by these unseen hands, which like the potter produce vessels both of honor and of dishonor, some standing out in all the beauty and symmetry of perfection, while others, disfigured and discolored, only cause us to turn away in sorrow or disgust. Said Longfellow, "Things are not what they seem;" and so in social life, these artificial actions, put on like a garment to please, do not carry the greatest influence, but it is the appearance in unexpected circumstances of the true gentleman and lady, or their opposites, that forms the permanent impression of good or evil.

As business is the brain, so social life is the smile of a nation, and as the people choose, it is the bright, frank expression of joy and pleasure, or the dark, sinister

look of deceitfulness and sin. We readily perceive the sway that this power holds over the business life. The law does not condemn a man merely for the wrong act, but for the intention, as one is the direct result of the other; and as the seed germinates into the flower or fruit, so this inner life of a man, the reflection from his heart, produces its appropriate fruitage. It is true that "man looks at the outward appearance," in his judgment, but it is equally true that "out of the heart the mouth speaketh;" so it is heart judgment we get, after all. A nation's business is its honor, and it pulsates with a healthful life or a slow-dying energy, as the merchant nourishes it with honesty and integrity, or with commercial sharpness and fraud.

The whole matter culminates in the religious life of a man, which like a lens catches the rays from every portion of his being, and draws them to a focus. In the other cases we have reviewed we have looked only at the worldly effects of this power, and noticed its influence upon the earthly hopes of mankind, but in each of these same illustrations there is an influence that shapes the destinies of an eternal soul. There is this quiet working of one's soul life; these "gentle footsteps fallen upon the tufted floor" of one's better nature; this heart music, so soft and low, that only its echoes seem to float upon the air; that form the rainbow of Heaven's hopes. The evidences of Christianity are not traceable in the thunder

storm, or lightning flash of life, but in the still, small voice of a quiet living, that speaks in the workings of a simple, unostentatious love for God and man.

In these brief remarks, we have only endeavored to produce some germs of thought, concerning this influence, and must now conclude, with this single consideration. Owing to the perversity of human nature, we are apt to be dissatisfied with our circumstances in life, and consider that in some other field we might shine with a more dazzling glow, but this is a false idea; for God, with his perfect conception of right, has given us our part and our place in the drama of life, and, in the scenes in which we appear, no one could act with the fidelity that we can, for we have had a whole existence of training for it. If we make a bad use of this power, which is given us from above, we may do an illimitable amount of harm, which, however much we may wish, may never be retrieved. Human nature runs with greater speed into the path of evil than into that of holiness and truth, and when the poor mortals of this earth get on the downward path, it is very, very difficult to stop them and bring them back.

Let us then all see that our influence at least does not debase the character of any one, but let us endeavor, with all our strength, to take care that this silent though ever-working power which we all possess, may be beneficial to every one around us.

The most intangible, and therefore the worst kind of a lie, is a half truth. This is the peculiar device of a conscientious detractor.—*Allston.*

The force, the mass of character, mind, heart, or soul, that a man can put into any work, is the most important factor in that work.—*Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody.*

THE GYPSY MAIDEN.

BY C. A. H.

IT was a bright day, in the month of August, 1870, when the 11 A. M. train from B——, left me at the little village of Scranton. My uncle, Mr. George Vincent, whose residence was my destination, was the only brother of my mother, who had died when I was but a child. My father had, like many others, left his home to serve his country, and had never returned. I had been brought up to depend upon myself, and, at this time, was a young physician, with a good practice and moderate income, in the thriving town of B——.

Having worked hard during the year, and as rest was necessary for my health, I was prevailed upon to spend a time at my uncle's beautiful home. Surrounded by every luxury, and treated with the greatest kindness and attention, I soon recovered.

My uncle's house was situated near the road, but his estate extended quite a distance in the opposite direction, and I spent a great deal of my time in exploring this part of the country, as the scenery was very picturesque.

During one of these tours, having gone a little farther than usual, and being somewhat tired, I sat down to rest, when, in the road, just a short distance away, a train of wagons appeared. It proved to be a band of gypsies. As I was watching the queer procession, I noticed a young woman lurking behind the last wagon, apparently to escape notice. The moment her eyes met my gaze, she cautiously dropped into the bushes, and as soon as the train had disappeared behind a curve

in the road, came rapidly towards me. I could see upon her nearer approach, that she possessed remarkable beauty. After gazing at me searchingly for a moment, she entreated me for the love of Heaven to help her as quickly as possible, as her escape would soon be detected. Led by her beauty and the earnestness of her manner, I took her to my uncle's house with the greatest haste. They received the poor stranger kindly, and listened attentively to her story.

She said that she had lived with these people since she was a very small child; had grown up as one of them, and had supposed herself a child of their leader, who was called "Bill." Within the last two days, the oldest woman among them had been stricken with paralysis, but before she died, she told her all; how she was the only child of a gentleman named Caleb Strong, of North Carolina, and how she had been stolen during her father's absence on a visit to one of his plantations. The clothes and jewelry she had on at the time of her abduction, the old woman had kept. These, the girl quickly secured, and among several other things, found, attached to a gold chain, a little locket, on which was inscribed: "To Belle, from Papa, Christmas, 1853." The girl well knew if the man Bill should find out that she had come into possession of this knowledge, her life would be in danger; so she applied to me for aid.

She remained with us for several days, and my uncle sent letters of inquiry to different places, giving all the facts before mentioned. At last, one bright morning,

a reply came, which stated that the young lady's parents were both dead, but that the writer of the letter was an aunt, who would give any reward for her recovery.

We were made both happy and sorrowful by the receipt of this intelligence, for, although it cleared away the mystery, and secured for the young girl a relative and a home, yet it resulted in her separation from us, and she had taken such a strong hold upon our affections by her loveliness, that we were loth to lose her.

At last, the day arrived for her departure, and, as my uncle had important business in that part of the country, he was to accompany her on her journey. The last moment came, and with "Good-bye" and "God speed you," she left us.

A year afterwards, I found myself in North Carolina. The first day after my

arrival, the friend with whom I was visiting, said to me: "I must take you to call this evening on Miss Belle Strong, the greatest beauty in this section, and with whose name quite a little romance is connected, which I will some time relate to you."

When evening came, I was introduced to the lady mentioned. I was recognized at once, and she seemed very much pleased to meet me. We spent a very happy evening, and when we were leaving, she entreated us to call as often as possible. I availed myself of the permission at the earliest opportunity.

But the time for my return to B—— at last drew near, and I did not return alone. I took with me my little gypsy maiden as my wife, and a truer and lovelier one, in my estimation, can never be found.

AN EVENING IN A FARM HOUSE IN VERMONT.

BY FRED. P. CRANE. '82.

IN the western part of Vermont, there is a country village by the not very romantic name of "Bungtown." It is one of those old-fashioned places, consisting of a meeting house, a mill, a village store, blacksmith's shop, and some dozen or so of old, white gable-end houses. It could not even boast of a post-office, or a milliner's shop, which every young and thriving village nowadays considers an absolute necessity. Those old Yankee farmers never wrote a letter, and about as often received one. If the younger inhabitants expected a *billet-doux*, they had to visit the neighboring town, where a post-office was located. The motherly looking housewives all made their own head-gear, and

consequently there was no need for such an establishment. On one of the side roads leading from the village, was situated the house where, long ago, I spent such a pleasant evening. It was a large and comfortable looking dwelling; just the kind you and I would like to make our home, surrounded by noble elms which had stood like the house apparently for years. At the close of a chilly Autumn day, the family assembled in the big dining room to partake of the evening meal. The household consisted of eight persons, four of whom were boys. The father, or "Squire Griggs," as he was called by the villagers, was a rich, old farmer, but being rather too far along in

years, the business of the farm was superintended by his son Tom. The mother—or rather Mrs. Griggs—was a cheerful-looking old lady, who, when she smiled, seemed to smile all over her face, and here, let me say, she had the reputation of being the best bread and doughnut maker in the village, and the last named article, you may suppose, she had a good demand for. Next came the spinster aunt, who was called "Aunt Matilda," a regular, old fudgbudget. In her wake followed the boys, respectively Tom, Frank, Harry, and Ned; and last, little Fannie, who was decidedly the pet of the household. Mrs. Griggs, who was busy setting the table for the meal, soon finished, and called the family to tea, which was immediately answered by the hungry boys. Let me now describe to you a little of the appearance of the room in which they assembled. It was a large one, covered with a rag carpet; in the centre was the table, spread with a snow-white cloth; in one corner was a large pine cupboard, while in the opposite stood the tall, old clock; up the chimney roared a big hickory-wood fire, which lit up the room with a pleasant light.

After the gathering around the table had become perfectly quiet, Mr. Griggs announced the blessing upon the food, which was immediately followed by the usual clatter of dishes, and calling of the younger children, which signals the opening of a meal. The meal progressed as every meal does with the usual gossip of the family, during which they made a fearful inroad upon the edibles. At its close, a conversation occurred. "Say, Frank," said Ned, "what shall we do this evening? we have read all the books thread-bare, played 'puss in the corner,' 'hide and seek,' and I don't know what." "Let us have a game of chequers," suggested Har-

ry. "Or a game of dominoes; that's better," said Tom. Thus the suggestions continued, until Frank interrupted. "What say you to a game of 'blind man's buff'?" This was immediately agreed to, and then arose such a shout and noise that it seemed that the old walls were in danger of falling. First, Frank was blindfolded, then Ned, and so progressed the game until each had their turn, excepting Harry, who was fortunate enough to escape their eager grasp. The game then began to grow dull, when it was agreed to ask father to tell them a story. As soon as settled, there was a general rush for the sitting-room door, and they came bounding in with a shout, which so frightened Aunt Matilda, that she jumped from the chair with "Oh, my!" "Say, father," said Fannie, "tell us a story; will you?" "Yes; if you will draw up your chairs, I will do my best." He then related to them an account of the battle of Plattsburg. I will not attempt to describe the story, but will simply say that at its conclusion, Mr. Griggs was assured by the thanks of the listeners, that he had pleased them. Mrs. Griggs said it was now time for the younger portion of the family to go to bed, which was done with great reluctance. After their departure, Mr. Griggs told Tom that he must begin to get the barn in order for a husking bee. "For you remember," said he, "it was at neighbor Blackwood's last year, and it falls our turn this time." Naturally the conversation turned upon those whom they would invite. Thus pleasantly whiled away the evening until nine o'clock, when each member of the household took their candle, and retired for the night. After their departure, silence reigned, and nothing was heard but the moaning of the wind, and the nibbling of the mice in the pantry.

UNKNOWN TONGUES.

BY E. LOUISE SAYRE, '81

THAT which is unknown to us is that of whose nature or origin we are ignorant; it is that which is concealed from the view of the mind; beyond our grasp; incomprehensible.

With this idea, unknown tongues must be those that, being of a different character from our own native language, are not recognized by us. As it were, they leave us behind scenes which, if the curtain were to be withdrawn, might unfold to us the many mysteries of both the past and the present.

From the Bible we learn that during the construction of the Tower of Babel, God caused a confusion of tongues, and thus was instituted that variety of languages which now exists all over the earth; the people of different nations only by careful study learning to understand each other.

The languages by which the lower animals speak to each other are, to us, unknown tongues. The warbling of the mother bird to her young ones must cer-

tainly convey ideas to them, but to us her meaning is unintelligible.

Nature throughout seems to have instituted a language that is not recognized by mankind. It is the voice of nature which we hear in our daily walks and, although she speaks in varied tones, yet her meaning is often deeply hidden from our understanding.

The gentle whispering of the foliage on the branches of the various trees seems to utter expressions unfamiliar to the human ear.

The constant murmur of the brooklet as it wends its way over the rocks and stones seems saying to the weary traveler, as he approaches its banks, that the stumbling blocks in the path of life are not few.

But the unknown tongue whose power and eloquence surpasses all others, which speaks to us daily through most wise providences, may be made known to us by the careful study of the Book of Life and the observance of the laws written therein.

CHICKENS.

BY JESSIE HARRISON, '82.

A CHICKEN is beautiful, round and plump, and full of cunning ways; but has no resources for an emergency. He will lose his reckoning, and be quite out at sea, though but ten steps from home. He never knows enough to turn a corner; all his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines.

He is impetuous, yet timid, and has not enough presence of mind to discern between friend and foe. He has no confi-

dence in any earthly power that does not reside in an old hen; her chick will he follow to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed.

I am afraid that the man in the story was a little anxious to point a moral, when he bade Christiana observe the chickens drinking, and said to her—"See what this little chick doth, and learn of him to acknowledge whence your mercies come; receive them looking up."

Doubtless, the chick lifts his eyes toward Heaven; but a gratitude that thanks Heaven for favors received, and then runs into a hole to prevent anyone else from sharing them, is a very questionable kind of gratitude, and certainly should be confined to bipeds wearing feathers.

Yet, if you take selfishness from a chicken's moral make-up, and foolishness from his mental, you have a very sweet, little creature left; for, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate; they have very social ways; they huddle together with fond caressing, and chirp soft lullabies.

It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they usually make several revolutions when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous than their early efforts to walk.

They sight their object, balance, waver, decide, and then tumble forward, all in a heap, stopping as soon as the original im-

petus is lost—generally some distance from the place aimed at.

It is delightful to watch them when drowsiness fills their round, black eyes, and the dear, old mother croons them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony.

How they manage to bestow themselves within such limited accommodations, is difficult to imagine. It is long, before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily; they snuggle and chirp, trying to find the warmest, softest nook. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole, tiny body, but it soon re-enters in another quarter.

At length the stir and chirp grows still; you only see a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan tree. Presently, even these disappear. The old hen settles down comfortably, and the little household is at rest.

A POEM,

FOUNDED UPON A LEGEND OF KING MIDAS.

VIVIT a rex in Persia land,
A potens rex was he;
Suum imperium did extend
O'er terra and o'er sea.

His filia rushed to meet her sire,
He osculavit kindly:—
She lente stiffened into gold;
Vidit he'd acted blindly.

Spectavit on her golden form
And in his brachia caught her,

"Heu me! sed tamen breakfast waits,
My daughter, oh! my daughter!"

Venit ad suum dining hall,
Et coffeam gustavit.
Liquatum gold his fauces burned
Loud he vociferated.

* * * * *

Hæc fable docet, plain to see,
Quamquam the notion's old,
Hoc verum est, ut girls and grub
Much melior sunt than gold.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

BABIES.

BY MAMIE JAMES. '82.

I THINK that we can all boast of some acquaintance with a baby; but for the benefit of those whose knowledge is limited, I will briefly describe.

They are generally both bald-headed and toothless, yet they are not ashamed of the deficiency, for I never caught one yet using a hair restorer or wearing false teeth. Their vocal powers are remarkable at all times, but best appreciated in the middle of the night. They are always beautiful, that is in the eyes of their parents, and if others differ in opinion and have not their lives insured, it is safer not to mention the fact. I may add that it is customary always to remark on their extraordinary likeness to some member of the family, it makes no difference to whom, that being merely a matter of taste; but if you owe its Pa, I advise you to say it looks like him, while on the other hand, if its Ma happens to have a pretty sister, say it looks like her, and she will tell the sister that you are charming, and what is more, make her believe it.

Babies, besides being beautiful, are very accomplished; at an early age they begin to look intelligently at their hands as if wondering for what these members are intended; later they find out, and you are expected to kneel meekly and allow the small tyrant of the household to try its skill in pulling hair, unless you happen to be bald, in which case you may escape with a slight mauling of the scalp.

After it has lived in the world a certain length of time, it begins to feel the necessity of teeth, and accordingly it bites on everything it can get hold of, your finger being as good as anything; its mouth gets swollen and sore, and the baby is fairly launched on that sea of trouble—teething. During this period the baby is expected to cry all the time: if for a moment it is quiet, why the dear little thing is preparing to leave this world, and the house is thrown into a great state of excitement. Mrs. Smith, who knows all about babies and their teeth, is sent for. If under her treatment the child does not resume its frantic yells, the doctor comes, and his work with the little lance generally has the desired effect, and everything goes on noisily again.

How I admire the Indian method of caring for babies. It is very simple; they are put into what is called a cradle, but which resembles a straight-jacket, inasmuch as it does not allow the little Indian to move anything but its head. It is then stood in one corner, or carried on its mother's back, or hung on the bough of a tree, to laugh, cry, or admire the scenery at its leisure. In this civilized country it would be deemed a great cruelty to treat babies in this manner, but the little savage likes it and actually cries for the stiff, uncomfortable looking thing, in which he spends the greater part of his baby life.

THE TWO ROADS.

SELECTED.

IT was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads,—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony, “O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!” But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish

in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

The clock, in the high church tower, struck, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, “Come back, my early days! come back!”

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, “O youth, return! O, give me back my early days!”

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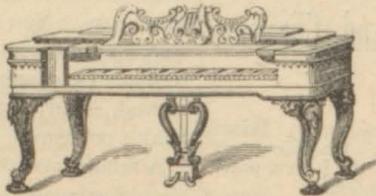
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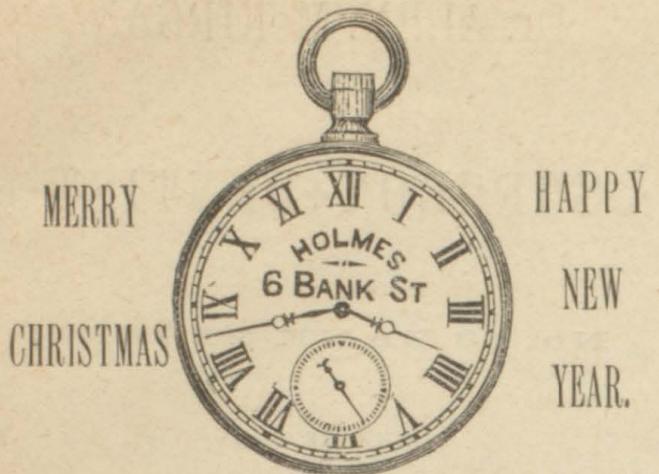
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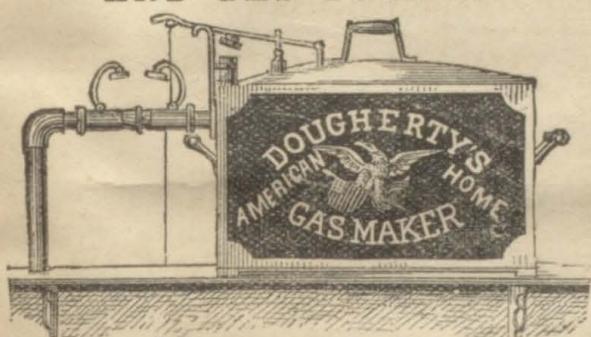
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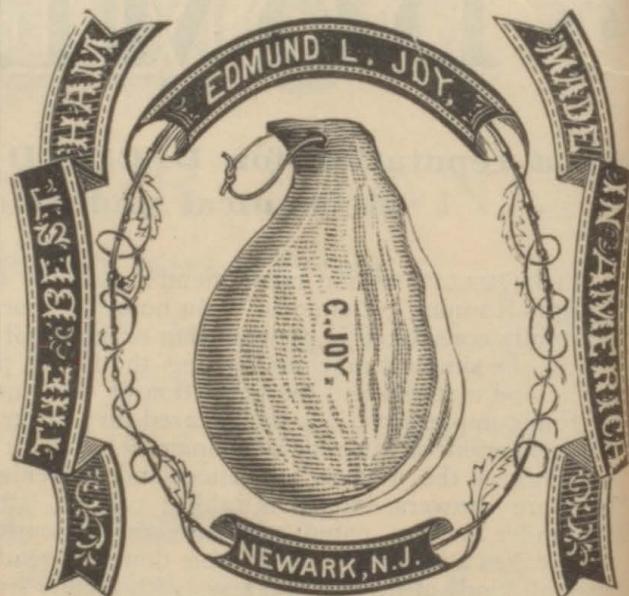
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1881

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ANNUAL

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

Printed by L. J. Hardham, Newark, N. J.



ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. V.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1881.

No. 1.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MARIE BILLINGS, '81.

Earth rejoices, angels sing,
Christ is born, Messiah, king,
 Lord of earth and Heaven;
Sing the glory of His name,
Praise the wonder of His fame,
 Bless the Savior given.

Ring the bells of Heaven clear,
Earth's deliv'rance draweth near;
 He comes, (O blessed birth!)
To redeem a ruined race;
Stains of sin and crime t' efface,
 Ring the bells of earth!

Utter blackness all about,
Sin within, and crime without;
 Would not God condemn?
When the sky was overcast,
Rose the light of Hope at last—
 Star of Bethlehem.

Now the sun is shining bright,
Now the Day hath conquered Night,
 Each receive thy King!
Sing His praise o'er land and sea,
Ruler evermore to be;
 Hallelujah sing!

Lay aside the feuds of life,
Banish War and Hate and Strife,
 King of Peace is born.
Fling aside all pride and pelf,
“Love thy neighbor as thyself”
 In this blessed morn.

Angels sang the hymn of praise,
Let mankind their voices raise,
 Sing the song again.
Star of Bethlehem has risen,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven
 Evermore, Amen!

Prize Essay of '80.

THE BOY CHARACTERS OF DICKENS.

BY FLORENCE PATTON.

TRULY more than any author has Charles Dickens come to our hearts and homes. In his books he has given us friends—friends for all seasons, merry or sad.

He was a man of the broadest sympathies, and his great warm heart, fresh and vigorous as a boy's, was ever eager to be doing good. No novelist ever did so much for London as did Charles Dickens. Loving the good and pure as he did, and anxious that all should love them, he showed the wrongs and vices hidden in London, and stirred the hearts of the people to reform.

Many a night did he spend in the obscure haunts of wickedness in the great city; and in his books he has given most vivid pictures of their horrors.

His sympathies were most heartily with the boys, in all classes, but especially did he serve the poor and oppressed. His wonderful power of observation caused him to note everything he saw, while his quick sense of humor caught at all peculiarities and ridiculous traits.

Dickens has pictured for us in his masterly manner, many boys in and about London. Think of Oliver Twist; through what dreadful scenes he passed, pure and unharmed, showing how good must triumph over evil; the Artful Dodger, hardened to the last degree, dead to all sense of good; and Charlie Bates, whose sense of fun and hearty laugh saved him from being utterly bad. It is hard to believe

that boys so depraved can exist, but the story is strictly true. Dickens knew that the people needed to see this picture in its darkest shades, and he painted it so. Little Oliver's character, in its simplicity and goodness, is like a ray of sunlight, making the crime around it look ten-fold more dark and horrible.

We think of Tom Scott—"an amphibious boy," Dickens calls him. We see him most naturally standing on his head, taking a view of the river in that position. He is a fit companion for the dreadful Quilp. Brought up in the midst of wickedness, he has a strange attachment for the ugly dwarf.

Dickens' power in interesting us in people whom, meeting every day, we should only shrink from, is well shown here. He takes us to their haunts, and imparts to us some of that great pity which moved his own kind heart.

A comical face comes up before us, and we almost hear little Nell's ringing laugh—"she always laughed at Kit." Good, honest Kit, so loyal to Miss Nell. There are many Kits in the world, but it takes a Dickens to find them out and appreciate them.

There is one wretchedly-clad little figure that we have followed with pitying hearts through London streets. Ah, poor, little Joe!—who "didn't know nothink,"—who was always "moving on." Little Joe—jostled about by the hurrying crowd, "moving on" till he found at last

esting place; and his spirit went home in the wings of his first-uttered prayer. How many thousands have wept over little Joe. With what touching pathos is his short life told. But Dickens was the one

"Who would have wiped with smiles away,
The tears from every face."

And so the name of Joe calls up a well-known form which starts a hearty laugh, and the Fat Boy opens his sleepy eyes, gives a queer chuckle, and relapses into a dormant state immediately. The Fat Boy is one of Dickens' earliest creations. He is an extravagance of humor, no doubt; but Pickwick is immortal, and the Fat Boy will continue to eat and sleep through all time.

Some of our boy friends have poor, scared faces, with hollow cheeks and great hungry eyes, which could belong only at Dotheboy's Hall — the most dreadful prison in which a boy could be immured.

We have stormed in indignation at the cruelties inflicted on these boys, and especially has poor Smike had our warmest sympathies. Stunted in body and mind, his craving for affection and his great love for his few friends are doubly intensified. We could hardly find a sadder picture than his life, nor a more peaceful than his death—passing away in the light of the garden of Eden, already dawning on his soul's vision.

There are other boys whose lives are

checkered with joys and sorrows. David Copperfield, with whom we have spent many a happy hour, and his friend Tommy Traddles, drawing skeletons for consolation in all times of trouble. And Walter Gay—such a frank, pleasant boy; so chivalrous in his devotion to Florence Dombey; so fearless in the right. And Floy's name makes us think of Paul. Quaint, loving, gentle Paul, sitting in his little arm-chair, watching the pictures in the fire; and again, by the sea, hearing in the murmur of the wild waves the voice of the Great Creator, calling him away. And at the thought, a scene rises before our dimmed eyes: the dying boy—friends gathered round his little bed—

"A golden ripple 'stirring on the wall.
The old, old fashion—Death."

Ah! who but Dickens could have told it with such matchless art. It is with a heavy heart that we part company with little Paul.

And now, one last look. It is the Merry Christmas time; and in a humble home we see a little face, pale but happy. We hear the active crutch upon the floor, and Tiny Tim's sweet, childish voice: "God bless us everyone."

O, Dickens!

"Affection, admiration, honor, praise,
Innocent laughter and ennobling tears
Are thine by right, not through mere length of
days,
A loftier life, in never-ending years."

Order in the household, is like a plant, whose blossoms not only give beauty to the eye, but lade the air with their fragrance. The blossoms of order are contentment, happiness and peace.—*Francis Haring.*

Upon the strength of the desire, depends the strength of the action; upon the strength of the action, depends the result; our wishes are but prophecies.

—*Lyda Blauvelt.*

Prize Oration of '80.

THE MISSION OF CONFLICT.

BY BRUNO HOOD.

THE history of the world, is a story of progress. Progress means development; but there is no development without contact; for not till opposing views meet, and comparisons are instituted, does falsehood bite the dust, and truth mounts aloft to her everlasting throne. Thus contact brings conflict. Hence springs civilization, which is the development of man in society. Herein, then, lies the mission of conflict — It is civilization.

Conflict is an agent emanating from God; implanted by Him in the mind of man, that his course on earth may not be fruitless. An element inherent in man, it must of necessity be an element in the life of the family, which is but an aggregation of individuals, sprung from a near ancestor. But the family is the source from which springs the state; and states go to make up the world. Thus, conflict grows to be an element in the state, and through the state, an international element, a universal agent.

As an international element, conflict manifests itself most prominently in war. At first, war was the means of settling trifling disputes. The early peoples, like the Indians of our forests, would wage war upon the slightest provocation; but in the course of time, war grew to be the last resort to establish important principles, the means to which oppressed subjects cling in their last moments of resistance against the

unsufferable tyranny of despots. ^{ie} Greece, conscious that her civilization were about to be swamped by Asiatic ^{stæd} nation, collects all her forces, and with its gigantic strength which the peril of the hour gave her, hurls the Asiatic invader ^{from} her soil. Thus, Marathon was rendered immortal. Thus, Greece laid the foundation of her greatness, and secured her intellectual treasures to mankind.

Conflict, through its manifestations in war, has, perhaps, exerted its greatest influence in establishing and developing governments. Tracing the course of the Teutonic peoples, we learn how the unceasing conflicts with neighboring tribes, and with the Roman armies, changed the patriarchal family life into the patriarchal monarchy. How, through internal weakness, and the strong arm of brave men, they patriarchal monarchy gave place to the feudal system. How the feudal system meant excess of liberty to the few, and oppression to the many; how the many, rose in righteous indignation and overthrew the feudal oppressors; setting up a one monarch, who would grant and secure a certain measure of civil liberty to all. How, when the monarch overstepped the bounds of his authority, revolution again ensued, and the era of constitutionalism dawned. Thus conflict has transformed the liberty of license into the liberty on law. It is through conflict that we of to-day enjoy civil liberty, the priceless gift last

grander than which, there is none in the world.

But war brings about other results. Peoples of different degree of culture are brought together. Traveling is encouraged; and the habits and customs of other peoples learned. Comparisons are instituted, and a spirit of investigation aroused; this leads to the acquirement of new knowledge. Then, truly, does civilization progress. In fact, through investigation, the mission of conflict is effected in time of peace.

Conflict does away with one-sided and frail theories; it wipes out of existence the weak and fallacious, and adds strength to the vigorous and correct. It is, in every case, the means of securing the survival of the fittest. In war, in politics, in science, and in art it shows the supremacy of the superior over the inferior. Even nature gives sufficient evidence that conflict is fulfilling its mission, by revealing in all her works a definite plan of development. The solar system; the development of our own globe, with its fertility and beauty, with its life, simple at first, becoming gradually varied and intricate; all these are the evidences and the results of the conflict of nature's forces.

It is conflict, which brings forth the richest treasures of the human mind, and enables the masses to appreciate them. It is conflict, which opens the eyes of man to the necessity of improvements in his social system; and through conflict, he obtains them.

It came into existence with the world, accompanied her in her growth from infancy onward, and still it clings to her, never to be separated. Always active, it is as incapable of stopping in the fulfillment of its mission, as the earth in her revolution around the sun. Existing at all times, powerful at all times: in war,

conflict wields the sword; in peace, the pen; nothing is too insignificant to escape its notice; nothing too formidable to inspire it with fear.

In the domain of religion, too, investigation has demonstrated the mission of conflict; notice the Reformation, which was a re-modeling of the system which existed before. It pointed out errors which had become fastened to, and interwoven in, the religion of the day, rejecting these, and thus producing a new system of a healthier constitution. To-day religion is again assailed. This time, it is science which starts up as her antagonist. Science has scrutinized the principles which lie in the domain of religion, claims to have detected in them, the natural principles of evolution; sets up the conclusions of inquiring minds, as the only standard of true belief and rejects whatever conflicts therewith. In the rashness and self-consciousness of her own success, science declares religion the product of the human mind, denying that it emanates from God; denying even the very existence of a God. Religion admits evolution to a limited extent; holding that all things are a growth springing from germs, which owe *their* existence to the desire of a divine will.

Religion claims to be faith interpreted by reason. Science, however, declares her religion to be reason, and as her reason cannot account for faith, rejects faith. Indeed, it ill becomes me to attempt to fathom the question. Suffice it to mention this conflict, the most important of the age. Wise men have exerted themselves on either side of this question, but none have yet advanced a satisfactory solution; yet hope is left.

The continual acquirement of new knowledge will shed new light upon the subject. May it bring about a reconciliation of the contending forces to their

mutual benefit, securing the universal brotherhood of man by the belief in one God and Father. Then, indeed, will the world have received a new and most

powerful impetus to further development, ever creating new and varied conditions whose final mission is a perfect state of civilization.

PICTURES IN THE NOVEMBER "SCRIBNER."

BY SACIE VAN WYCK, '81.

THE pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, filled with many wise and witty sayings, many beautiful works of art, lie open before me. During the ten years of *Scribner's* life, its reputation has been rapidly growing, so that it now stands in respect to illustrative work, above any magazine of its kind.

American wood-engraving owes very much of its fame to this magazine; for its pictures have been a great attraction to lovers of art and of beauty.

I turn a leaf, and "The Sower" stands before me. The dim, uncertain light of a cloudy day covers him with a darkening shade, but in the swing of the supple form, I see a prince born of the hills—one who treads his province with bold freedom in his stalwart limbs. From yonder hill, a flock of fluttering birds watches the scattering seeds that the sower tosses to the ground. A bag of grain hangs loosely over the arm of the planter. As he drops the precious seed, he is storing the garners of a year to come. Do you wonder, then, his thoughts go forward to the fruitage time,—that he looks with anxious eye on the even furrows?

Further on, the reaper bends with scythe in hand to cut the gleaming wheat;

the harvest is full, and rich, and golden, the sower has reaped his own.

Here I see the face of a Russian nun; a pure, pale face, a mouth sweet and gentle, eyes dark and like hidden stars, with a sad beauty that bespeaks the cloistered halls. It is a face that speaks, though the lips are silent; or whose shadowy beauty is felt as we have seen.

From my Russian nun, who seems gentle, living presence, I turn to "The Lost Mind," a scene so real and life-like, so full of pathos, as to melt the stoniest heart to sympathy. Against a gray wintry sky, are the sharp outlines of snow-covered cliffs. Drear and bleak they look down from icy heights on a solitary figure below, whose every feature betokens a trouble unspeakable. No creature of fancy is this, who all alone looks on the pathless hills, but a beautiful woman, full of queenly grace. Down the mountain-side she has wended her way, tracking with bare feet the cold lifeless snow. No meaning lightens the eyes, but a great perplexity looks out from the face of the wanderer.

"The Harvesters,"—three peasant girls with strange, foreign garments. They are bearing sheaves of wheat in their

ents prons, merrily singing, for they are omeward bound, leaving their shadows stretching away on the level land.

Here and there, Millet, the "singer of peasants," has given us rustic scenes. Such are "The Sower" and "The Reaper." "The Diggers," too, full of life and energy, true to nature, has the same suppleness of figure, the same free vigor of emotion.

"In the Angelus," a level field stretches out, showing, in full relief, the figures of a peasant man and woman. Millet's, you might have known from the attitudes—that odd something that he puts into all his creations; not picturesqueness, not merely beauty, but life.

We shall do well to glance for a moment at England's great statesman—William Gladstone. The picture is fine and clear, with the softness of a steel engraving.

The "Cumæan Sibyl" tells us in wierd language, of that which is grotesque and

wild. No curving line of grace is here; no tender harmony of soft, glowing beauty. In the hard, strange woman, with crooked staff and loosely-hung garments, is a fierce grandeur, that accords well with the holder of prophecies. Behind the aged figure of the prophetess is a background of restless elements—tossing tree-tops that are bowing low to meet the land, and rough rocks jutting forth their ragged edges. In her brawny hand, the sibyl clasps a roll of parchment—the books of fate. Some of these she has burned, and the smoke is curling up from the embers. The whole landscape is bleak and wild. Mythology hands down to us the legend of "The Cumæan Sibyl," but Millet gives us an effective picture of his own fancy.

The book lies closed. A few hints, caught from its pictures, have given birth to ideas that, but for *Scribner*, might never have sprung into being.

SUPERSTITION.

BY WM. A. SHANNON, '81.

OF all the follies to which our human natures are susceptible, and of which each of us is said to have inherited a portion from father Adam, none, perhaps, can lay claim to such general and widespread influence as superstition. From our earliest records down to the present day, life in all grades has been much affected by it; and, though we have advanced considerably since the Apostle Paul told the Athenians, "Ye are too superstitious," yet no one will deny that superstitious beliefs had reached their climax not more than two hundred years ago, during that reign of terror in England,

which sent so many innocent persons to the stake as witches or wizards, and contributed so largely to the filling up of the new American colonies with bands of terrified Europeans.

All ancient religions, except, perhaps, that of the Jews, consisted largely of the grossest kind of superstition. The very mythology, itself, was merely a collection of traditions, springing from ignorance and superstition; and of course the religion, of which this mythology was the history, could not but make all who believed in it superstitious also. By its tenets, a king could not go into battle if

a certain number of birds did or did not fly over a certain place when they were wanted. Sparta, at the Persian invasion, refused her aid to the Athenians because the moon was not quite full; or, a man about to go on a journey had to consult an oracle or a priest, with regard to the omens, before setting out, and often a pressing journey was postponed for days and weeks, because the omens were unpropitious. Thus, the fate of kingdoms and of nations often hung on the caprice of an oracle or the perversity of nature.

Although there is something so truly pleasing and quaint about these ancient superstitious rites, coming out of the darkness of Egypt for Greece, and from the wilds of Etruria for Rome, yet, on consideration, one cannot fail to see how much worse in their consequences, and more disgusting in their inner workings they were, than have been our modern and comparatively harmless belief in spirits, fays, bogles, brownies and all the long list of "demons, grave and gay."

Who can read Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and not shudder at his vivid description of that true exemplar of ancient superstition—Arbaces the Egyptian, and of the horrid admixture of fanaticism and craft of which his nature was composed? And yet, with no such feelings of horror does even the little child read of the good old English fairies and German water witches; but they are rather inclined to seek after those pleasing records of a miniature world called fairly-land, and read them with avidity, though they reflect with a feeling of something like pain, that they cannot be true.

Who has not heard of the "Manx Customs," or laws, delivered with such strange ceremonies from the Tynewald, on May-day? And yet, who does not also know that some of the most foolish

of modern superstitions are embodied in them, and that the whole Isle of Man is governed by laws founded on a belief in fairies, dwarfs and bogles?

But though through the story books of to-day one may obtain a true conception of the belief which actually existed in the olden time in England, yet by the recent investigations alone, do we see that there was a species of superstition in the ancient Druidical religion, which, being traced for many ages in different parts of Europe, finally brings us to the Phœnician coast of Asia; and, by the striking resemblance of its forms to those of the Phœnicians, goes far to prove the affinity of the modern Scotch Highlanders, the Irish and the Scandinavians, to those early enlighteners of the world—the Phœnicians.

Even the stolid German races have had their share of superstition; but, in most cases, we see that the gross ignorance of the people in the Middle Ages, and the oppression of the nobles, gave it a peculiar turn in Germany—different from that in any other country. The traveler in Germany, even to-day, can find a really existing superstition among the lower orders; but nearly all the "Legends of the Rhine," and various tales of Lurline, the Rat-tower and the Drachenfels are all of the same stamp, and show that the prevailing idea among the Germans was that the nobles, Schwartzreiters and Lanz-Knechts but too often received the punishment for their many misdeeds in this world, and were condemned to solitary wanderings, for a space of years, about the scenes of their misspent lives.

But probably the best imaginers of vain things in the line of fairy tales and legends of the genii, were the Arabs. The "Arabian Nights," though undoubtedly composed by French and English authors, are yet surely founded on re-

Arabian tales, and possess a stronger interest to us on that account. The Mussulman religion seems fully to recognize superstition as a part of itself; and Mahomet, in the Koran, has shown himself inspired with all the vulgar ideas of his time, respecting supernatural demonstrations, and has used them plentifully throughout his work. Thus, even the "Arabian Nights" or "Oriental Stories" are rigidly confined to religion; and we read how the armor of Solomon ben David was used as a magic defense by the Faithful, how passages of the Koran were used as talismans, and how all the genii were subject to Allah and to Mahomet.

Thus, all nations, however different in their habits and opposite in their customs, possess the same tendency to superstition, which, on the slightest encouragement, will grow into the fiercest religious intolerance, and is often mistaken for religion itself. Happily, during the present cen-

tury the great mass of mankind is being absolved from the thrall once held over it; but even in our own land there is much vulgar superstition, and one cannot go far without meeting with it. All the "sure signs" which servants and others teach to children, are the relics of a superstitious age; and the emptying of a dish at table betokening fair weather, the spilling of salt a storm or quarrel, the falling of a knife upright in the floor betokening a visitor, and the many other nonsensical ideas which are believed by so many people, may really be traced to customs and ideas hundreds of years old.

Many say that the mysterious creation of man, and the miraculous events attending the first part of the world's existence, were the cause of all superstition; but it is plain to see that man is naturally prone to superstition, and if not in one form yet in some other, will doubtless so continue till the world's end.

CHRONICLES OF THE N. P. H. S.

BY CLARA VALENTINE, '80.

IT came to pass, that the chief priests and scribes came unto the ruler over the city and said unto him: "Oh ruler over the city, there has been a grievous wrong done to the youths and maidens of this city. There is no place where they can be taught the mysteries of Cæsar and Virgil; no place where they can break their hearts over angles and circles, and no place where they can lose their appetites and grow thin over making O equal an orange or an apple."

And the ruler over the city lifted up his voice and wept, and said unto them:

"Oh thou men of little wisdom, why hast thou not said unto me these things before? Seest thou not how it will enrich the city, if the youths and the maidens should lose their appetites? Go, thou, and impose a tribute on all the men of the city, that a building may be built, wherein our youths and maidens may become learned and dyspeptic and old before their time."

Thereat, the chief priests and scribes rejoiced exceedingly, and went and imposed a tribute on all the men of the city, and there arose a building like unto a prison-house for usefulness.

And there went forth a decree, bidding the youths and maidens to come unto the building and answer unheard-of questions, that the chief priests and scribes should see who were worthy to enter it.

And there was weeping and wailing over the land for the space of two days. But many youths and maidens were found worthy to enter the building.

They then enjoyed peace for the space of two new moons, and waxed strong in body and in mind. In the third moon they were recalled into the building and were taught many necessary things.

In the first year: as to the number of their teeth; about the orbicularis palpebræ muscle; the use of the epiglottis. The second year: the difference between the man and the monkey; about the class of the gasteropoda; Mariott's law; the stability of equilibrium. In the third year: why some stars have no parallax; the nebular hypothesis; the difference between the analytic and the synthetic method. In the fourth year: whom Venus favored; how to compose and write; and, how to graduate.

Science can never be learned from books. No student ever acquired any adequate knowledge of astronomy without a telescope; of botany, without flowers; chemistry, without instruments for practical experiments.

Natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves, do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.—*Bacon.*

And many years went by, and many new things were placed in the building and now the maidens may gaze in awe and admiration at the heels of the youth suspended in the air, and may be initiated into the mysteries of pickled alligator horned frogs, and other such delicacies.

And so the years come and go. Much knowledge is brought into the building and very little taken out; and so it has gained for itself a reputation for learning unsurpassed by that of any nation.

But the time will soon come when we as members of the class of '81, will no longer take ourselves off and hang ourselves up as to our hats on the well-worn pegs; no longer add our names to the distinguished list of the dwellers in the building. There is much meekness-spirit within us, that forbids our singing our praises far and wide over the land or we should fill many tablets with our deeds of valor in Virgil, our beautiful rendering of rhetoric, our bravely-conquering spirit in geometry. But the gliding cycle of years come and go, and there is nought left us but to say, "Vale! Vale!"

Dackery was a sort of philosopher Thickens, an observer. Thackens drew the character and allowed you to interpret it. Dickery bared for inspection, and analyzed the complex springs of human action. But it is useless to compare men so radically different as were Thickery and Dackens.—*N. Am. Review.*

"Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."—*Shakspeare.*

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1881.

EDITORS.

WILLIAM A. SHANNON,

NATHAN B. WAGONER,

MAGGIE HORNER,

CLARA VALENTINE.

EDITORIAL.

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport, would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come."

WE believe the poet speaks the truth; he certainly does when he says, our holidays "wish'd-for come." And of all the holidays, none bring so much joy to the schoolboy or girl, as Christmas holidays. But in our Editorial Sanctum, there are countenances solemn with the responsibility of editing an ANNUAL that shall compare favorably with those of a few years past, but we beg the indulgence of our readers, and trust the mantle of charity will be thrown over our imperfections.

Glancing back over the past year, we see how fair a representation it is of what our lives have been, and what quite likely they will continue to be. All the little difficulties of school life, are sure to be repeated, and on a larger scale. In every lesson mastered and in the satisfaction felt in the mastery, we have had a foreshadowing of the work required to make life a success, and the true reward of such work.

In every obstacle overcome, and in the hard struggle sometimes necessary, we have a foretaste of the fierce trials of after life, when we come to the place where two ways meet, and we must choose for ourselves, and by ourselves, between the right and the wrong. And as the old year closes and the new one begins, we feel like gathering up the lessons of the past, that they may profit us in the future.

We feel a great pride in our past graduates, filling positions of usefulness and responsibility in our banks, insurance offices, manufactories; some as lawyers and some as doctors, are gaining to themselves a good name, and in the various walks of business life are to be found our former pupils, carrying out the instructions of our teachers to "be true men."

A large number of our young lady graduates are successfully teaching in our public schools, while others of them are making many homes happy.

The year 1880 has been one of great political interest; and may James A. Garfield, by a term of upright rule, endear himself alike to his friends and

opponents in the late struggle, and, by governing wisely for the good of the whole country, show himself not a Republican, not a Democrat, but a true and honest President.

Our school is over-running full, so that we have had to send some thirty young ladies to an "Annex" on Broad street. When will our Board of Education build us a new building or enlarge this, so that we can have all our dear family together?

We are thankful to the Board for giving us just a little German, but, like Oliver, we cry for more.

It is pleasant to have so many young ladies reciting up stairs, for this year we

have six mixed classes. The influence good in every respect.

Two important events transpired November. Professor Johnson and Professor Schmitz each took him a wife share his joys; may they have no sorrow.

Mathematics and German have been taught with great vigor and pleasantness for the past few weeks.

But time—

"Time, that takes survey of all the world," is passing, and the finger on the clock points to twelve of the clock. Close the book; put out the light. 1880, good night, good-bye. 1881, welcome to thee! Happy New Year.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.

BY A. V. TAYLOR. '82.

SEVERAL years ago a movement sprang up in the West, in opposition to the use of agricultural machines in farming. The agitators of this movement reasoned thus: Thousands of men are out of employment, and the work which they have been accustomed to do is performed by machinery; if these machines are destroyed, the men will at once find employment. Therefore, we will destroy them, and will thus be the benefactors of the laboring classes. Accordingly, an association was formed, for the purpose of demolishing as many machines of this character as possible. It is needless to say that this movement was a failure.

A somewhat similar question is being agitated now, throughout the whole of the United States, viz.: the "Chinese Question." I do not mean to say that a

Chinaman is a mere tool, and differs from steel and iron only in having intelligence; but that he is a labor-saving machine, inasmuch as he will do a certain piece of work for less money than an American workman, and that he will do work which a white man would otherwise perform, thus saving him from so much labor. In this sense, the Chinaman has the same relation to the white man as a labor-saving machine; and as the introduction of the latter was opposed in the West, so is the importation of the former opposed by a large number of the people of the United States, there being a most decided opposition made by a certain class of laborers in California, under the illustrious leader—Dennis Kearny, and also in the eastern part of the country, where the corresponding class of people acknowledge

s their guide a New York paper called *Truth*, which delights in publishing letters pertaining to the Chinese question.

The argument—that the use of labor-saving machines should be discouraged because they take employment away from the laboring classes—is as false now as it always has been. For, if it were true, the world ought to go back to the time when the sickle was used for reaping, the flail for threshing, and the mortar for grinding; when all sewing was done by hand, and all garments were home-spun and dyed with the juice of leaves or roots. If this argument was true, how is it that, in this age of labor-saving machinery, and in this country so celebrated for its inventions and improvements, such prosperity reigns? and why is it that almost every man can find employment, if he desires it?

Intelligent observation shows that the United States not only feeds and clothes its own inhabitants, but also sends large quantities of food and grain to Europe, thus seeming destined to be the storehouse of the world. Could this be possible if the use of labor-saving machines were prohibited? Certainly not; for each country, each city, each family, and, I might almost say, each individual, would be able to do nothing but provide for his own wants, and would not be able, if so inclined, to assist needy neighbors.

But if a man is thrown out of employ-

ment in a certain branch of work by the use of machinery, it is only for a short time; and although it may injure him until he finds work again, the result will be wholly beneficial, both to himself and to others; for even if he does not get as high wages as he did at his former employment, the cost of the article which he before made, is lower; and, since a man's wages are not to be measured by the amount of money he receives, but by what that money will purchase, the man would be better off, even with smaller wages, in a land where machinery is used, than he would in a land where goods are made by hand. But in actual practice, it has been found that in a country where machinery is extensively used, skilled labor brings higher wages than in a land where there is a lack of machines.

Thus the workman of this generation not only receives more money for his work than his father before him, but that money will buy more food,—and that of a better quality—more clothing, and more articles for his convenience and comfort, than could have been purchased for twice the same amount fifty years ago. And at this day, when every person is being benefited by the work of labor-saving machinery, it is useless to oppose its use; and any person doing so, exhibits a narrow and unreasoning view of one of the essential conditions in the progress of civilization.

"For out of olde feldys, as men say,
Comyth al this newe corn from yere to
yere;
And out of olde bokes in good fey,
Comyth al this newe science that men
love."—*Chaucer.*

I am not denying the women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men.—*George Eliot.*

"Life goes best with those who take it best."—*Jean Ingelow.*

REFLECTION.

BY AMELIA F. CRANE. '82.

REFLECTION is of great importance in the economy of nature. By this, we are enabled to see the planets in the sky ; for, as they are non-luminous bodies, their brightness is due to the reflection of the sun's rays. So, too, the color of the grass and flowers is due to the reflection of some of the colors composing the rays of light, while others are absorbed.

Reflection is also of great importance as a mental operation. It is to the mind what exercise is to the body ; it develops and strengthens it. We should always reflect on what we see and hear, and especially on what we read, if we would be benefited by it. When we view the works of nature, it is well for us to reflect on the relation of this to that, and on our relation to the whole. It is only by doing this that we can ever discover the adaptation of the different parts to each other, and the design of all to minister to us the necessities and comforts of life.

On attending a lecture, although the speaker may be very learned and the subject interesting, if we allow the thoughts of the speaker to pass through our minds without once reflecting upon them afterwards, we are no wiser than if we had stayed away, to say nothing of the bad effects of the habit thus formed.

Still more important is it, that we should reflect on what we read ; for, the ideas presented to us in the papers, magazines, and books, which are so abundant, are more varied and gathered from a much wider range, than those that come

to us through any other source. We have books written on every subject, filled with information gathered from parts of the world ; but it would do but little good, if not positive injury, to read them all, were it possible, without reflection. Some one has wisely said, "Nothing has such a tendency to weaken not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading, without reflection."

As we reflect on what we read, we often reach conclusions very different from the impressions we first receive ; or, if first impressions are justified, they are deepened and made more lasting. Thus, the memory is strengthened, and becomes itself a reflector of the ideas and impressions gathered.

By reflection, we are enabled to profit by our past experience. By looking back on our past successes, we may be inspired to new endeavors ; and often, by reviewing our failures, we may be enabled at least to avoid them in the future, if not to turn them into successes.

If this be true, then reflection is a great element of success in every undertaking of life. Without it, our justly-celebrated inventors would never have produced the many wonders we see all around us, and which we highly prize, not so much for the ingenuity and skill displayed, as for their usefulness.

But reflection is not only necessary for our intellectual advancement, and to

appreciation of the works of nature
art, but also to our moral and spiritual
growth. Shakspeare says:

"A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs."

We should reflect on the moral qualities
of all our acts, and then on the mercy
and goodness of Him who created us and
watches over us through all our lives.
The prodigal, while feeding swine in a
foreign country, turned back his thoughts
to his father's house, where there was

bread enough and to spare, while he
perished with hunger, and resolved to
arise and go to his father. That was a
melancholy reflection, but bore very sweet
fruit; melancholy, because he had wilfully
wounded that father's heart by leaving his
house, and wasting his substance in riotous
living. Happy will be the result, if
our reflections tend to lead us back to
our Heavenly Father's house, when we
can say with the Psalmist: "I thought
on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy
testimonies."

ILLUSIONS.

BY ALICE L. WARD. '82.

S the setting of the diamond enhances
its brightness, as the vague and
distinct mountain outlines throw into
bolder relief the beauties of the land-
scape, so do the illusions—the shadowy
imaginings of our minds—round out the
shsher realities and prosy experiences of
lives.

In spite of the disappointments that
end illusions, there are few people
who have not enjoyed their influences.
The mind of even the most practical
man finds in them relaxation from stern
duty, pressing care and anxious thought.
Illusions represent the spirit of unrest,
it aspires to what is better and more
beautiful. Ambition, effort, great inventions,
are thus often due to the illusions
continually beckon the enthusiast on
greater achievements. Thus, the light-
and heating of our dwellings by
electricity, and its use as a motive power,
prove an illusion; but busy invent-

ors, although they may not accomplish
this ideal, may produce something more
wonderful than the telephone or phonograph.

Our mental struggles, our hopes and
our fears, the scenes of our childhood,
all have their illusions; pleasant creations
of the imagination, perhaps, but born of
noble longings, and inspiring better
thoughts and deeds. Each day, as it
passes and carries with it some illusion,
teaches a new lesson, awakens reflections
that should make us wiser, if not better,
than the preceding.

Around our friends we throw the illus-
ions which make them all we could
desire. Others, who do not care for
them, fail to see the attributes which
charm us; for we look at them through
rose-colored glasses, and imagine we see
reflected in them the images which are, in
reality, pictured on our own imagination.

As we grow older, we wonder at our

childish faith in those illusions that appeared so real and absorbing, but which have vanished before the light of experience, as mist before the sun.

A little child will as stoutly defend his heroes, and as firmly believe in the achievements of Baron Manchauseen, Jack the Giant Killer and Santa Claus, as recent graduates from college, in their own intellectual superiority.

The illusions of manhood and womanhood are more varied and less apparent, but are present all the same; and as the years dispel the first illusions of youth, others are as eagerly grasped and as sadly relinquished; for, after all, the part which gives most pain is finding our most cherished hopes but an illusion, our idols

no better than air, that what we
been striving for is unworthy our no

It appears out of place to hear a y person denounce the motives and illus which have guided men to action ages; for life is a succession of rid which must be lived to be understand and Yoganidra, the goddess of illus bestows herself to a greater or less de upon all.

However useful or pleasant the indi gence of our illusions may be, sincerit our intercourse with others is essential w true happiness; therefore, as Emerson says: "Be what you are; for to ha one's word as good as one's bond, is foundation of friendship, poetry, relig and art."

SLANG.

BY PAUL MORAN. '83.

SLANG, according to Webster, is low, vulgar, unauthorized language; and I think that this expresses it exactly. It originally arose among the lower classes, then worked its way into clubs of various kinds, as the slang of the club, unintelligible to the uninitiated, and, having thus made itself heard in the better society, it went on its way rejoicing, until now, it is very hard to find a person, except those far advanced in years, who does not use more or less slang.

Some of the slang terms are very witty and well placed; but most of them consist merely of a misuse of words, which sometimes cause a laugh at their absurdity, but oftener fall flat. The use of slang has become so general now, that some of the

pet expressions have been inserted in dictionaries, and pass as part of English, or rather the American, language.

The word "Boom" is an example of the surprising rapidity with which slang spreads in our day. Two years ago, no one would have known what you meant by the "Grant boom," or that business was "booming"; but now, the word is much used as the more legitimate word it has taken the place of. This kind of slang is not very objectionable, but which starts from the minstrel troupes and beer saloons, is decidedly so.

The words "cheese it" would convey meaning to a foreigner studying our language. He would turn to his dictionary and find the word "cheese," but

ust question this bore to any possible action
and a could be made, would be beyond his
sial g'prehension; he would never guess
t it meant "stop it."

lang used by boys, among themselves,
side of the house, is not noticeable; but
Woon as it is brought into the parlor, it
ties'ers the user in everybody's estimation.
e and the most lamentable use of slang is, how-
ever, by young ladies. The possessor of
all the charms that nature can bestow, and
she is not chary among our American girls,
will open her mouth to utter some of the

coarsest slang, which, if it were used in an English parlor, would be enough to shut the doors of good society upon the user.

Slang has, however, got such a hold on us that it is almost impossible to shake off its use. As soon as one expression is dropped, another one is brought to fill its place, is eagerly seized upon, and has its day. In fact, new expressions come before the old ones are dropped; and to-day, there is more slang in use than there ever was before, with no prospect of its decreasing.

QUEER PEOPLE.

BY JESSIE P. HARRISON. '83.

SOME people are queer; in fact, every one has his odd notions. Of course no one thinks that he himself is so, but hat all his neighbors are. Sometimes he queerness shows in one way, sometimes in another.

We have a neighbor adjoining us who of yes all alone. She has a half acre of land, with a dozen or more fruit trees; and almost every day she pours out to us sler grievances about the boys, who are , noer perpetual trial. It matters not if the ean apples are unripe, off they go, though she lways has the consolation at such times if thinking that the boys are sure to be e wick afterward. We have seen her sally korth, broomstick in hand, shouting and esticulating to drive the miscreants way. Yet, if one of "these boys" is ck, straightway she sets out with a bowl gruel for him, scolding all the while bout his carelessness in not knowing ough to keep away from the measles.

Our neighbor on the other side is

afflicted with every disease imaginable. He always looks through the bluest of spectacles. His dyspepsia lets him eat nothing, his gout allows him to go nowhere. You dare not say "How are you to day, sir?" for it would bring forth a long rehearsal of all his old complaints, and a full description of his newest one—the heart disease — which, strangely enough, is seated in the right side. He has enough medicines to stock a small drug store, and takes every one; then wonders why he does not get well.

One old aunt has had a great deal of trouble, and as a consequence, is melancholy and fretful. She seems to forget that those who look for blessings find them, and that when one strains his eyes to see trouble, it looks very great. She forgets, too, that a mountain does not cast a shadow on both sides at once; and that when it is night in America it is day in China.

Our bashful neighbor lives across the

way. He never says much, but when a subscription paper for a charitable object is presented to him, he puts his name down for twice as much as anyone else. Barrels of flour and tons of coal, go from him to the doors of the poor, with never a word as to who sent them.

Old Mrs. Tubbs is queer in a religious way. She belongs to all the societies of the church, attends its services three times every Sunday, and all the meetings through the week. Yet, for some reason, Mrs. Tubbs is an inveterate gossip. She knows every new carpet that is bought, and just how many teaspoons everybody

has. She goes to Mrs. Smith's one day and talks over Mrs. Brown's peculiarities; then, next day she goes to Mrs. Brown's and rehearses the list, the only difference being the fact that Mrs. Smith's name is used instead of Mrs. Brown's.

But I might go on in this way without limit. We know such people and associate with them every day. Every one of us has some queer traits, perhaps worse to our friends, than the ones I have spoken of. We all need to reform, but if we didn't this would not be a queer world and we should not be queer people.

THE COLOR OF THE WORLD.

BY LIZZIE D. KINSEY, '83.

HANS ANDERSEN has told us a story of five tiny green peas, with which you are all doubtless familiar.

I too, have a story of five peas, which, though not particularly interesting, may, nevertheless, be listened to for want of something better.

These peas were, I think, cousins of those of whom Andersen tells us. They like the other five, passed the early part of their lives in a tiny green pod, just large enough to hold them. Of course, as they never saw anything but the pod, and their own five little forms, they thought that they, the pod and the peas, formed the entire world, and if they did not say, as Andersen's peas did, "The pod is green, and we are green; all the world is green," I have no doubt they said something very much like it.

So these little peas might have gone on

living to the end of their days, in peace and quietness within their tiny pod, if no unforeseen accident had not prevented.

But the pod was growing old, and became very tired of holding fast to the vine, and persuaded itself that it was very bad used in being obliged to support such a heavy burden, as those five little peas; so one day, after brooding over its fancied wrongs until it had worked itself into a passion, it suddenly let go of the vine, and fell down, down a great distance, miles and miles, it seemed to the little peas. That was terrible, you may be sure; but what was to come, for when the pod struck the ground, the shock was too great for its delicate frame, and it broke into two parts, scattering the poor peas in every direction.

The poor little peas were so terrified that every one of them fainted away, continuing where it fell, without even waiting to see.

sume a graceful position; and had it not been for the friendly aid of a bee, which chanced to be buzzing by, I doubt that the fourth would ever have recovered; as its nerves were too delicate to stand such severe shocks. As for the pod, nobody cared what became of that, for every one knew it had brought its misfortune on itself.

After a while, the eldest began to talk to himself; for, although his brothers were not far off, he could not see them, and the pea was much like some persons, he would rather talk to himself, than not to talk at all. The sound of his voice attracted the attention of the others, and soon, if you had listened, you would have heard a very interesting conversation; that is, it was interesting to the peas, if not to you.

After it had been ascertained that no one had been injured by their terrible fall, the oldest brother proposed that, as it was evident they had been mistaken in their ideas of the world, and that it was not green; they should then compare notes, and endeavor to come to some decision on the subject.

This being agreed to, the second brother, who, unfortunately had fallen face downward in the grass, remarked, that as far as he could see, the world was as green as grass; but when questioned, he admitted

that, owing to his position, he could open only one eye; therefore, it was decided that this was a one-sided view of the question, and could not be accepted.

The third brother had rolled into a small hole, and as he saw nothing but black mud on all sides, he gave as his opinion, that the world was black; but this was disputed by the oldest, who was lying on his back gazing at the sky. He declared that the world was blue, and after reminding the others that the third brother had always been a little near-sighted, gave as his opinion, that what his brother supposed to be black, was in reality, dark blue.

The youngest, who had not yet spoken, now modestly suggested, that as there seemed to be so many different opinions on the subject, it was possible that the world might be of more than one color; and that possibly, the way in which they looked at it, might have some effect on their judgment. This, however, was regarded as merely a freak of a child's fancy, and the discussion was prolonged for some time. But if you wish to know at what decision they finally arrived, you must find out for yourselves, for I do not know.

In confidence, however, I will say that for my part, I think the youngest brother was right.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The Hesperian Record, was discontinued two years ago, and the High School Annual which takes its place, now comes out but once a year. Some of our exchanges are under the impression that it has been discontinued all together, but this is not the case.

MARRIED.

Miss Hattie Bailey to Mr. Joseph Clark, Jr.

Miss Hattie Wilson to Mr. W. Crane.

Miss Winnie Wagner to Mr. Norman Shannon.

LOCALS.

1881.

1-2-3-4-N.-P.-H.-S.-sist-boom-rah.

Merry Christmas. Happy New Year.

Will there be a Semi-Public, this year?

'79, Lizzie P. Baldwin is at St. Agnes School, Albany.

Wall flowers not fashionable this year as usual.

Wanted—A room, by a young man 14 ft. by 12 broad.

The former Rhetoric Class should *apologise* for their absence.

The Gentlemen members of the Senior class, number 11, the Ladies 51.

It was a young housekeeper, who put her cake out of doors one cold night to be frosted.

Bruno Hood of the class of '80, is preparing for the Sheffield Scientific School, New Haven.

The Hesperian Society of '80 gave a large engraving to the School, which now adorns the chapel wall.

The girls blessed the janitor last Monday, for flooding their apartments with water, but the boys——well never mind.

It argues well for a young man's disposition, when he is amicably disposed towards dumb animals—especially cats.

No cat has two tails, and one cat has one tail more than no cat, therefore one cat must have three tails, (Book 329, Prop. 5000.)

Looking-glasses are at a premium, with the young gentlemen of the Rhetoric class.

"Why should we celebrate George Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

A young man was being examined by a doctor. One of the questions was "Quid est creare?" (what is it to create?) He replied, "Ex nihil facere" (to make from nothing,) his paper was returned to him, with this written on it, "Ergo tu doctorem creamus." (Therefore we credit you doctor.)

Where, and oh! where are the little bairns gone?

Oh! where, and Oh! where can they be? They've gone to join the "Tariff" Parade.

That is certainly where they must be. Leave them alone, and they'll come home.

And leave their senses behind them.

Not by Sullivan.

There has existed for some years the Alumni Association of the male graduates only. During the past year it has changed and now consists of all who have graduated. They are having a series of Lectures and Concerts of a very interesting character. A Lecture by Donald K. Campbell, and a concert by both local and foreign talent, both past, are particularly worthy of notice, forming important features in the catalogue of evening amusements.

A NIGHT'S WORK.

(A True Story.)

BY C. FRANK NETTLESHIP. '84.

In the year 1868, in the month of November, a small amount of counterfeit money appeared among the merchants of F—, a small town of this state. The United States Officers had already "spotted" their man, a rich farmer, living on a mountain opposite F—.

One very rainy night, an officer with a townsman as a guide, started from F— to make the arrest; the roads were in a very bad condition, and it was two o'clock in the morning before they drew rein in front of a house which the rather drunken guide declared to be John C.'s, the man whom the officer was seeking.

Officer D. ran up the steps and rapped at the door, then retreated a few paces to observe the movements of the occupants. Soon after, one of the old-fashioned Pennsylvania blinds opened, when, to their amazement, an old man appeared, clad in his night-robe; a meal sack on his head, a gun in his right, and a candle in his left hand.

"What do yer want?" he snarled out.

The officer politely told him that he was the object for which he came. He quickly replied that "he war'nt comin'." They thus parleyed for about fifteen minutes, when officer D. fired a shot from his revolver, exclaiming, "There is first;" he

shot again, and said, "There is second, here is the third," and so on. The fellow, seeing he would have to give up, made use of a signal frequently used among the farmers in lonely localities to give an alarm in case of burglars. He yelled: "Nanny, Nanny, blow the horn." In half a minute, a woman, clad in the same manner as himself, appeared on the roof of a verandah with a horn a yard long, and commenced to toot. D., seeing this, fired a shot over her head, and she tumbled headlong into the window from whence she came. The neighboring dogs were now barking, so D. yelled:

"John C., if you don't come down and open that door, I'll break it in for you."

He replied: "I ain't John C.; he lives in the next house, 'twixt this and the hollow."

They then left; and it was no small sized Sunday-school lesson that D. read to the guide, for this mistake.

When they reached John C.'s they had no difficulty in securing him, because he knew that he was guilty of this crime, while the other man knew exactly the reverse; thus showing how much longer and innocent man defends his rights in a good cause.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," applies to the case.

"Illegible writing, is selfish and mean; implying, that the reader's time is less valuable than the writer's."—*Edward Garrett.*

Fashion says, "gathered waists are the favorite among the young ladies." They are among the young gentlemen also.

HOW THE FLOWERS CAME.

BY ADDIE MARTIN. '84.

ONCE the earth was not fair, as it is now. The grass, untrodden by the foot of man, was green and tender, the trees were graceful and lofty. Through the interstices between the waving boughs, the sky looked down with never-changing brightness at the mosses and creepers that covered the floor of God's cathedral. But no bright flowers greeted the eyes of the fairies dancing in the sunny glades, or the water sprites playing in the cool waters of the fountains. True, in the woods might be found the jack-in-the-pulpit, holding long conversations with the birds, and on decaying trunks were lichens growing; but all were green, or else of a neutral drab. The eyes, becoming tired of this all-pervading depth of sombre coloring, would find their only relief in gazing at the blue of the sky.

Thus was the world presented to the eyes of Eve, when, expelled from the gates of Paradise, she came footsore and weary to the forest. Here was shade; but not the shade of the blossom-laden trees in Paradise, filling the air with odors unrivaled, casting cooling shadows on the earth; not the white, perfumed silence, inviting to repose. Here was the damp, soft earth, and the odors of birch-bark and pine cones were all that one could distinguish in the heavy, moisture-laden air. Almost heart-broken at the thought of all she had lost, she exclaimed:

"Give me one rose,—but one rose from Eden."

The angels who were to have charge of the earth during man's residence there,

were watching the effect of her banishment; and, made sorrowful by her piteous exclamation, appealed to the All-Father that they might each, when they came into the world, bring as their gift a flower from Eden. This request was granted, and they winged their noiseless flight toward the garden, which the dark midnight now covered like a canopy, shutting out from the eyes of mortals but the flaming sword and the angel guarding the gate.

The angel of Patience, selecting the most beautiful flower of the century plant, and gently bearing it to the earth, said: "Go, and show thou to mortals through all time, that that is most perfect which comes after long waiting; and that the fruition of a hope long deferred, gives happiness past all understanding; wherefore, they shall have Patience with thee forever."

The angel of Meekness took the violet, and said: "Be thou a special messenger unto woman-kind, teaching them that meekness surpasseth beauty of person, and a gentle humility disarms opposition."

The angel of Beauty, plucking a lily, mine, kissed it, thus bestowing upon it its wonderful sweetness that all admiring, saying: "Teach thou that beauty is indeed beautiful, but that, as a gift from God, it should be esteemed, and as a token to use for him, it should be kept in purity and modesty, without vanity of spirit."

The angel with eyes like the brilliant stars, and a dress of snowy white, clasped her hands with the most beautiful of lilies and showered them over the fair

s implanting in every heart vague
gings after purity.

The angels of Love and Sorrow walked hand in hand to find their offerings. The angel of Love, dropping a red, red rose just where the forest ended and the unsheltered plain began, in silver tones addressed it, saying: "Thou shalt be called the queen of flowers, and the earth shall love thee best of all." The angel of Sorrow, her wings for a moment furled as she rested on a mossy hillock, said sadly the flower in her hand: "The token of sorrow shalt thou always be, insomuch that the people of a coming generation will think that upon thy petals a god hath written his lament for his dead friend; yet, comfort thou the people as

an interpreter of the language of sorrow."

One after one came the angels, each bringing a flower to the world. The angel of the Resurrection gave the fair, frail crocus, and the angels of Friendship, Kindness and Happiness brought, with many others, their favorite flowers to man.

Thus came the flowers; and this is why they forever speak to us a holy language. Even the tiniest child, as well as the greatest philosopher, loves them as friends. To the lonely they bring comfort, to the wanderer they come as messengers from home, to the sad they speak in loving words of the gardens above, where our loved ones, lost for a moment, wait for us till our coming.

JUMPS AND JUMPING.

BY HERBERT W. VAN HOUTEN. '84.

HIS world is full of men and women, boys and girls, who are always, as the saying is, "on the jump."

The question is, how to jump at the right time, for the right object, in the right place, and land on our feet. Some people do without any forethought; like some others who are trying their skill in jumping, give a leap, not knowing, and hardly knowing, where they land, so long as they succeed in beating others who are on trial than them.

In school it is a series of jumps. From the primary department to the grammar school, from the grammar school to the high school, and from the high school to college or seminary. How many there are who study just enough

to enable them to make these jumps, but not enough to give them foresight to see all the good these series of jumps will do them in their after life.

Men in business are apt to be just like boys in play or at school, because they endeavor, some of them even by unfair means, to beat or get ahead of their friends in business, only for the sake of getting ahead of them, not for the good which they may do with the money they thus gain. Some boys jump only to crow over the boys they leave behind them; this is sometimes the case in school. It is to be hoped that this will not be the aim of our lives all through the world, in business and pleasure. There are others who jump that they may make people better,

and teach them to jump as well or better than they have done. Our teachers should be classed under this head, for if they had not made all the necessary jumps, how could they unfold their knowledge, and teach us the art of jumping from common fractions to Algebra, and from Grammar to Rhetoric.

One of the largest jumps for a boy, is the jump into the High School. He grows in his own estimation, about six inches or more, and feels at least ten years older, and a vast deal smarter than he did the week before the examination. On the contrary, how small the poor boy feels who fails in his examination, how he looks

upon the successful jumper with envy, and wishes that he had been more careful during the days that are gone, in preparing for the jump.

The athlete has to prepare himself in number of ways, for the trial of skill and strength. He has to be particular what he eats, and about his exercise. Boys and men who wish to come off victorious, in this world's jumping, must likewise be particular as to the company they keep, the books they read, the mental and moral exercise they take, or they will find themselves left behind in company with others who have neglected their opportunities and wasted their time.

FROST ON THE WINDOW.

BY OLIVIA E. STONELAKE. '84

MUCH has been written of painted windows, and the lovers of art have traveled far to see them. But we are not so destitute of painted windows as one might at first suppose. Last night the bitter north wind blew, and this morning your windows are etched and figured as never Moorish artist decorated the Alhambra.

See, the children are already at the windows, and one has discovered in the maze of delicate frost work a range of snowy mountains, with a river winding along at its base. Another, a solitary lake, amid a forest of white pine trees, and just beyond we can see, a little dimmed by the distance, the towers and domes of a great city.

Each time we look, we see some new and strange object, and as the children

gaze upon this magic picture, they exclaim, "What a wonderful fellow Jack Frost must be!" while the older ones are thinking not of the phantom Frost King, but of the Divine Creator, who has made in all things something to enjoy.

The windows of the Poor House, are as exquisitely decorated as any in the rich man's home; nature has wrought nothing better on the church window, than can be found on the window of the poor sewing girl, who lives within the shadow of its spire. The attic windows of the tenements are just as elaborate in their design, as the windows in the palace of the wealthy.

God makes no distinction here, and as we think of this, let us be thankful that it is so, and that for a little while at least the rich and the poor may alike enjoy the

frosty ornaments, over which has passed the finger of a loving God.

In the morning, comes the sun in his glory smiling in warmth upon the beautiful picture. A mist slowly gathers; more shadowy and soft grow the pencilings, until the delicate tracery is dissolved in

the sunlight. Is it then lost? Oh no! memory has tapestried her walls with those beautiful pictures, that we may recall with pleasure, finding grace and beauty in the simplest, as well as the grandest of God's works. Truly, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY MINNIE G. HASKELL. '84.

HOW very happy I feel this beautiful spring morning, while sitting at my window. I cannot but be thankful that my lot is cast in this dear, country home-stead, where I can witness the awaking of nature.

Spread before me is a broad expanse of country, hill and dale, forest and meadow, with here and there little rivulets—now flowing peacefully through quiet meadows, then dashing through a rocky gully, but ever onward they flow, until they have fulfilled their mission and empty into the sea.

How very like the rivulet's course are the lives of some persons—sometimes so happy, when suddenly they are brought to a rocky gully, where they are dashed unmercifully against the cruel rocks of adversity.

The long ridges of hills, which on all sides surround the little hamlet, are followed by lofty mountains, standing like great walls against the background of blue. The sky is clear, and soft, fleecy, white clouds are sailing above. Trees and meadows have donned their spring clothing of green, and beautiful flowers are shedding their sweet fragrance in the air.

How profusely and beautifully the "God of the Seasons" has decorated hill and dale with blossoms tinted with matchless skill. The snowdrop and the crocus, the daisy, primrose and dark-blue violet, each blossom in their appointed time to make this world of ours beautiful, and to tell us of our Master's kindness.

The good wife of neighbor Jedkins sings merrily as she cleans the bright tin pans, while outside, little birds are making glad the air by their sweet caroling. Some of the little birds are bringing twigs, twine and soft, downy feathers with which to build their nests.

See what a fine brood of chickens old mother Speckle is proudly leading forth for their first airing. The little chicks are hardly larger than the eggs from which they have so lately come. See how eagerly they run to get the choice titbits which their mother is scratching for them.

Reuben, the cow-boy, is letting down the bars, and the cows joyfully pass into the fine meadows to enjoy the rich, tender grasses.

There is the pretty little Alderney heifer, May-flower, with a beautiful, white star on her forehead, while behind her are

the peaceful, old cows—Daisy and Buttercup, by name. I can just distinguish them as they run down the hill to the spring for their morning beverage of clear, sparkling water; and now Jane, the milk-maid, is bringing the pails of creamy milk into the house, which she will soon make into delicious butter and cheese.

While sitting at my window and gazing upon these scenes of country life, I think of the thousands of poor people, who live from youth to old age in the midst of the noise and turmoil of the crowded city, not knowing what it is to breathe the pure country air or ramble in the

woods. For them, such a life would be like turning over a leaf in the album of their lives.

As spring passes away, the glorious summer approaches; and now the queenly rose and the pure white lillies lift their royal heads above the moss and fern.

Then comes autumn, with a dress red and gold. Now is the merry harvest time, "when cellar-bins are richly stowed and garrets bend beneath their load."

And then comes winter, covering the earth with a mantle of purity; and as each season approaches, new scenes are presented to me from my window.

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Latin and Natural Science.

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LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class—Boys.

Barth, Max I.
Coursen, Herbert R.
Faitoute, Fred. B.
Gwynnell, William B.

Moore, William J.
Morningstern, William B.
Osborne, W. Harry
Sutphen, Geo. C.

Scarlett, John B.
Shannon, William A.
Wagoner, Nathan B.

Senior Class.—Girls.

Allen, Claribel
Antz, Natalie
Armitage, Nettie
Aschenback, Minnie
Baldwin, Jennie D.
Baldwin, M. Lilian
Billings, Marie
Blauvelt, Lyda
Brown, Clara E.
Burritt, Eva E.
Clark, Agnes
Cornwell, Alice K.
Dawson, Nora A.
Demarest, Hattie
DeVausney, Emma
Donnelly, Mary M.
Doremus, Jessie K.
Dusenbury, Emily T.

Frazee, Edna M.
Glover, Flora B.
Gwynnell, M. E.
Halsted, M. Lulu
Haring, Frances M.
Horner, Maggie
Jennings, Eva A.
Maclay, Mary
Marsh, Jennie
Martin, Lizzie P.
McCall, Floreane M.
McGregor, Ada
Merry, Grace
Milligan, Irene
Moore, Lizzie A.
Morehous, M. Anna
Morgan, Emma

Ott, Emma F.
Parker, Isabel A.
Pomeroy, Jennie T.
Post, Ida May
Reeve, Lizzie H.
Rodgers, Josephine P.
Sayre, Louise
Shipley, Susie T.
Skinner, M. Addie
Smith, Lizzie B.
Stevens, Miriam
Thompson Hattie
Valentine, Clara
VanWyck, Sacie
Watts, Emily L.
Webner, Amilla
Wilde, Lucille M.

Classical.

Willis, Annie P.

Junior Class.—Boys.

Blanchard, M. E.
 Cannon, Irving
 Gnichtel, Abraham
 Joy, Edmund S.
 Maclay, James

McNabb, William H.
 Ost, Henry
 Riley, George D.
 Sinnock, W. D.

Tichenor, W. J.
 Taylor, Arthur V.
 Wright, Chas. W.
 Munsick, Geo. W.

Junior Class.—N Division.—Girls.

Bensen, Carrie
 Chambers, Hattie M.
 Clark, Laura A.
 Dawes, Alice
 Dingwell, Lizzie B.
 Donnelly, Anna T.
 Enders, Jennie V.
 Eyles, Alice R.
 Harris, Laura L.

Hewson, Ellen A.
 Holloway, Julia S.
 Hopping, Susie E.
 Lemon, Mary E.
 Marsh, Nellie O.
 Moore, C. Elizabeth
 Randall, Adelaide G.
 Robertson, Edna J.
 Simonson, Sarah D.

Smith, Ida E.
 Smyth, Florence L.
 Sommer, Emma N.
 Thomson, May L.
 Tyler, Carrie E.
 Umbscheiden, Rosette
 Ward, Alice L.
 Young, Jennie

Junior Class.—S Division.—Girls.

Allen, Hattie C.
 Aschenback, Mary C.
 Blanchard, Wilhelmina
 Bond, Ida B.
 Bruen, Sarah G.
 Coleman, Mary A.
 Crane, Amelia T.
 Dana, Caroline
 Dean, G. Julia
 Dodge, Ruth C.

Ely, Helen C.
 Eno, Emma A.
 Foxcroft, Jennie I.
 Grossner, Anna F.
 Hays, Mary
 James, Mary W.
 Johnson, J. Louisa
 Koch, Elizabeth
 Leary, Maggie A.
 Leigh, Sara M.

McClay, Annie
 Nicholes, K. Alliene
 Osborne Miriam
 Price, Lillian L.
 Patten, Mary De Z.
 Walker, Charlotte T.
 Williams, Emma R.
 Williamson, Martha
 Wood, Elsie A.
 Young, Maggie

Second Year.—Boys.

Ables, Uzziel Samuel
 Bailey, Samuel G.
 Baird, William J.
 Berry, William M., Jr.
 Blake, Frank L.
 Breingan, Robert L.
 Brown, Frederick L.
 Bundage, Albert H.
 Burnett, Parke, Jr.
 Chambers, Frederick M.
 Clark, A. Judson
 Cone, Joseph N.
 Crane, Moses W.
 Crowell, James, Jr.

Durand, M. Allen
 Eichhorn, Frederick H.
 Eyles, William J.
 Johnson, John M.
 Kay, David, Jr.
 Kirk, William H., Jr.
 Lowery, Wilbur G.
 Martin, Julius
 McElhose, George W.
 Mershon, Albert L.
 Meyer, Oscar L.
 Mock, Frederick A.
 Moran, Paul
 Muchmore, Ward W.

Pentz, Archibald M.
 Pierson, Albert G.
 Price, Walter L.
 Rodeman, Wm. C.
 Schwartz, Herman C.
 Staehlin, Edward
 Stokem, Edmund L.
 Titcomb, George E.
 Van Houten, Abram G.
 Wagoner, Charles B.
 Ward, Marcus L.
 Wilsey, DeForest C.
 Willoughby, Harry C.
 Winters, Charles

Second Year.—N Division.—Girls.

Ball, S. Lizzie
 Beardsley, Mabel B.
 Buehler, Annie J.
 Burnett, Jennie
 Clark, Mary M.
 Coulter, Lida A.
 Cozine, Laura B.
 Crane, Helen L.
 Crane, Emma S.
 Durland, Lillie

Errickson, Esther F.
 Finter, S. Ella
 Fowler, Helen M.
 Gregory, Virginia G.
 Hill, Lillie A.
 Hines, Annie
 Howard, Lizzie J.
 Howell, Pemmie
 Kinsey, Lizzie D.
 McDowell, Lettie L.

McHugh, Abbie P.
 Martin, Isadore
 Nichols, Tillie L.
 Richards, Josephine
 Smith, Cora C.
 Tompkins, Florence
 Toppin, Hettie V. N.
 Vliet, Ella L.
 Woodruff, Mary E.

Commercial.

Hotz, Eleanora

Mead, Emma

Reeve, Lottie C.

Second Year.—S Division.—Girls.

Allen, Georgiana
 Barkhorn, Elsie
 Berry, Arisena
 Brown, Ida L.
 Burgyes, Edith
 Chadwick, Anna
 Cornwell, Gertie
 Darlington, Marion
 Dey, Lurena
 Drew, Minnie I.

Elcox, Nellie T.
 Foster, H. Augusta
 Freeman, Cornelia E.
 Hall, Juliet N.
 Hallock, Sarah L.
 Harrington, Emma V.
 Hilton, Mary L.
 Hines, M. Ella
 Jones, Laura
 Koltz, Lizzie D.

Martin, May
 Miller, M. Belle
 Pier, Lillie
 Robertson, Bertha
 Starkweather, Minnie
 Straus, Regena
 Westwood, Fannie E.
 Williamson, Katie
 Woodruff, Pauline

Classical.

Harrison, Jessie P.

Shafer, Emma

First Year.—N Division.—Boys.

Axtell, Cyrus D.
 Barnett, Stephen D.
 Beyer, Herman
 Bloemeke, Rudolph B.
 Bowles, Robert B.
 Brown, Irving C.
 Brown, William A.
 Brown, Herbert
 Dennisson, Vincent S.
 Ellis, John G.
 Feder, Joel
 Freman, Harry T.
 Godby, T. A.
 Goldsmith, Leo.
 Green, Frederick
 Gregory, William S.

Hedden, Jesse W.
 Herrmann, Samuel
 Hexamer, Frederick
 Isenberg, Emanuel
 Kingsley, Henry R.
 Kisling, Edward
 Klein, Henry A.
 Koellner, Ferdinand B.
 Korn, Joseph
 Manger, William E.
 Mason, Francis C.
 McElhose, William
 Phillips, Albert
 Piev, Charles
 Price, Edgar D.

Von Schwetter, Alfred
 Simpson, Robert W. Jr.
 Smith, Harry E.
 Sommer, Harry F.
 Stutzlen, Frank C.
 Van Houten, Herbert W.
 Walton, Perry
 White, Joseph B.
 Whitlock, Wilbur M.
 Wiener, Alfred
 Wiener, William
 Williams, J. Harry
 Winans, Fred.
 Walters, Thomas F.
 Woodland, Wm. B.

First Year.—S Division.—Boys.

Baker, William T.	Gerth, William J. F.	Pilkington, Frank
Baxter, William	Golder, Edward A. L.	Province, James
Besson, Albert	Goodsell, F. Joseph	Reeves, Charles E.
Bock, August W.	Graham, Arthur W.	Ripley, Charles D.
Boppe, Adam	Harrison, Louis D.	Roth, Jacob
Brice, William	Henderson, Joseph G.	Sager, Rudolph
Broemel, Fred. A.	Hornich, Otto	Schwartzwalder, Antony
Burdett, Oliver B.	Issler, Martin, Jr.	Soon, Albert H.
Carle, Harry L.	King, Frederick W.	Stengel, Christian W.
Clymer, William	Lang, Hermann L.	Sutphen, Robert J.
Cohen, Jacob	Low, Theodore E.	Taylor, Edward J.
Cummings, Charles E.	Nagel, Camil P.	Taylor, G. Burton
Dana, Frank T.	Nettleship, Charles F.	Vogt, Andrew G.
Dolen, Thomas F.	Noble, William	Vosburgh, William G.
Eagles, Ernest	O'Riley, John	Wood, Wm. A.

First Year.—N Division.—Girls.

Bacheler, Estelle H.	Gwynnell, Annie M.	Ludlow, L. Belle
Baldwin, Bertha	Gore, Maggie M.	McKeon, Anne
Conn, Annie C.	Harrison, Helen M.	Miller, Carrie D.
Cook, Laura	Haskell, Minnie G.	Moore, Edith D.
Dickerson, Lydia	Hawes, Florence E.	Mulford, Emma C.
Disosway, Lillie A.	Higbie, Addie	Meyers, Emma L.
Dod, Alice M.	Irvin, Mary	Peal, Clara A. E.
Dunn, Alice N.	Jackson, Ida M.	Phelps, Minnie B.
Fowler, Julia K.	Jones, Ida C.	

Classical.

Allen, Emma	Mahannah, Laura B.	Steeple, Ella F.
Feick, Emma C.	Miller, Grace H.	

Commercial.

Coleman, Julia A.	Shaw, Annie G.	Webner, Emma
Gerth, Lillie E.	Van Ness, Aurela	Westervelt, Belle
Ruckelshaus, Ida	Webner, Clara E.	

First Year.—S Division.—Girls.

Amstrong, Kittie L.	Foster, Nettie	McClure, Joanna
Betts, Maggie E.	Getchius, Lizzie	Mills, Laura A.
Blake, Eliza	Hart, Ella	Mock, Emma
Bowers, Ida	Hartshorn, Emma	Moore, Elizabeth N.
Brill, Rebecca A.	Honeywell, Iola	Myrick, Eliza
Coe, Cornelia S.	Jones, Mary	Mason, Julia A.
Daniels, Leona M.	Jassinsky, Alice	Meyer, Bertha
Dennisson, Agnes	Kinsey, Alice	Osborne, Ella L.
Dooney, Ella C.	Kinsey, Ida	Osborne, Annie H.
Eichhorn, Alice M.	Martin, Addie	Waters, Caroline A.
Ely, May	Martin, May A.	

Commercial.

Bishop, Minnie E.
Conn, Annie R.
Hatfield, Ella
Higgins, Sadie

Horner, Louise
Hymes, Rebecca
Lee, Clara
Pierson, Ida M.

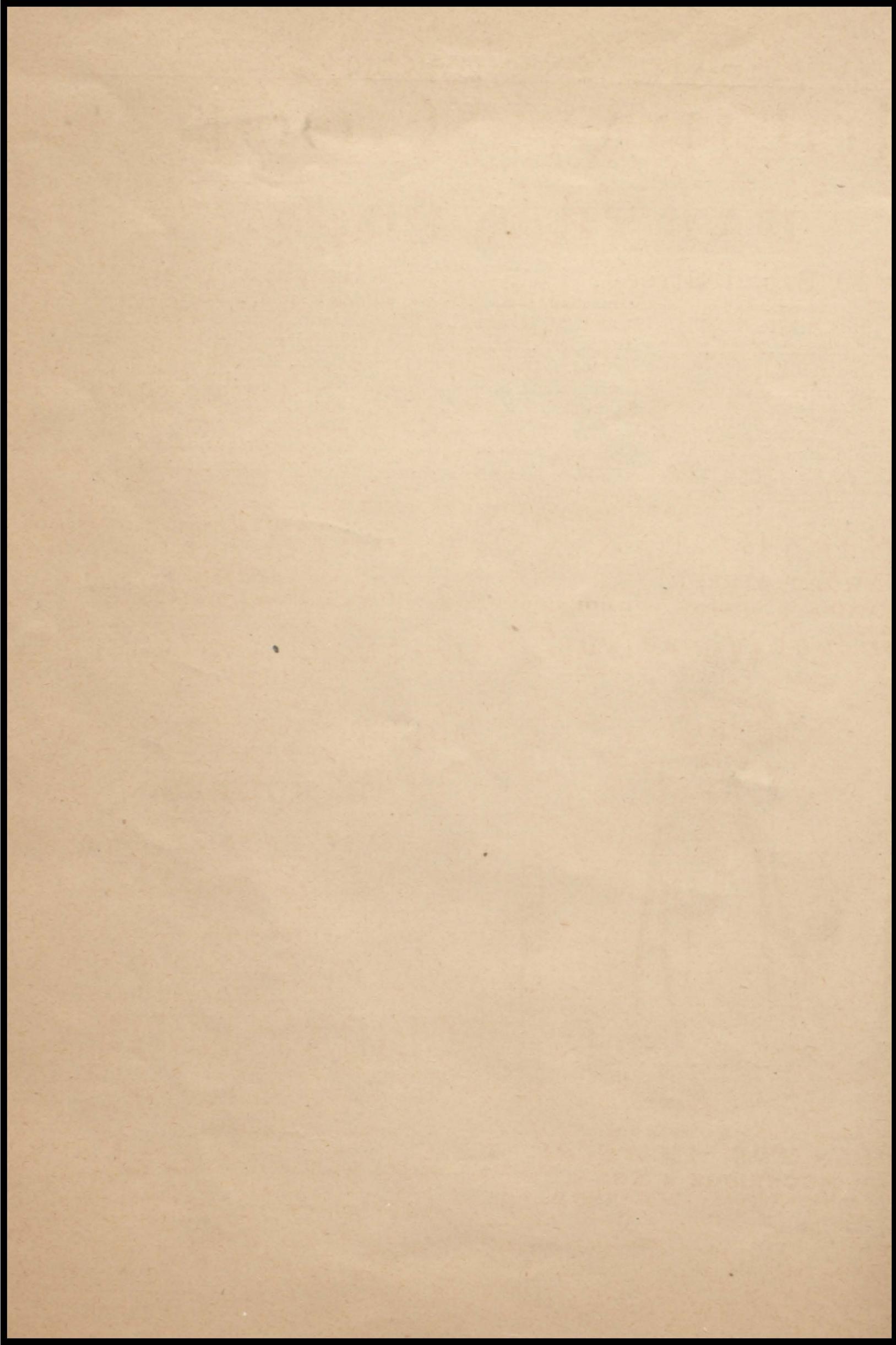
Searing, Hattie A.
Silverthorne, Ella A.
Taylor, Sadie M.
Waters, Lula A.

Annex.—Girls.

Healy, Emma L.
Langstroth, Belle
Potter, Annie B.
Price, Mamie H.
Reeve, Ella A.
Roff, Carrie J.
Satchwell, Annie
Saunier, Laura H.
Smith, Lizzie J.
Stirnus, Ella E.

Stonelake, Della P.
Stonelake, Olivia E.
Sutton, Annie H.
Sintner, Camilla
Totten, Ada S.
Valentine, Emma C.
Vanderveer, Minnie H.
Vosburg, Minnie
Vreeland, Nellie

Wakefield, Ada E.
Webb, Martha
Whigham, Josie
Wertz, Bessie B.
Whitehead, Lizzie
White, Ida F.
Woodruff, Nellie
Woodsworth, Sadie E.
Young, Amelia R.



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They have also added to their large stock of TOYS, FANCY AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, 5, 10 and 25 cent Counters, which are the greatest novelty of the day, where articles can be bought for 5, 10 and 25 cents which are sold everywhere for double the money.

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Merry Christmas,

Happy New Year.

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Steinway, Gabler, Chickering,
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And other Standard Organs.

An immense stock always on hand. New and Second-hand, for
Cash or Installments. Also to let, and rent applied on purchase.

L. J. Hardham,
Printer, Binder,
AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,
Market Street, Newark, N. J.

JOLLEY'S
Celebrated Re-enforced Shirts.

They wear longer, fit better, and are sold at the same price that
others ask for a very inferior article.

R. F. JOLLEY & CO.,
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HOMER H. MOORE,
Successor to MOORE & PRICE.

Finest Plated Ware for Holiday Gifts.
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Stock the Largest and Prices the Lowest.
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ANNUAL.

1882.

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assortment or quotes as low prices for*

RELIABLE DRESS SILKS,

AS

ISAAC N. DOTY & CO.,

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MARSHALL & BALL,
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58 & 60 Newark Ave., Jersey City. 209 & 211 Main Street, Paterson.

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AWAY DOWN!

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SPECIAL CREDIT GIVEN.

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RELIABLE AND AT LOW PRICES.

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ICE CREAM.

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We are always prompt and the Cream is always reliable. For PURITY, PROMPTNESS OF DELIVERY AND RELIABILITY,

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We make special rates to Churches and have facilities for shipping it out of town. For

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Go to Fussell's.

We endeavor to keep nothing but the most choice Brands on hand, and serve them up in the best style. During the Holidays we will keep on hand **PICKLED OYSTERS**, put up in jars of 25 and 50. Try them.

FUSSELL'S CHARLOTTE RUSSE, FUSSELL'S WINE JELLY.

FRANK FUSSELL,
880 BROAD ST., Newark, N. J.

THE SEWING QUEEN.

From out all nations around her there drew,
The fair and lovely, the honest and true,
Greatly admiring this fair, royal one,
And loudly praising the work she had done.
There were *Hems* and *Fells* and *Scallops* all bound,
And *Ruffles* and *Tucks* all *Braided* around,
And *Cords* that were laid as straight as a line;
Others were curved, and some serpentine:
Embroidery too—there was every shade—
And *Seams* as heavy as ever were made!
They gazed with delight, as she whirled around
So *Light* and *Easy*, with scarcely a sound,
Her speed was terrific—she never grew tired;
They verily thought she must be inspired.

Her *Thread* was *double* and her *stitch* a *lock*,
Her *work*, so *perfect*, was all of their talk,
And sweetly they sang—in a grand refrain—
Lauding her merits—again and again.
Who is this fair one—so noble and grand—
That calls forth such praises on every hand?
For all who had heard, and those who had seen,
Were anxious to learn the name of this Queen.
When, lo! there appeared in resplendent flame
A golden halo from that Goddess—Fame—
Inclosing the words “*Light-Running Domestic!*”
This is the name of the *Queen*, majestic.
Call at 725 BROAD STREET, and examine the *Queen*;
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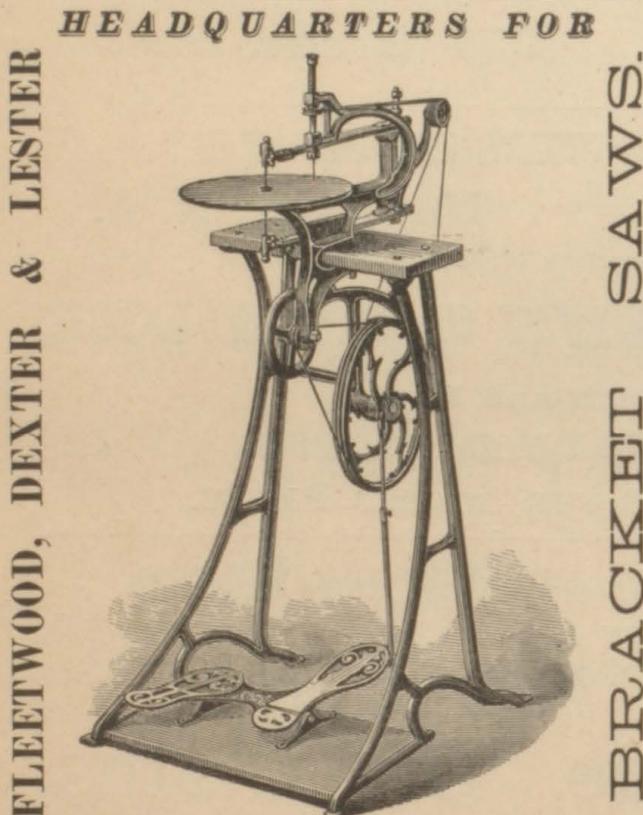
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Two Doors Above M. & E. R. R.

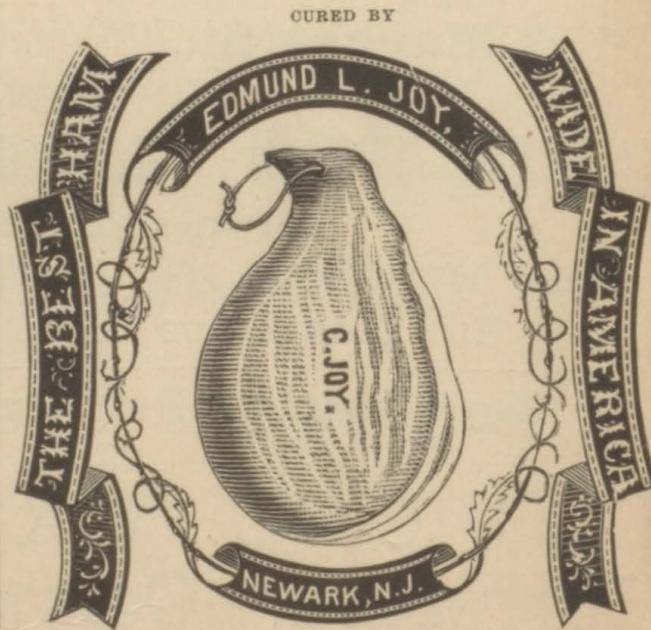
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CARPETS,
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“C. JOY” HAM



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C. JOY.

1882

THE HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

Printed by L. J. Hardham, Newark, N. J.

HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

L. VI.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1882.

NO. I.

TWILIGHT IN WINTER.

BY ANNIE I. WILLIS, '82.

The sun is sinking to his rest,
'Mid clouds of gold and red ;
A royal king, in truth, is he,
Who, on such gorgeous tapestry,
Can each night make his bed.

The red dies out, and cold, dull gray
Comes creeping in its place ;
The wind sweeps with a dreary sound
Through leafless trees, which all around
Stand stripped of summer's grace.

Long shadows lie across the plain,
And the frozen stream is still ;
And all around to me seems drear,
Except the light which shines good cheer
From the dwelling on the hill.

'Tis the brightest thing in the landscape wide,
And o'er all the frozen moor,
And steadily shining, clear and long,
It wakes in my heart a little song
Which was not there before.

Prize Oration of '81.

HUMAN VAGARIES.

BY WM. A. SHANNON.

MAN is prone to wander. Established ideas and methods are not pleasant to him. He loves to find ideas and methods for himself, though he often makes fatal errors in his blind trust in his own wisdom. The spirit of Columbus, the explorer, and of Theophrastus, the alchemist, was the same—that of investigation; yet how different the results of that investigation.

There seems to be something in the human mind which requires some outside influence to keep it in the right course of reasoning. This influence is exerted by religion, by law, by sympathy between man and man, and even by the fashions and follies of the times.

In general, these forces are nearly balanced, and their inequality, if any exists, is hardly noticeable. But when any one preponderates, we have the half-developed character whose course is tangent, when compared with the ordinary course of man. Here we see a Cromwell, the effect of the undue influence of religious fervor and zeal. Opposed to him, a Lord Chesterfield, fully as great in genius, but dwarfed by the polite usages of society in which he moved. Here are both extremes; but if these external forces could but act in perfect unison with our mental powers, the result *might* be "mind and soul perfected." It is plain, however, that, from the nature of things, this state is impossible; that either some deeper feelings, too fully developed, shall cast a gloomy shade

over the character, or, going to the other extreme, that emotion of a more joyous nature shall conceal all the sterner ones.

And so, though, in the ordinary individual, any feelings are not very deep, and their inequality is not so clearly marked, yet we may *humbly* arrive, with a certain learned physician at his own recent conclusion, "that every man is insane on at least one point;" that some trait is so developed, that, when, at some time, it alone can control the man's actions, its unwonted strength urges him to take a perverted course, to commit what we may call a "human vagary."

One man's love of gold too often develops into a power, and makes of him a Shylock; another's ambition, absorbing every nobler feeling, becomes his mania, and an Alexander or a Tamerlane is the result. Every man, high or low, has that one point on which he would go astray if left to his own devices.

Indeed, the peculiarities of the lower classes are more powerful than those of the great, and go to make up what are called "national characteristics;" Napoleon, great as he was, and distorted as were the aims of his ambition, did not exert the influence in his nation's character, of the representative Frenchman, "making his congee that he may deceive."

Thus, in every age, great revolutions are caused by the vagaries of individual extended through whole classes; in this way, by this unanimity on the one point

everything that opposes must be and is destroyed.

Consider the fanatics of Cromwell's time, imbued with a morbid and exaggerated hatred of kings and all things kingly. What wonder the kingdom fell in the shock when it met them, all agreed on at least one point, "*Certhago est delenda.*" This same fanaticism, before and since, has been the potent agent in all great revolutions; and, in substance, "fanaticism" is synonymous with "vagary."

Nor do these vagaries, these wanderings, always terminate in evil; let bad customs prevail,—brave men are always found to depart from them. Socrates, seeing the falsity of the old Greek philosophy, substituted for it one from the purity of his own mind. But he was an innovator: he had departed from a previous bad custom, and his citizens judged his life the forfeit. So, had not Martin Luther, when promulgating his new faith, been upheld by a strong hand, he, too, would have paid dearly for *his* "vagary."

Thus, though these departures depend for the nature of their result on previous

circumstances, still they cannot but be attended by danger; errors must come when man, unguided, essays to launch forth upon the vast sea of speculation, or the less extended one of his own actions. And yet these very errors may have been chosen as the means of warning or guiding after generations; the Napoleons, Mohammeds and Carlyles of history may have been placed as guide-posts to indicate the right road by which to avoid the errors into which they fell.

But, be this as it may, poor humanity has bravely endured all its departures from the beaten path; and though the old landmarks are often effaced in the great struggles of contending forces, yet the path is again found, and the landmarks restored, and we go on our journey, only to arrive at the place where we lose our way, because "all is darkness and there is no light." We can only wait for further developments, and wonder to what extremity our next vagary may take us; but we *cannot* hope to find the road from which there is no wandering, while our name is *Human*.

THE closing of a year seems to be the time for looking over memory's book and settling accounts. On the credit side, we see numerous good resolutions which we made at the beginning of the year; but on the other side is seen the account of these resolutions broken. We close the book with the determination that the unwritten book of the new year just opening shall record more deeds which we shall be pleased to remember, and fewer that we shall be pleased to forget.

—*Jennie Reid, '82.*

MARRIAGES.

Miss Emma Smith, formerly Vice-Principal of the High School, February 5th, to Mr. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati.

Miss Ella G. Brown, a teacher in the High School, to Mr. Joseph M. Sayre.

Miss Millie Tichenor to Frank Bolles Adams.

Miss Carrie Young to Mr. Wm. Brown.

Miss Ada P. Newton to W. V. Ruckelshaus.

Mr. John L. Heffron to Miss Marie A. Marcher, of New York.

Prize Essay of '81.

THE MARBLE WAITETH,

BY JEANNIE T. POMEROY.

"I will give," outspake the Master,
 "Unto any who with skill,
 Follow in my toilsome footsteps
 Up the steep and rugged hill,

Where Fortune, with her glowing finger,
 Points to fame, and world renown,
 If he be both true and faithful,
 As reward, a laurel crown."

Silently before his marble,
 Stands an artist looking down,
 And the fire of genius, brightly
 Gleams beneath his darkening frown.

Then he turned unto his teacher,
 Raised his head and tried to speak,
 "I am but a pupil, Master,
 And my hand unskilled and weak.

"But my heart is true and loyal,
 It will guide my hand aright,
 I will follow where thou leadest,
 Keep thee ever in my sight."

Turned he once more to his marble,
 Pondering what the form might be
 That should make him known forever,
 Give him fame eternally.

And a voice within speaks clearly,
 "Take from out thy soul's fond dreams,
 Some fair vision of immortal,
 That thy dearest fancy seems:

"Take the fairest, sweetest, noblest,
 That thou see'st in human face;
 Mould them to thy soul's ideal,
 Blending all with subtle grace.

"Take from out the past's rich pictures,
 Some fine form and attitude,
 Shape them with untiring fingers,
 From the marble rough and crude."

And this artist vowed within him,
 If that day he lived to see
 When the statue stood before him,
 In its spotless purity.

He would labor from that moment
 To perfect its every line,
 Bring it to a finer beauty,
 Aided by his art divine.

So that when death's icy touches,
 Change his frame to marble too,
 All should praise the faithful worker
 From whose hand the statue grew.

Day by day, his work pursued he,
 With his chisel's guided stroke,
 'Till, from out the unhewn marble,
 A form so wondrous lovely woke,

That the artist stood enraptured,
 Gazing at the lovely face,
 In whose pure and holy outline,
 Likeness he could plainly trace—

To the work of his great master,
at his model pure had been,
a statue, fairer
TR r the men of earth had seen.

Then at length this wondrous sculptor,
Laid his careful chisel down,
Hoping that his work would merit,
Much beside his master's frown.

* * * *

In a noble, Roman palace,
Stands that statue to this day;
And, to view its far-famed beauty,
Each, who passes by that way,

Pauses, stops, and lingers longer,
Charmed by that exquisite face,
By that form so truly noble,
By that attitude of grace.

Comrades! we are each one sculptors,
Carving all this life below,
From a shaft of purest marble,
Changing it at every blow.

Christ, who is the soul's great Master,
Looking in his mercy down,
Granteth to his faithful followers,
His eternal rest and crown.

Labor, then, with zeal and patience,
On thyself all things depend,
That thy statue stand completed,
When thy work on earth shall end.

May no roughness mar its beauty,
May each curve rise true and strong,
May no blemish soil its whiteness,
May no stroke have fallen wrong.

PRIZES OF 1881.

For the Highest Per Cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-Nine—**JULIUS MARTIN.**

For the Best Declamation (June 3d, 1881)—Gift of the Society of Seventy-Seven—**FRED. B. FAITOUTE.**

For the Best Recitation by the Ladies (June 3d, 1881)—Gift of the Alumni—**MISS MARIE A. BILLINGS.**

For the Best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—**WM. A. SHANNON.**

For the Highest Per Cent. in Scholarship of the entire Class, as shown by the

Final Examination—George B. Swain Medal—**MISS M. EMMA GWINNELL.**

For the Highest Per Cent. in Mathematics during the year—New Jersey Business College Medal—**WM. A. SHANNON.**

For the best Rhetorical work during the year by the young Ladies—Tichenor Medal—**MISS MARIE A. BILLINGS.**

For the best final Essay of the young Ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—**MISS JEANNIE T. POMEROY.**

For the Highest Per Cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the entire Class during the year—Hovey Medal—**MISS FRANCES M. HARRING.**

WORK.

G. JULIA DEAN, '82.

"God in cursing gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says, 'Sweat
For foreheads,' men say, crowns."

And often the crown which favor gives to its chosen one becomes but a crown of thorns to the wearer; whereas, God in giving us work has bestowed upon us an untold blessing, a glorious privilege.

The whole world is but a workshop, and every living breathing thing in it must work, from the microscopic insect up to man—nay, even unto God. Mrs. Browning says:

"Get work; get work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

Why not like work, then, since we are all destined to have enough of it, and choose that which is in keeping with our character and ability? Why not do what is assigned us, and make it our pleasure to do it well? What a joy would come from the feeling that we carry "a burden of beautiful work, well done."

"The poet could not be happy at the mechanic bench" you think; "and what is the use of his working if he is always to be miserable?" Necessity. Yes, necessary it may be for man to earn his daily bread, but necessary it is not for him to hate the means by which he earns it, because it is only bread. Rather let him rejoice in the power which is his to satisfy necessity, and thus become, as some one knowing has said, regal master of labor and not its wretched slave. Such a man's ability is, day by day strengthened, and

he raises himself by means of his work the place of his desire.

The hardest part of all is to keep mind the ideal. Often when our work seems very unsatisfactory, when threads seem to mingle and cross and confuse themselves and we in our hopelessness cry out "all is vain," is it not because we are in the midst of it and so lose sight of the pattern we ourselves have set? What seems to us but a tangle may prove after all more like the ideal than we think.

There are thousands who spend life's balmiest days in harder work than that of the common laborer, to reach what seems to them a foolish frivolous end. Yet it would almost seem that this even is preferable to trifling time and means away in half doing some nobler work; for in the former case ability has been developed by use, while in the latter it has been weakened by indolence.

Since there is work in the world to do, and any honest work is manly, you are dependent on no one, for we have the same noble leave to work, the same privilege to seek our fortune that others have had who now live as examples of great success in God's world.

Patience is a key that unlocks poverty. Wait until the labor is complete, and then if it is not as good as it might be, do not cheat yourself into believing bad goes do not degrade your ideal, but get leave to work, and glory in the power that is yours to become a prince of workers. Remember that "not what you have, but what you do, is your kingdom."

GOOD OLD TIMES.

G. W. MUNSICK, '82.

MONG the many things which tend to make life pleasant, novelty is one of the chief. In our school life we are continually leaving the old for the new, and pressing on to new fields of knowledge and study; and we are apt to think that the days that have passed, and the pursuits we followed, and the studies we engaged in, were better than those we now enjoy. But too often we like the old because they are old, and forget to seek for the beauties which lie hid in the present.

It is a common thing to hear old people bewail the wickedness of the present generation, and complain of the decrease of virtue since the time when they were young. But is the world really growing wickeder? To be sure, there may not have been so many instances of crime, but, no doubt, there was as much wickedness and depravity in the world then as now. And, moreover, we can hardly believe that the times were so very good, when the people lived under such rule as the Blue Laws of Connecticut, according to which, a man did not dare to kiss his wife on the Sabbath day, and many other absurd things. Surely no one would wish to change our mild and just laws for such as they.

Beside, we cannot but be astonished at the amazing improvement the human race has made in scarcely more than half a century. People are wiser now than then; aye, look at the magnificent op-

portunities we enjoy, which were unknown fifty years ago! How can we say the old times were better!

And, as regards the arts and sciences, what era has been so full of important and marvellous inventions and astounding discoveries as the present one?

With the present facilities for obtaining an education, ignorance is rapidly and surely decreasing. Both the civil and religious rights of individuals are more secure and more widely respected.

As the result of all these benign and kindly influences which have of late years played so active a part in social life, we find that mankind, as a rule, is better, that virtue is more common and more highly esteemed, that people are more compassionate to the unfortunate and wayward, and more refined and gentle in their manners; and as it is impossible for the nation to go backward while the individual advances, we find that where formerly quarrels were settled by arms and bloodshed, now satisfaction is given, and differences settled amicably with mutual good-will and respect.

And, although we may be mistaken, it is very probable that those persons who sigh for the "good old times," will find that the change lies, not in the times, but in themselves; that the world is just what we make it; and that if we do each day's work faithfully, we shall have no occasion to sigh for the "good old times."

From the fifteen Minute Exercises.

CONCERNING UMBRELLAS.

BY MIRIAM OSBORNE.

"WHY is a woman not like an umbrella?" said some wise old man.
"Because they never know how to shut up when not in use."

A strange simile, women and umbrellas. Yet there must be some resemblance, or they would not have been compared.

Umbrellas are very good when it rains, to keep you dry; but if you have no umbrella handy, it is nice to have a little woman home to dry those clothes. Men never know about such things.

Again, if we compare umbrellas to human beings, we may say the handle is the backbone and the ribs are the bones.

The more the better, just as in us their presence makes us strong and their absence makes us weak.

Is the simile good? or do the objects compared too closely resemble each other? Is the resemblance faint? is the simile trite? or is there little known of either object? Is the umbrella too trivial to be compared with the woman? or is the woman too trivial an object to be compared with the umbrella?

"A place for everything, and everything in its place," said another wise old man, and so there must be a place for my conundrum.

HESPERIAN RECORD.—For two or three years, the Hesperian Society published a monthly paper, entitled *The Hesperian Record*, and, for one year, the *Record* and the *Montagu Round Table*—the organ of the Montagu Society—were published together; but it was found that it took too much time to properly edit and publish such a paper, so that we shall continue to publish only our ANNUAL, which our exchanges will receive. We are glad to receive high school and college papers, and especially *The Tuftonian*, which sprightly sheet has come to us regularly for several years.

THERE are people in the world who, strange as it may seem, do not possess the great incentive—ambition—in the slightest degree; who are content merely to live; whose death leaves not a ripple upon the surface of life's activity. Let us see to it that we are not numbered among them; that we may have an ambition that will prompt us to labor for the benefit of those around us, so that we may not go to our graves "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

—William Wiener, '84.

PHILIP OF MACEDON AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A. V. TAYLOR, '82.

AMONG the many great military men of the world, Philip, King of Macedonia, and Napoleon Bonaparte stand prominent. But they were great not merely as warriors, but also as statesmen; especially the latter, who raised France to a high and important place among the nations of Europe.

These two distinguished men, although belonging to times over two thousand years apart, were noted for certain qualities which they had in common, and which were the causes of their success and prominence.

In early boyhood they were both sent away from home, Philip to Thebes, as a hostage, Napoleon to the military school at Brienne, at which places they received instruction in the art of war. At an age, when, now, most young men enter upon life's struggles, both had gained a widespread reputation as military men. But Philip had the advantage of Bonaparte, inasmuch as he, by birth, held a prominent place of honor, while the latter was of common and obscure origin. Notwithstanding this apparent disadvantage Napoleon, by his remarkable ability, pushed himself forward, advancing himself where others would not advance him.

As warriors and statesmen, they were progressive, not content with adhering strictly to old established methods of fighting and government, Napoleon, particularly, being full of new ideas, so that, when a mere youth, he astonished old

ticians by the originality of his plans. As statesmen, they were far-seeing and shrewd, guiding their respective countries safely through the greatest perils.

As diplomats, they were exceedingly skillful in taking advantage of dissensions and troubles in neighboring States, and, in negotiations, their penetrating minds enabled them to come out the gainers, sometimes making a show of generosity for the furtherance of their purposes.

As men they were ambitious, and both had many good traits of character. But they were not ambitious merely for self-aggrandizement, but for the advancement and prosperity of their kingdoms. Although there is a striking resemblance in the character and exploits of these two men, yet in respect to a great many unimportant things they differed. Philip waged his wars voluntarily, always acting on the offensive; Napoleon was forced to fight, by the hostility of his neighbors. Philip desired war that he might extend his dominions; Napoleon longed for peace that he might develop the resources of France. Philip was successful in all his conquests; Napoleon was finally overcome and died an exile on a desert island. In his disposition, Philip was naturally cheerful; Napoleon gloomy and irritable.

Both of these great men were important factors in advancing civilization. Philip raised Macedonia from her place as a second rate power, and prepared her for the conquest of Asia and Africa. Under the lead

of Alexander, the Greek forces marched through the eastern countries, marking their course not by devastation and ruin, but by the civilization and culture of Greece. Commerce revived, and new vigor was infused into the Asiatic blood. Napoleon, by his vigor, extricated his country from the difficulties and dissensions of that lawless period. He abolished the Inquisition. He, by his activity and

judgment, soon made France a formidable rival of England. The Code Napoleon, one of his greatest works, has been, and still is, of inestimable value to the jurisprudence of Europe; and throughout the land are to be seen the results of his tireless energy, while, in the hearts of his countrymen, his memory is still warmly cherished.

NO DAY WITHOUT A LINE.

BY JOSEPHINE RICHARDS, '83.

EVERYTHING we do, everything we say, and every thought we think is a line of some kind. Sometimes it is a crooked, wavering little line tending to go in the wrong direction. Then, again, it is a straight, decided one, showing plainly against the dark background of the world. Each day we ought to make a line. Not one which will look as though we scarcely dared make an attempt, but a firm one which cannot be erased.

When a person commences drawing, copies are given to him of straight lines to be drawn over and over again. The first line he draws is a queer looking one and not at all like the copy, for the pencil will *insist* upon straggling along without the least regard for the looks of the line which it leaves behind. After awhile, however, by patient endeavor, he succeeds in making a perfect line.

So it is when we first attempt to do right. We find it very difficult, for it is much easier to let our lines run without guidance. We think that we know so much better than others who have had

experience, that we are apt to look with something like disdain on their advice. Very often we become discouraged, too, and then, when our lines need control, we are most likely to put on the firm look of "don't care," and make desperate lines which are entirely worthless.

The simple, straight lines we make every day seem uninteresting, and one line in a day seems very little indeed to accomplish. But, when we are farther advanced, we have more ideas, and find a pleasant way of putting our few lines together. At first we need to practice until we can make the straight lines perfectly well; then we can take up the curves and a part of a design, or make some original shape of the lines. We soon discover in life that the straight lines join themselves to curves when we yield with grace to some disappointment. Pleasant words take shape and unite with other lines. Kind actions, and the help which we give others put on beautiful forms, and, when all is finished, a design is made.

Each day brings new experiences and

we add one or more new lines to the design which we are forming by living. Sometimes the lines are humble tasks which we would rather not do, but, if we are only faithful and make earnest efforts, we shall find that our troubles and temptations are all preparations for the happy day coming. If, however, we are not very careful to make each line fit for the design, some part of it will be wanting and the whole will be marred.

We are all a part of the great plan and have our work to do. It is wonderful what beautiful designs some, who have lived entirely unheard of, have made of their humble lives. The faces of these dear, faithful hearts show that they have

often been forlorn and desolate, that they have passed through hard toil and many temptations, but yet there is an expression of peace there which tells that they have also been victorious. There will, certainly, be a great variety when all our attempts at designing are collected. Some, made by noble men and women, will be much handsomer and larger than others. But we are only expected to do our best, and our designs, great and small, will stand as records of what we accomplished here.

“Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Perfect the design and holy
When each line is made with care.”

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY GREATER THAN THAT OF HISTORY.

BY LILLIAN PRICE, '83.

EACH man's life is a history. Records of this life we find both in the pages of poetry and of history, but the influence of poetry is greater than that of history. Much of history is but the record of wars, of conquests; this is not morally elevating. History consists largely of facts and dates; its character lacks vividness: poetry gives us more of the thought and life. History is confined to the past; poetry speaks to the ideal in man, and not only leads him back unto the life of the past, but helps him live in the present, and serves as a guide for the future. It also cultivates a taste for the beautiful, and, naturally, by this means, tends to moral elevation.

Poetry makes much that is grand in

history; take it away and you remove one of the greatest charms of history. Greek history we owe to its poets. The Iliad and Odyssey are a power to-day. One writer has said, “We owe to the Greeks every noble discipline in literature, every radical principle of art, and every form of convenient beauty in our daily occupations of life.” The Greeks are a type of cultivation, in many respects not surpassed at the present day. Poetry was their atmosphere, the essence of their religion, the inspiration of their literature; it showed itself in the marvellous grace and beauty of their sculpture. The Greek refinement and civilization were due to the poetic temperament.

Literature in any generation is but the reflection of its thought; the highest, purest, and best, is found in its poetry. Danté has preserved for us, in his "Inferno," the belief of the middle ages. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a magnificent epic, containing the elements of Puritanism.

Biography, which is a kind of history, gives us noble examples of great men; but the characters portrayed by the pen of the poet are far nobler.

The works of one poet furnish an impetus not only to his own age but to that following. He catches the spirit of bygone days, and is their prophet for the future. In the works of all great writers we find traces of the influence the earlier poetry made on them. Dryden acknowledges, "In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare. I hope I may affirm without vanity that by imitating him I have excelled myself."

To be able to write the history of a nation, it is necessary to have acquaintance with its poetry. It is to the poetical attributes of historians, as well as their accuracy, that they owe their fame. Hume is confessedly a great historian on account of a certain felicity of style, but he took his facts from preceding writers, without troubling himself about accuracy.

Gibbon says, "As I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capital, while the bare-footed friars were singing their vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' first started to my mind." The poetry inspired him for his work.

Much of history is gleaned from poetry,

since in the earlier literature, song and minstrelsy came first.

Poetry is inherent in human nature. The ancient Saxons, barbarous and savage, had poetic instincts. The earliest extant writing of England is a poem called "Beowulf."

The growth of the English nation may be traced by the improvement in its poetry. Is not England prouder to-day of its Chaucer and Shakespeare than of its greatest heroes of history, than she is even of her magnificent and widespread dominions? They wrote English poetry; they moulded English life; they helped make her brilliant history what it is.

Some argue that much of poetry is the child of imaginative and idle speculation. True, yet without imagination we should make but little progress into the world of the undiscovered. Were we to rely on cold prose and fact for comfort, much of our happiness would be missing. We need fancy, imagination, to lift us up. Often the poets' dreams are the shadows cast by truth.

The Psalms of David wield a mighty influence to-day. What are they but the grand stately measures of poetry? The book of Job is an epic poem. Out of that dim past, when historical records were but fragmentary, shine these poems, true index of lofty thought. Inspirations they were of souls drawn up into the heights in close communion with the Infinite. All true poetry is inspiration, a grasping of higher things. History is plain condensed fact. Can there be any doubt that poetry is the soul of all beauty, lifting man slowly but surely to where the finite merges into the infinite?

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK N. J., JANUARY 1, 1882.

EDITORS.

M. ELVIN BLANCHARD,

MARY W. JAMES,

ARTHUR V. TAYLOR,

JENNIE RIED,

EDITORIAL.

AS soldiers, who have been exposed to the missiles of the enemy, at last find themselves free from hostile attacks and experience a feeling of relief at the repulse of the foe, so the now happy High School boys rejoice who, for the past week, have been exposed to the storm of questions which the pitiless examiners have rained down upon them. Some have come safely out of the conflict, and have covered themselves with honor. Others, not so fortunate, have come off safely but with severe wounds. While still a third class have, with great difficulty, withdrawn themselves, almost completely disabled. But all hope to cope more successfully with the enemy in the next contest.

And now how fit a time for reflection. Our duties, as scholars, for this year are over. The records of our examinations, the sign posts of our progress, are before us, and whether satisfactory or otherwise point out our errors and defects. But still, while the past is unchangeable, the present is ours, and the future will be as we make it. If we, acquiring experience from our former mistakes, do our duty day

by day, not waiting to be driven, but with cheerful obedience, the result will bring satisfaction and success. If we try to advance by shirking our duty, the result will be a miserable failure, the effects of which will be seen not only in the class-room, but in whatever we may be called upon in after life to perform.

It was but a few weeks since that we, as a school, were assembled for the purpose of paying respect to the memory of the lamented Garfield, the lessons of whose life ought to be an incentive to every school-boy. The building throughout was draped, and impressive services were held in both departments. Address were made by ex-Senators Hayes and Francis, and by members of the Faculty.

The past year at the High School has been marked by steady progress, both in the methods of instruction and in the courses of study. In the male department, especially, there have been many important changes. Mr. Drake, the instructor in Book-keeping and Penmanship, was succeeded by Mr. Cargill, whose place, in turn, was filled by Mr. Sandy,

the present teacher. Mr. Sonn, a former graduate of the High School, and later a graduate of Yale College, supplies the place of Mr. Griffin, as instructor of Natural Sciences and Composition. Mr. Schmitz, the teacher of German, is now present all the morning session, and, sometimes, after school, to the great discomfort of the unstudious.

But, while we are under obligations to the Board of Education for the increased facilities that they have given us for our work in some directions, still we are in need of more room. We were never in

more need of a new building, or, at least, an addition, than now; and, every year, this want is more keenly felt. We most earnestly beseech the Board to take decisive steps immediately, lest the Technical School get the start of us. Last year, a large colony was sent off to a hall hired for the purpose, and this year a larger number; and yet we are greatly incommoded for want of room. We beg, we entreat, we pray the Board to come to our aid, and we, the pupils, promise to do better work and more of it, if they will give us room according to our strength.

THE time has come again when it is customary for us to send forth the ANNUAL to our many friends, containing, as heretofore, reports of our work, and specimens of our literary productions. Notwithstanding our excessive modesty we dare assert that the perusal of it will be both pleasant and profitable to all. We also hope for lenient criticism, since it is now a time made fearful to us by the dreaded examinations. Our wild dreams of literary fame have vanished, and now it is more in accordance with our wishes to wander through the mazy haunts of our respective brains in search of the knowledge which has silently stolen away, and perchance to relieve some unfortunate goddess, entangled in a mass of parallelograms, and injured by falling metaphors.

The year has been a varied one. The benevolent Board so far departed from the ordinary routine as to give us several extra holidays, owing to the kindly interference of the sun and Vennor. We took them with praiseworthy fortitude.

Miss Mary Whiton is now filling the position of Miss Ella G. Brown as teacher of the first-year class. Miss Brown, having become dissatisfied with her name changed it to Sayre, to the great delight of a gentleman by that name who took a lively interest in the matter. We tender our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, and hope the former is all a model husband should be, "Submissive, without looking so."

The news has also come to us of the marriages of several of our former pupils. My friends, what are we coming to? To think that so many who once sat in these seats, drank from this same fountain of knowledge, and ate dyspeptic lunches, like unto ours, should now have promised to obey voluntarily some one who has no roll book! 'T is strange, but then in all the High School course, although there is much time and labor spent on mensae, mensam, are we ever told to decline a man? So we may be excused if we lay aside our pen an instant to dream of the

time when future editors will perform this sad duty for us.

But to turn again to more practical things. Owing to the large number of new scholars coming to us, we were again obliged to find room elsewhere. A room over Mr. O'Connor's store has been taken, Miss Annie Tichenor acting as teacher. The Annex is nearer the school than ever before, which relieves us of much anxiety, since we were loath to have the young lambs far from our watchful eye. We are positive that no such cruel separation will rend the hearts of the scholars in 1981, since probably by that time the new High

School will be ready for occupancy. But amid all our sunshine, shadows dark and deep have fallen. Death, cold unwelcome death, has come taking away from us two of our young graduates. If we, in our weakness, could have chosen their future, it would have been life with its cares and troubles; but the Father, in His infinite mercy, gave to "His beloved sleep."

"O life, O Beyond
Thou art strange, thou art sweet!"

Because the way is short, I thank Thee,
God!

HABITS OF THOUGHT.

F. EICHHORN, '83.

HOW important to have correct habits of thought and to get one's mind so under control, that at any time it is ready to respond to the demands made upon it. That this can be accomplished has been proved. Napoleon said that his mind was like a chest of drawers; he had only to draw out the particular one he wanted and keep the others closed. When he wanted to sleep he closed them all.

Nothing great has ever been done without concentration of thought. Although we may spend time and money in obtaining an education, comparatively little can be accomplished unless we have learned correct habits of thought.

It is a great mistake to imagine that we can make ourselves famous, though backed by genius and education, without earnest thought. Great writers have generally been deep thinkers. Correct habits of thought bring self-reliance and independence.

Most of us start out in life with high ambition; there is no obstacle too great for us to overcome; no prize so high but that we hope to win it. But as the years roll on the difficulties appear greater and the prize seems further and further away, and sometimes we sit down, fold our arms and sigh that the object of our ambition has not been attained which might have been readily attained had we but concentrated our efforts perseveringly upon it. Thought strengthens the mind as food does the body.

By accustoming ourselves to the habit of correct and earnest thinking, many hills of difficulty will melt away as dew before the rising sun. A long lesson in Latin, a difficult problem in algebra, are soon mastered if we can hold our minds to the work, can keep our thoughts closely on the subject in hand.

The value of correct habits of thinking can hardly be over-estimated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"God give ye merry Christmas tide, ye gentle people all,
And in your merry making may no evil hap befall."

Mr. William J. Moore, of '81, is at Columbia College.

Miss Hattie Sickels, class of '74, is at Florence, Italy, engaged in study.

Miss Julia Merry, class of '80, is at Wellesley College, Mass.

Mr. Fred B. Faitoute, of the class of '81, is at William's College.

Miss Gertrude Adams, of the class of '76, is a senior at Wellesley College, Mass.

Mr. William B. Ginnell, of the class of '81, has entered Wesleyan University.

For sale—A handsome piano, the property of a young lady who is about to leave for Europe in a rosewood case with turned legs.

Brilliant.—Teacher to 1st year boy: "What is the use of cavities in bones?"

Boy: "The hole is there to put the bone around."

Alas, too true!—Second year pupil translating: "Non scholae, sed vitae, discimus." We learn not for life but for school.

Borrowers and beggars are half-brothers, and a lazy man is rather wuss than a ded one, bekaze he takes up more room.—*Fosh Billings*.

Oscar L. Meyer received a handsomely engrossed certificate for having made the greatest improvement in commercial studies during the year.

He knew.—Prof. Polit. Econ.: "What Latin word meaning money shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?" Junior: "Bullion."—*Argo*.

Question in physiology: What is synonia? Ans.—Synonia is disease common among sailors.

When spelling is "reformed" she'll write:
"I'm sailing on the oshun,
The se is hi, no sale in site,
It fills me with emoshun."
But one "spell" will not change its name,
For she'll be se-sic jist the sain!"

A short time since, the members of the Hesperian Society purchased a rope for a tug of war. During the noon of the second day of its use, it formed an intimate and *pressing* acquaintance with one of the teachers. The rope has not been seen since.

The High School boys came near achieving a great victory on Thanksgiving. They challenged the students of the New Jersey Business College to a game of foot ball. As the match did not take place, they lost a fine chance of distinguishing themselves.

A member of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation when the Professor said: "Mr. —, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner in which you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

A Hindoo, in an essay on Oliver Cromwell, gave this original information:

"Oliver Cromwell was a very stern man. He destroyed Charles I by repeated beheadals. After this, he was never known to smile, but was frequently heard pensively to murmur, 'If I had only served my God as I have served my King, he would never have deserted me in my old age.'"

THE WONDERING DAISY.

BY CORNELIA S. COE, '84.

A LITTLE daisy opened her eyes one beautiful May morning before any of her sisters had made their appearance.

She began to wonder why it was that she had been the first of the daisies to make her entrance into this world where everything seemed so strange. There were the tall grasses above her, nodding their heads in a very unfriendly manner, as much as to say: "Why is such an insignificant flower cast among us?"

After she became accustomed to the light, she lifted her head a little higher and gazed in wonder and amazement around her.

What most attracted her attention was that great ball in the sky so far above her, and she wondered if it would ever come any nearer to her that she might see what it was and how large it was, but soon she became tired of watching it, for somehow it began to grow brighter and brighter and it seemed to weary her to look at it.

After a while, she heard a strange buzzing sound and she wondered what it was, and if it would come to see her, but ah! too soon she knew it had come on no friendly visit, for it had robbed her of some of her sweetest possessions and had passed on without a word of apology.

At a short distance from her, she saw a beautiful wild rose, and at her right a great oak; she wondered if ever she would be as beautiful as the rose or as grand and tall as the oak. She thought she could then do so much good for, having a more elevated position, she would be able to

lend a helping hand to those around her, and one thing she was sure of, she would not forget to speak a friendly word to the wayside daisy.

She saw, in the distance, a beautiful house and many large trees around it. In the yard were two little children playing, and as she heard their merry laughter she wondered how it was that she was nothing but a little flower among the grasses, while they were surrounded with everything beautiful.

In the evening, daisy's wonderment was increased by the disappearance of that great ball which had so nearly blinded her in the morning. The croaking of the frogs, the hooting of the owls, and the singing of the whip-poor-will afforded her much amusement as well as wonder.

When the stars came out they looked very kindly down upon daisy, but not as familiarly as upon the fire flies around her. She supposed that they were little sisters of the stars above and would gradually ascend and become brighter and brighter, but why the one should be called stars and the other fire flies she could not imagine.

At last she grew sleepy, but was unwilling to close her eyes for wondering what the morrow would bring forth and whether she would still retain the place she then occupied. Finally, however, overcome with the great scenes of the day, she fell asleep and dreamed a sweet dream. She beheld a beautiful country, the flowers of which were handsomer than any she had

ever seen; the stars shone with a greater lustre, her companions, the grasses, were more agreeable and more comely, and she knew that the change in herself was not less wonderful. She could then understand the reason why the birds sang so sweetly, why the sun shone so brightly, and why the children laughed so merrily.

On the morrow when she awoke she found that the earth looked much the same as yesterday, and so it continued for many succeeding days.

One morning she saw a butterfly hovering over her, and she called to it saying: "Butterfly, can you tell me what there is over yonder where the mountains seem to touch the sky? I have so often wondered what there is beyond me, and about the strange sights and scenes that I have noticed during my short life." The butterfly answered: "You are not the only one that wonders. Although I do not care much about these things myself, I often hear others around me talk and won-

der why they are not like some one else, or why they cannot see beyond," and so she flitted by.

Presently the daisy saw a lady coming along leading a little boy and girl. The boy said: "Mother, I wonder why that daisy is there alone, why God didn't send more of them." The mother answered: "I think that daisy must have been impatient to let us know that spring had really come, and yet how pretty it looks there among the grasses."

The daisy said to herself: "Why does that little boy wonder as well as I?" But suddenly she found herself in the hands of the little girl, who said while tearing off her petals one by one: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!" This was the end of our little daisy and all her wondering.

Like the daisy we all wonder what is before us and what the morrow will bring forth, and we still keep on wondering from day to day.

DEATHS.

LIZZIE H. REEVE, died July 13, 1881.

SUSIE T. SHIPLEY, died October 17, 1881.

"'Whom the gods love die young,' was said of you;
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends and, that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath. And since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those whom longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save."

WHAT HAPPENED IN CONSEQUENCE.

BY ADDIE MARTIN, '84.

[The following tale is founded strictly on fact; the fact that the wind did do the deed described, as related in the poem by GEORGE MACDONALD.]

"Oh, what will happen?" they all cried,
"What will happen in consequence?"

THEY were all gathered there, on the sunniest slope of a mountain in sunny Greece, in the old, old times when they were worshiped as gods in that classical clime. Below them stretched vineyard after vineyard, where the purple grapes grew in rich profusion, and far beyond all lay the sparkling blue sea. But around them dense groves and shrubberies shut them in from the gaze of impertinent curiosity.

"Who were they?" do you ask? Or perhaps you fancy that you can guess who they were. It may be that you think the inhabitants of Olympus had descended to the hill I have described to hold a friendly conference.

Nothing of the kind.

If the inhabitants of ancient Greece had been blessed with as sharp eyesight as we Yankees have, they might have seen on that bright Summer day Boreas, in his hand the trumpet through which he blows the north wind, standing obstinate, but still with a cowardly, shifting glance,—in the center of the sunny glades near the hill top; not alone, but the focus of an animated and picturesque group.

There was Zephyrus, reclining on a bank of cowslips, while Flora, seated beside him, wove a daisy chain to twine amid his long golden ringlets, rivalling in beauty Cupid's own; and Notus, the south wind, with his arms folded upon his

breast, and a sullen look on his handsome face, as he furtively watched them,—for had he not, poor fellow, been jilted by Flora in favor of Zephyrus? and Eurus, the cold, proud ruler of the east wind, lounged carelessly against the rock by which he stood. Zetis and Calais, the children of Boreas, clung to their mother, and regarded their stern sire with frightened eyes, as he stood with lowering brow in the midst of the group.

Only the family of the winds.

"What will happen in consequence?" they all cried again. "Are you sure, Boreas, that you have done what you said?"

"I did it," said Boreas: "I blew, and blew, and blew, until the moon grew paler and paler, and faded away into a faint glimmer, and then went out entirely!"

"It was very cruel of you, Boreas, not to think of consequences," cried Flora. "How could you forget that the moon has recently been given to Diana, one of the most powerful of the goddesses in her own right, and who has for a brother the great Phoebus Apollo? Think what a terrible revenge she might take for this insult! Why, not knowing which of you had blown out the moon, her vengeance might even fall upon poor Zephyrus!"

"One would scarcely suspect Zephyrus of such a mighty deed," said Notus, sarcastically, while Eurus added in calm, measured accents,—"Upon the culprit

alone must the punishment fall ! Boreas must bear the consequences of his own folly!"

Early that morning had the terror-stricken Boreas confessed to Notus the crime of which he had been guilty, and the rest of the family had been summoned in haste, to attend the conference which had just closed with the decided words of Eurus.

But Boreas began to bluster and blow again, until the rest fled in every direction out of the reach of his anger; for by this time the shades of evening began to fall, and his dread of Diana's displeasure had lessened as the hours passed without bringing him any message from the great goddess.

On the evening before, the clouds had overspread the sky, but they had cleared away in the morning upon the arrival of Zephyrus. Now, however, they reappeared more thickly, and the approach of night was hastened by their shadows. The rain, too, began to fall, but Boreas cared not for that.

Blowing and roaring he rushed along at hurricane speed, until, up among the clouds he espied one silver moonbeam. He had never heard of the man who jumped into the bramble bush to scratch his eyes in again, after he had once scratched them out, but he thought, with a great rush of emotion,—“I am blowing the moon back again!” So he danced, and shrieked, and blew, harder and harder.

As the clouds blew away the silver ray grew larger and larger, until it filled the

night with radiance, and there, sailing serenely among the stars, was the brilliant full moon.

Next morning the brothers met again on the hillside. Eurus sternly questioned the panting Boreas as to the truth of the story told them the morning before. But Boreas answered as calmly as if he were Jove himself,—“I told you the truth; I blew the moon out. But behold! This last night I even blew it in again!”

At this Eurus held his peace. Notus also had nothing to say. But Flora thought that Diana could scarcely be so great a goddess as was represented, if she could not even punish a wind for violence to her possessions, but must rely on the same turbulent wind to re-establish it in the heavens. Zetis and Calais also looked upon their father and thought he must be as great a god as Phoebus Apollo himself.

Meanwhile, far, far above the reach of any wind or cloud, Diana, the queen of the heavens, guided her silver chariot steadily around the world; she saw not, and cared not, when clouds hid its light from the earth, for it shone around *her* always with steady radiance. She could not hear the ravings of the wind, so far below her; and she never thought at all of the inferior deities who were pledged to obey her slightest wish. Her sphere was far above theirs.

“But I am a great power,” said Boreas; “I can blow Diana’s chariot away or back again, just as I choose.”

And that is all that happened in consequence.

HOW often we criticise the faults of others; how small and insignificant our own seem in comparison. How glad we are that we are not as ill-tempered and

selfish as some! So, with what wonderful self-forgetfulness we attend to the mote in our brother’s eye, letting the beam in our own eye take care of itself.

—*Mary Coleman, '82.*

CHRISTMAS.

DORA R. PRIETH, '85,

"LOOK at that! Isn't that doll beautiful?"

"I wish I had that gun!"

These expressions reach our ears as we, too, stand in the large stores, looking at all the beautiful toys that Santa Claus will bring to the children who have been good throughout the year.

There are dolls, guns, dishes, boats and games spread out to view, and oh! how many longing eyes watch the toys pass one by one into the hands of the happy purchasers.

Let us watch that little girl with light hair and those large, blue eyes. She is buying a beautiful pair of blue vases with a gilt border. See how her eyes shine. Now her face looks troubled. She is trying to think of a present to give her papa. "It is very hard to find something suitable for a gentleman," the little one thinks. "What *can* I give him? I have it." Her glance perceives a pretty bronze inkstand, and she buys it. How pleased she is to have found something so pretty for her dear papa! Then a picture book and a trumpet are bought, and the little girl trots out of the door to her home.

See that boy. He is thinking about his little sisters and brothers at home. He draws out of his pocket a few pennies and buys a red, blue, yellow and white candle. The children will be so glad to have one, and he feels happier as he goes home, than many who have been the bearers of rich gifts. Christmas, with its pleasures and joy is drawing nearer, and

the little children can hardly wait until the evening comes when they can hang up their stockings near the grate. They see "Santa Claus'" dear old face everywhere, and they know exactly how he looks.

At last Christmas eve has come and they hang their stockings up very near the fire, to make it as easy as possible for "Santa Claus," when he comes down the chimney to fill them with the things they have wished for. Many pairs of eyes try to stay open, and many little curly heads toss restlessly on the downy pillows, trying to stay awake, for they want to be really sure how "Santa Claus" looks, and how he crawls down the chimney, with the smile the old fellow always has when he thinks how glad he makes the little folks. But the mischievous little fellow—Sleep—soon creeps softly over their eyes, and now they are fast asleep. They are dreaming of old St. Nicholas with his big fur cap pulled over his ears, and his merry eyes twinkling with fun.

And he must have on a thick fur coat, for the little folks all know that he comes from the cold North Pole, where there is always snow and ice, and where he lives in a great crystal palace. They hear his sleigh, drawn by six deer, fly through the cold night air, and the merry tinkling of the bells. Now he stops on the roof and takes out the bags of Christmas gifts. For he knows all the good children, and has their names written in a great book, which is as large as himself.

Let them dream.

A soft whisper is heard in the corridor, and the door is noiselessly opened. The children's gentle mother has come to see if her darlings are all asleep. The cover is tucked over their little bodies tighter, so that they will not take a cold, and she sends a prayer to heaven that God may further protect them from harm. A lot

of toys and books are brought in, and in a short while each stocking is filled. But why did not "Santa Claus" do it?"

We know.

Christmas is here and everybody is happy. It is the birthday of Christ and we all join in the Christmas carol.

BOADICEA THE BRITON QUEEN AND HER FOLLOWER AT THE INVASION OF CÆSAR.

BY HERBERT OWENS, '85.

BRITONS! Countrymen! Ye would sooner be the slaves of the avaricious Romans than be the freemen of this land! Will you allow the beaks and talons of the Roman eagle to annihilate us? Your sons are but vassals in the Roman camps; your golden-haired daughters are sold as slaves in the market-places of Rome; your aged and infirm are spitefully treated by the ruffianly hordes. Yet ye stand unmoved! Are your hearts as hard as the piles at Stonehenge? Your ancient trees are cut down, and your sacred groves desecrated. Your Druids can no longer perform their awful mysteries, your gods remain unpropitiated. And yet your spears are lying idle and your chariots broken and useless? Alas, my country! that I should see such a time! Hear me, ye noble dead! Icenian, Trinobant,

Coritenian, touch but for one moment the hearts of your unworthy descendants! O, ravens of Britain, blacken the air about the Roman camp! Be the messenger of death to the dispoilers of our native land!

In the wilderness, the kite, the kestrel, the wolf, and the wolfin are ready to feast on the carcasses of your enemy. Britons, if ye are afraid of death, I will call on these, and they will aid me to drive the Roman eagles! The sea which beats upon our rocky cliffs shall join against the foe, and scatter their frail barks!

What! At last ye feel? The spears are in your hands! The blood of the true Briton mounts your cheeks! Come, then, follow me, Britons, Raven leads the way! On, countrymen, to victory or death!!

A shoemaker, whose patronage was somewhat injured by his less honest but more successful rival across the way, thought to repair his fortunes by advertising his integrity. He accordingly had

painted on his sign, "*Mens sibi conscientia recti.*" His neighbor, nothing daunted by any new fangled "*men's*" wear, in the way of understanding, had painted upon his sign, "*Men's and women's sibi conscientia recti.*"

PICTURES.

BY LILLIE A. ISSLER, '85.

THIS earth of ours is full of pictures, not only those which the artist's skillful hands have touched and completed, but everywhere in nature we see them.

Yonder drooping willow gracefully bending over the shining river, the former suggestive of a character in life, swayed gently to and fro by the winds of fortune, without any of its fierce temptations. The latter tells us of a life flowing impetuously, whose inward beauties are never revealed, like the pearl oyster rough on the exterior, but the beautiful and perfect pearl within. Such is a picture our eyes love to gaze upon.

See the rolling mighty ocean with the dark overhanging sky above it. Look now upon the shore,—there is a little girl, blithely running along, who comes upon an old man, walking gloomily, leaning on his cane. The old man, whose hair has become silvered with age, perceives the little one as she nears him and he lives again in the past. Once more he sees his sister running to meet him and beg him to come and play with her, or to draw up the moss covered oaken bucket. Oh, yes, he sees it plainly with the eye of his memory, hanging in the old well. Feebly he tries to recall other past events, but they will not come to him, and he begins gloomily to awaken out of his dream. The little girl comes to his side, and they walk together, childhood and old age, hand in hand.

The next picture is not a very large one, neither has the pencil of Raphael or

Murillo added any of its beauties to make it a grand work of art. It is morning. The sun is just rising from behind the eastern side of a large mountain that seems to bend protectingly over a silver lakelet at its foot. The clouds are just breaking, and here and there the blue sky is visible, and you seem to catch a glimpse of the golden city out of sight throned on these purpled hills. Round a projection of the mountain into the water, a little boat is gently gliding. It seems to approach you, and you can see reclining on the soft cushion, in the stern, the form of a lovely girl. How inexpressibly beautiful is the scene. The radiance of the morning sun, the golden, silver and purple clouds, the trees that cover the tall gray mountain, and the little rippling lake, cause a thrill of delight, while a feeling of joy and gratitude springs up in our hearts to our Heavenly Father, who is the author of every pure and perfect gift, and whose command created all this loveliness. This seems an almost perfect picture of youth, the morning of life.

Let us now turn our eyes in yonder quiet valley and we see what is well calculated to gratify the most intense desire of a mind thirsting for images of perfection. Not only do the mountain tops and mist gleam with the golden sunlight of the noon-time, but every blade of grass displays each its wealth of gem like dew glittering with unrivaled colors.

“The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,”

fill the scented air, and shed the music of many murmurings on the path where treads one who has already passed into manhood, whose heart and mind is in strange contrast to the scenery about. His brain is planning and working to reach the goal of fortune and honor. Look at the expression of his face, 'tis that of courage and determination. Is not this a true picture of the noon-time of life?

It is evening. The sunlight has faded from the sky, and the pure starlight now

fills the hall of heaven. The twilight will soon open its arms to receive the fair moon. A lonely man sits upon a rock beside the deep waters. He mutters wild strange words about a mother and no child. His mind is feeble for he is old. In the stars he sees imaged the faces of his lost ones. Again he murmurs,

"All, all, in time, will grow most sadly sage,
Our pleasures serve us only for a day,
In life's short course, alas, what do we see?
Mere trifles passing soon away."

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Joy, Edmund S., <i>Cl.</i>	Munsick, Geo. W., <i>Sc.</i>	Wright, Chas. W., <i>Cl.</i>
	Riley, Geo. D., <i>Eng.</i>	

Senior Class.—Girls.

Classical Course.

Willis, Annie I.

Latin.—Scientific Course.

Aschenbach, Mary C.	Coleman, Mary	Dodge, Ruth C.
Bensen, Carrie	Crane, Amelia F.	Donnelly, Anna T.
Bruen, Sara G.	Dawes, Alice	Ely, Helen C.
Chambers, Hattie M.	Dean, G. Julia	Enders, Joanna V.
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 Burhler, Annie J.
 Chadwick, Anna
 Cornwell, Gertie L.
 Crane, Emma S.
 Dana, Caroline R.

S. Junior Class.—Girls.
Classical Course.
 Harrison, Jessie
Latin—Scientific Course.
 Darlington, Marion G.
 Drew, Minnie
 Dey, Lurena
 Hallock, Sarah L.
 Hill, Lillie A. E.
 Hines, Annie
 Hilton, Mary L.
 Kinsey, Lizzie D.

Klotz, Lizzie D.
 Martin, May
 Nichols, Matilda L.
 Pier, Lillian F.
 Price, Lillian L.
 Tompkins, Florence
 Vliet, Ella L.
 Williamson, Kate

Axtell, Cyrus D., *Cl.*
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 Baxter, William, *Com.*
 Beyer, Herman, *Eng.*
 Bloemeke, Rudol. B., *Eng.*
 Bock, August W., *Com.*

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 Bolles, Robert B., *Eng.*
 Brice, William, *Com.*
 Brown, F. L., *Com.*
 Brown, Irving C., *Cl.*
 Brown, Wm. A., *Sc.*

Brown, Herbert, *Eng.*
 Carl, Harry L., *Com.*
 Clymer, Wm., *Com.*
 Dana, Frank, T., *Com.*
 Eagles, Earnest, *Com.*
 Ellis, John G., *Eng.*

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Gerth, Wm. J. F., <i>Com.</i>	Koellner, Ferdinand B., <i>Sc.</i>	Van Houten, H. W. <i>Eng.</i>
Godby, T. A., <i>Eng.</i>	Manger, William E., <i>Eng.</i>	Vosburgh, Wm. G., <i>Com.</i>
Goldsmith, Leo, <i>Sc.</i>	McElhose, William, <i>Eng.</i>	Walton, Perry, <i>Cl.</i>
Graham, Arthur W., <i>Com.</i>	Nettleship, Chas. F., <i>Com.</i>	Warren, Geo. F., <i>Cl.</i>
Hedden, Jesse W., <i>Sc.</i>	O'Riley, John, <i>Com.</i>	Whitlock, Wilbur M., <i>Eng.</i>
Henderson, Joseph G., <i>Com.</i>	Piez, Charles, <i>Sc.</i>	Weiner, Alfred, <i>Cl.</i>
Herrmann, Samuel, <i>Eng.</i>	Province, James, <i>Com.</i>	Weiner, William, <i>Cl.</i>
Hexamer, Frederick, <i>Sc.</i>	Roth, Jacob, <i>Com.</i>	Williams, J. Harry, <i>Eng.</i>
Isenberg, Emanuel, <i>Cl.</i>	Schwartzwalder, A., <i>Com.</i>	Winans, Fred., <i>Com.</i>
Issler, Martin, Jr., <i>Com.</i>	Simpson, Robt. W., Jr., <i>Cl.</i>	Woodland, Wm. B., <i>Com.</i>

*S. Second Year.—Girls.**Classical.*

Feick, Emma	Gwynnell, Annie	Miller, Grace.
	Mahannah, Laura	

Latin.—Scientific Course.

Brill, Rebecca	Jackson, Ida M.	Osborne, Ella
Conn, Annie	Jasinsky, Alice	Price, Mary
Dod, Alice	Jones, Mary	Reeve, Ella
Dunn, Alice	Langstroth, Belle	Satchwell, Annie
Ely, Mildred	Martin, Addie	Smith, Lizzie
Hartshorn, Emma	Mason, Julia	Valentine, Emma
Harrison, Helen	Mock, Emma	Wakefield, Adah
Haskell, Minnie	Moore, Edith	Whitehead, Lizzie
Healy, Emma	Mulford, Emma	Woodworth, Sadie
	Myers, Emma	

Commercial.

Higgins, Sadie	Ruckelshaus, Ida	Webner, Emma
	Waters, Lulu	

*N. Second Year.—Girls.**Latin Scientific Course.*

Bacheller, Estelle H.	Hart, Ella	Paton, Ethel
Baldwin, Bertha	Hawes, Florence E.	Saunier, Laura
Blake, Eliza J.	Kinsey, Ida A.	Tintuer, Camilla
Bowers, Ida	Ludlow, Belle	Vos Burgh, Minnie
Coe, Cornelius S.	Martin, May A.	Waters, Caroline A.
Cook, Laura	McClure, Joanna	Webb, Martha L.
Fowler, Julia	Miller, Carie D.	Wertz, Bessie
Getchius, Lizzie	Moore, Elizabeth M.	Whigam, Josephine
Gore, May	Myrick, Eliza	Young, Amelia R.
	Osborne, Annie H.	

Commercial.

Bishop, Minnie C.	Conn, Annie R.	Meyer, Bertha.
Coleman, Julia A.	Hatfield, Ella	

First Year.—Latin Division.—Boys.

Burgess, Lewis	Hood, Charles	Rothery, James M.
Clairville, C. F.	Kalish, B.	Rowe, Charles
Clark, J. W.	Keepers, Charles	Reily, Harry
Crosby, F. E.	Matthews, Ernest	Sawyer, Miles
Elphinstone, R. H.	McKenzie, Wm. H.	Scarlett, Andrew
Gates, W.	Nagle, Louis T.	Smith, Ephraim
Hammer, Edwin	Owens, Herbert	Toppin, John L.
Henry, Max	Perry, Gardner	Woodworth, J. B.
Hobart, C. R.	Pfister, Joseph C.	Warren, William H.

First Year.—English Division.—Boys.

Barnett, Stephen	Hoerster, Otto G.	Preston, Wm.
Byerson, Elmer H.	Kisling, Edward	Sargeant, Harry
Castner, Sandford	Litzberg, Joseph	Spence, Archie
Franks, Joseph K.	Loewenstein, Isaac	Thompson, Harry
Green, Fred.	McDonald, Henry	Williams, Irving
Harris, Adelbert M.	Poole, Geo. E.	Winans, H. D.

First Year.—Commercial Division.—Boys.

Allen, W. A.	Klein, Henry	Schwarzwaelder, H.
Aschenbach, George	Korb, William	Simonson, Robert S.
Bailey, Wm. C.	Lewis, Fred C.	Smith, E. Allen
Baldwin, A. D.,	Lewis, George	Smith, Clarence E.
Barnett, W. H.	Littell, William F.	Smith, H. E.
Batterson, Thomas H.	Littlewood, Albert R.	Smith, James D.
Birrell, Frank E.	McCartney, William	Smith, Wm. P.
Brice, H. B.	Maloney, J. Edward	Sncok, Jesse
Brose, Julius A.	McClelland, W. F.	Sommer, Harry F.
Browe, Isaiah	McDonald, E. S.	Spur, Joseph G.
Cashion, William	Merrell, Richard	Staats, Geo. L.
Cummings, C. E.	Messler, C. Everett	Stillman, J. F.
D& Hart, Frank	Metz, Herman A.	Taylor, Wm. H., Jr.
Deitz,, Daniel	Myers, Wallace	Warren, Arthur F.
Dodge, William P.	O'Connell, Nicholas	Warrender, Geo. E.
Elhers, Herbert E.	Peters, Heber C.	Weil, Joseph
Felger, Henry L.	Platner, Jacob F.	Weiss, Chas. S.
Force, George	Reeves, Charles O.	Wilkinson, Lewis
Fredericks, Ira G.	Rogers, Frederick	Williamson, Geo.
Hewitt, E. H.	Schanbacher, John	Willich, Wm.
Hewson, James	Scheller, George A.	Winans, Harry O.
Johnson, Fred. N.	Schloss, Moses	Ward, D. Reynolds
Keen, John M.	Schneider, Henry	Zimmerman, Wm. F.
	Schulte, George P.	

*N. First Year.—Girls.**Latin.—Scientific Course.*

Adams, Katie E.	Bedford, Jennie E.	Bingham, Isabella W.
Andrew, Annie E.	Beach, Hattie, J.	Campbell, Emma V.
Beebe, May M.	Betts, Maggie E.	Clairville, Maggie C.

Cone, Anna G.
Conkling, Belle H.
Courtois, Nettie H.
Cramer, Maggie L.
Darby, Clara F.
Dexter, May V.
Eagles, Annie M.
Ellis, Mamie S.
Fitz Gerald, M. Belle
Gay, Tillie L.
Hochkins, Julia L.

Hopper, Lizzie
Hutchinson, Belle B.
Jerolemon, Lillian B.
Kirk, Belle M.
Koket, Blanche
Leonard, Emma L.
Morehead, May R.
Nuemann, Stella A.
Pollard, Minnie L.
Rawle, A. Isabel
Samuel, Ida
Simmonds, Annie L.

Squire, M. Irene
Stimus, Ella L.
Straus, Henrietta
Tucker, Lizzie D.
Tuers, S. Kittee
Vreeland, Cornelia S.
Van Houten, Lizzie L.
Young, Alice E.
York, Ella
Potter, Annie B.
Russell, Jennie E.

*S. First Year.—Girls.**Classical Course.*

Allen, Emma E.

Hill, Nellie

Ziegler, Lena N.

Latin.—Scientific Course.

Gogl, Mary J.
Goidinier, Mary G.
Gould, Minnie D.
Harworth, Mertie E.
Healy, Julie W.
Hovey, Laura F.
Klotz, E. Ella
Keller, Lilian L.
Lackey, Allie M.
Lyle, Corinne J.
Nivison, Nellie A.
Osborn, Annie C.

Osborne, Clara L.
Prieth, Dora R.
Prout, Louise M.
Putnam, Martha D.
Simpson, Amy
Smith, Jeannette
Stapff, Julia
Sutphen, Eliza W.
Thompson, Minnie L.
Wilcox, Bella
Willis, Belle B.

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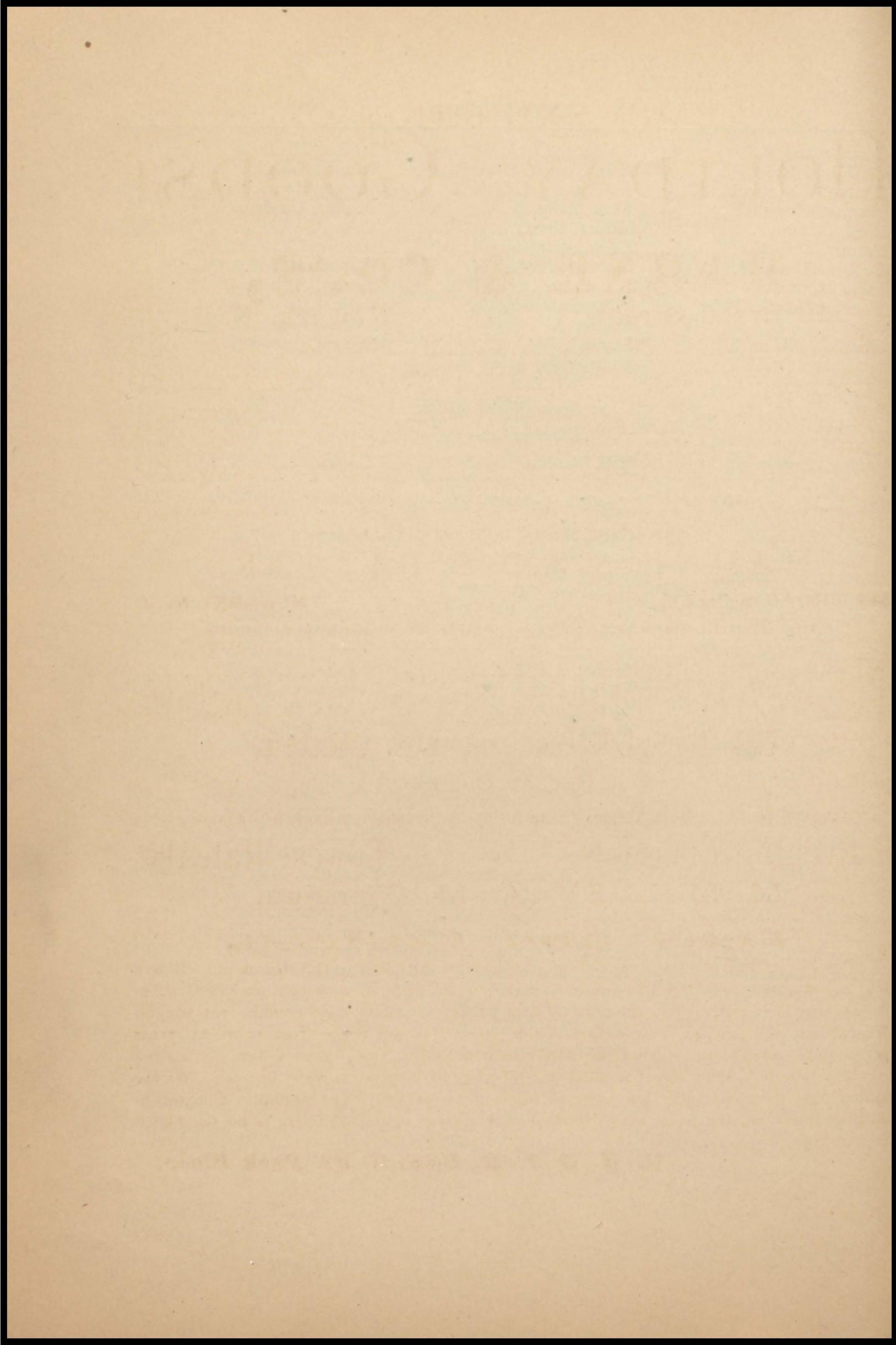
Issler Lillie A.
Jeydel, Belle P.
Joralemon, Estelle
King, Blanche E.
Landmesser, Elizabeth
Lutz, Minnie
MacLauchlan, Mary
McCall, Jennie
Mock, Katie
Moore, Sadie F.
Pickering, Mary H.
Radcliffe, Fannie B.
Rogers, Etta W.

Sipp, Alice
Smith, Allie H.
Spaeth, Florence L.
Starbuck, May E.
Toms, Gussie M.
Van Patten, Eva M.
Van Houten, Ella B.
Vreeland, Eva M.
Waugh, Mamie R.
Wilson, Jennie
Wilson, Mattie E.
Wiss, Augusta

Baldwin, Belle
Barnett, Josie G.
Berry, Estelle V.
Bonton, Julia E.
Bradford, Jennie F.
Cornish, Lydia R.
Culver, Filana M.
Doremus, Lydie C.
Hawk, Venie
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Hopping, Lizzie P.
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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS from 15 cents to \$15.00 BLACK WALNUT FRAMES AND BRACKETS from 10 cents, upwards. WORKBOXES AND WRITING DESKS from 50 cents to \$10.00. BOHEMIAN GLASS VASES from 15 cents to \$10.00 a pair. PERFUMERY AND TOILET SOAPS from 5 cents upwards. COMBS AND BRUSHES from 10 cents, upwards. POCKETBOOKS AND CIGAR CASES, SMOKING SETS AND CIGAR STANDS from 75 cents, upwards. LADIES' SATCHELS from 49 cents, upwards. LARGE ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY. POCKET KNIVES from 10 cents, upwards. CANARY BIRDS, best singers, \$1.98. BRASS BIRD CAGES from 98 cents, upwards. ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CROCKERY. ACCORDEONS AND CONCERTINAS from 75 cents, upwards. WORKBASKETS AND STANDS from 25 cents, upwards. STEREOSCOPES, 49 cents. LAMPS of all Styles. CROQUET SETS from 67 cents, upwards. FEATHER DUSTERS from 10 cents, upwards. WAX DOLLS from 5 cents to \$15. DOLL HEADS from 5 cents to \$7. WOOD, CHINA, RUBBER, TIN AND MECHANICAL TOYS DRUMS from 20 cents to \$5. BLOCKS AND GAMES. ROCKING HORSES AND VELOCIPEDES from 98 cents, upwards. WAGONS, CARTS AND WHEELBARROWS from 10 cents, upwards. Large assortment of TRUNKS AND VALISES.

They have also added to their large stock of TOYS, FANCY AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, 5, 10 and 25 cent Counters, which are the greatest novelty of the day, where articles can be bought for 5, 10 and 25 cents which are sold everywhere for double the money.

AND A THOUSAND OTHER ARTICLES, AT

HAHNE & CO.'S BAZAAR,

649 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

FAIRS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS SUPPLIED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

NEWARK BUSINESS COLLEGE,

755 Broad Street opposite Clinton.

ALL ACTUAL BUSINESS!

Original Course in Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic and English Grammar.

Evening Classes!

Lowest Rates!

M. MULVEY, A. M., Principal.

Teas and Coffees.

Bosch's celebrated Compressed Coffee is just the article for the Holidays. It is a full, rich-flavored coffee, and to preserve its aroma we pack it in air-tight packages, immediately after it is roasted and ground. These packages contain five pounds, net weight. We can also sell you the same coffee by the pound. Good coffee from 15 to 25 cents per pound. We would also call especial attention to our New Formosa Tea. This tea contains that rich, spicy flavor so much sought after by lovers of a really fine tea. We are selling it at the remarkably low price of from 40 to 50 cents per pound. Congou, or English Breakfast, the finest ever imported at \$1.00 per pound. There is no tea like it in the city.

G. H. & J. H. BOSCH, 92 Park Place.

THE
GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
TEA COMPANY,

NO. 738 BROAD STREET,

—AND—

No. 107 Market Street,

CORNER WASHINGTON.

The Only Company in the World Retailing Goods
of their own Importation.

We wish to announce to the public that we have the largest stock of Christmas presents contained in any Tea Store in the city.

We have just received 1,000 chests of the finest pickings ever imported from the Tea Districts, which we shall sell at prices to suit the Holidays. It is thought by many that our system of doing business is a fraud. To such we would state, that giving presents is simply our method of advertising, whereas many others have as their medium, the Newspapers. There is but little "if any" difference in the cost, while our shoddy competitors divide their profits with the Newspapers, we divide ours with our patrons. Which is the better way, we will leave the public to decide. Soliciting an early call, we remain, the public benefactor.

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.

THE
PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA.

HOME OFFICE, 215 MARKET ST., NEWARK.

The Prudential Issues Burial-Fund Policies
upon the Lives of Children and Adults.

It collects premiums weekly at the residence or place of business of the insured.

It pays claims immediately after receiving proof of death.

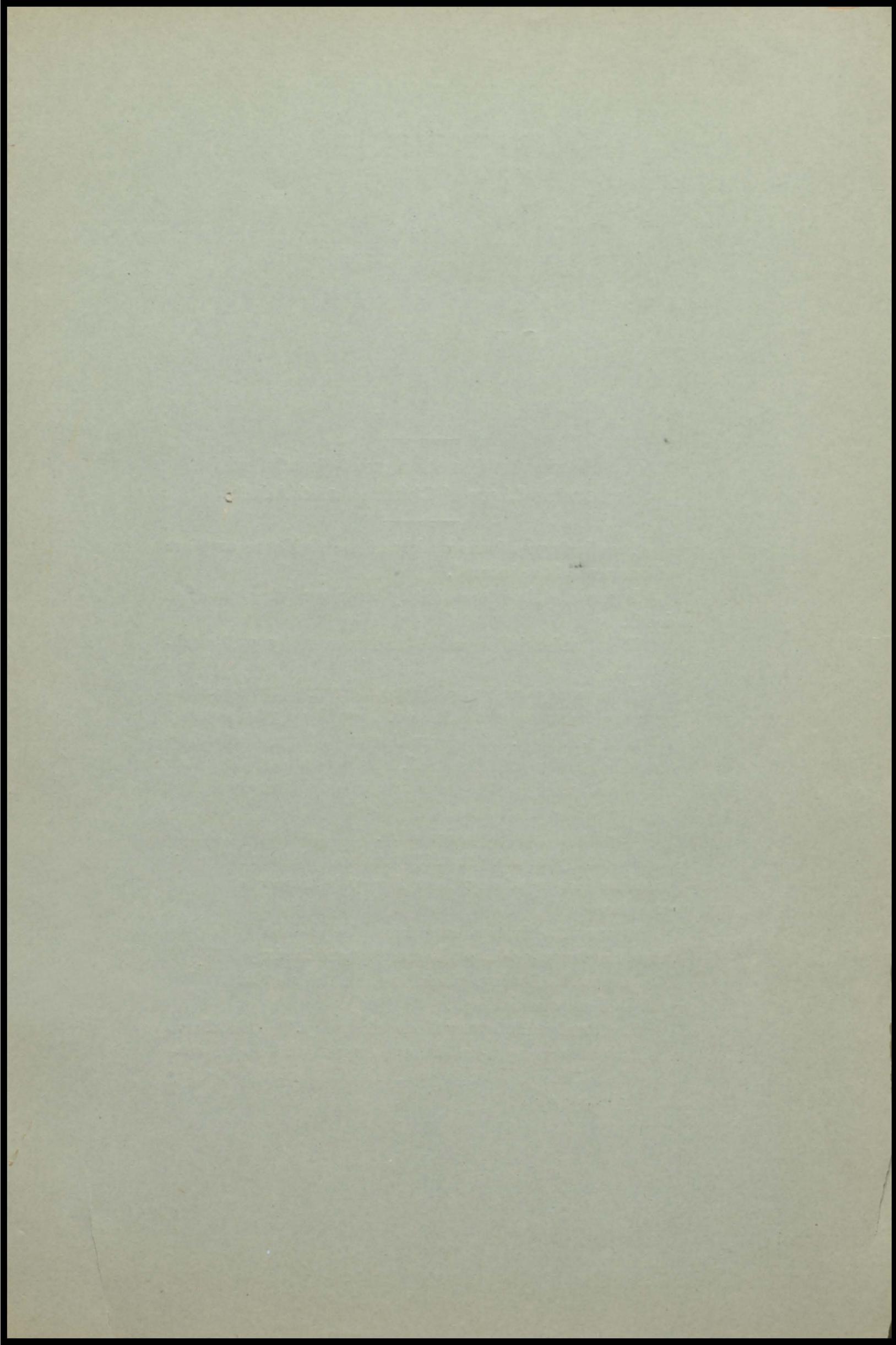
The Prudential is sound and thoroughly well-established.

It has a cash capital of \$100,000 and \$100,000 deposited with the Treasurer of the State of New Jersey as security for policy-holders. Its securities are of the most select character, being either cash U. S. Government Bonds or bonds and mortgages upon property in this State, worth at least twice the amount loaned.

The Prudential is progressive. It has issued 300,000 policies and paid more than 3000 claims. It has the largest premium income of any New Jersey insurance company except one.

It was the first to introduce the present system of industrial insurance into this country and in six years has, from a small beginning, placed itself in the very front rank of New Jersey institutions.

The Prudential is a "Home Company." Its Officers and Directors are well-known in Newark, and the reputation of the Company for prompt, fair and honorable dealing is fully established.



ANNUAL

1884.

PRY GOODS AND CARPETS.

Isaac H. Doty & Co.,

Nos. 159 & 161 MARKET STREET.

Leading stock in the State. Three great advantages to buyers—

LARGEST ASSORTMENT,
BEST VARIETY,
LOWEST PRICES.

Extra special attractions in our New Carpet Department: Wiltons, Moquettes, Velvets, Brussels and Ingrains, for less money than any other house in Newark. Very handsome assortment of Persian and Smyrna Rugs at special prices.



New Jersey Business College,
764 & 766 BROAD STREET.

Grand Silver Medal
For SIX SUCCESSIVE years awarded this college by the New Jersey State Agricultural Society. Catalogues and College paper free.

A HOME SCHOOL:
THE NEW JERSEY

Business College.

764 & 766 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Open all the Year. Patronized by the best classes. Occupies three floors. Handsomely furnished. Day and Evening sessions. Superior and qualified teachers. The Principal has had sixteen years' experience in Newark as a teacher of Business Studies. The Principal will gladly give the names of hundreds who recommend the College.

STUDIES.

Penmanship, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Spelling, Correspondence, Composition, German, Commercial Law, Constitutional Law, Short-hand, Architectural Drawing, Actual Practice, Elocution, Parliamentary Rules, Typewriting, Engrossing, Etc.

TERMS MODERATE.

C. T. MILLER, Principal.
L. L. TUCKER, Secretary.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS.

SPECIAL ORDERS TAKEN. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A good Shirt made from Wamsutta Muslin, IRISH LINEN FRONTS, RE-INFORCED, FRENCH SLEEVES, Laundered, \$9.00 per half dozen. An extra quality from Wamsutta Muslin, SUPERIOR IRISH LINEN FRONTS, RE-INFORCED, FRENCH SLEEVES, EMBROIDERED INITIALS, Laundered, \$10.50 per half dozen. Our Finest Grade made from any Muslin desired. Extra fine and heavy Linens, finished with FRENCH SLEEVES and EMBROIDERED INITIALS, Laundered, \$12.00 per half dozen.

W. V. SNYDER & CO.,

727 and 729 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

AHDSOME pair of French Kid Button Boots will be given to the young lady attending the High School, who shall before the First of April next, send to the Principal of the Young Ladies' Department, a bill of fare for a family of seven persons for an entire week, with a description of each meal, as to kinds of meats, vegetables, etc., and how cooked. The limit as to amount of money for the week to be twelve dollars. The prize will be awarded to the young lady who shall originate the best bill of fare for the least money. Each paper to be submitted to the inspection of Messrs. TAYLOR & WILLIAMS, No. 157 Market Street, dealers in all kinds of Boots and Shoes

TAYLOR & WILLIAMS.

"IT STANDS AT THE HEAD,"
Is the Acknowledged, Well-deserved Motto of the New Improved
Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.

Having so far outstripped all competitors as to stand alone, approached by but few, and equalled by none. It is the lightest running, the most quiet, the best made, the easiest to learn and has the most beautiful and artistic wood-work, and complete set of attachments of any Sewing Machine in the world. Each assertion can be verified by a call at our office.
Prices reasonable and easy payments.

W. D. SWART, General Agent,
No. 725 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

500 STYLES OF
Pocket Knives
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN
THE STATE.

CUTLERY
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION:

Table Knives and Forks with Hard Rubber, Celluloid, Ivory, Pearl, Bone, and common Handles.

Carving Knives and Forks of the best American and English Manufacture.

Table and Butchers' Steels.

RAZORS,
Razor Strops, Brushes, etc.,
SHEARS AND SCISSORS.

J. Wiss & Sons,
26 BANK STREET.
CUTLERY GROUND AND REPAIRED.



GEO. W. T. ROBBINS'
PHARMACY

No. 924 Broad Street,
Between Green and Franklin Sts.

Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

A. C. HAZEN,
Cor. Cedar and Halsey Streets,
FINE GROCERIES
Butter, Cheese, Milk,
Cottage Cheese,
Eggs, Etc.

⇒ ALL ACTUAL BUSINESS. ⇌

Newark Business College,
Institute of Penmanship and Grammar School,
CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS, 215 & 217 MARKET STREET.

N. B.—Students Entered only by the Month. Prof. D. P. Lindsley's Celebrated Course in SHORT-HAND, Taught by the author.

DRY:: GOODS.

MORRIS STRAUS.

We constantly keep on hand a full line
of SILKS, SATINS, CASHMERES,
Etc. All the Leading Styles
in season.

CARPETS and OIL-CLOTHS.

Cloaks, Suits and Shawls,
A SPECIALTY.

Morris Straus,

No. 785 BROAD STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.

One door from Market Street.

E. DUNN & BRO.,
Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters,

Dealers in IRON PIPE and FITTINGS.

Brass Work, Hydrants, Baths, Water Closets,
Furnaces, Sinks, Pumps, Wash Stands,
Stoves, Ranges, Hot Air Pipes,
Registers, Ventilators, etc.

No. 104 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

TIGHENOR & KELLER,
Watchmakers, Jewelers,
AND OPTICIANS,
No. 44 Bank Street, Newark, N. J.

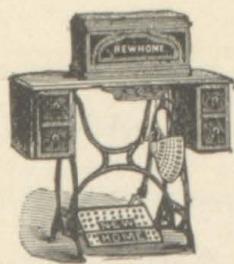
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Go to ALSDORF'S

FOR A

NEW HOME

Or any other first-class



Sewing Machine

1, 3 AND 5 CEDAR ST.

J. JACOB HOCKENJOS,

PAINT, OIL,

Glass and Lamp Store

839 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

NOBBY HATS

FOR YOUNG MEN.

All the Leading Styles in

Derby and Soft Hats

AND

Mackinaw Straw Hats.

Burgdoff & DeVogel.

83 MARKET STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA COMPANY was established in 1860 for the distribution of Tea and Coffee through the United States. The immense success of this enterprising Company has excited the jealousy of a number of would-be merchant princes to such an extent as to cause them to imitate as nearly as they dare, even to our very name, our successful style of doing business. We would find no fault if they would sustain the name in a respectable manner, but, instead of so doing, they sell miserably inferior goods, thus tending, in a degree, to depreciate the confidence enjoyed by those they so basely misrepresent. For our own benefit, and for the benefit of the public generally, we issue a cautionary warning to all: Take particular notice of our numbers, and be sure before you pay out your money that you are in the stores of

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.,

738 Broad Street and
107 Market Street Newark, N. J.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES OF 1884.

A very fine assortment of Spring and Summer Styles in Ladies' and Misses' Suits can be seen at the Suit Room of David Straus' Dry and Fancy Goods Store, 635 & 637 Broad Street, cor. New. The Ladies are invited to call and see our Styles, which were never more attractive. The designs and styles of costumes far excel those of previous seasons. By giving us a call before purchasing elsewhere it will be a saving of time and money.

DAVID STRAUS,

635 and 637 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Mrs. Kirkland,

145 WASHINGTON STREET,

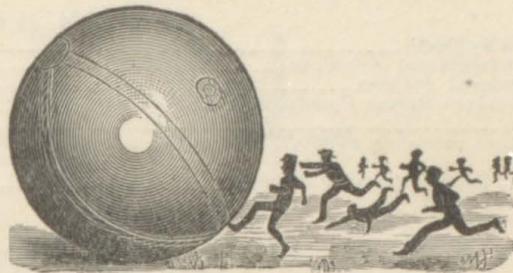
Opposite High School,

Keeps a First-Class stock of

CANDIES & CONFECTIONERY

on hand. Cup of Coffee and Sandwich at Noon Hour
for 8 cents. Separate table for Ladies.

E. G. KOENIG'S GUN STORE,
Cor. BROAD and WILLIAM STREETS.



Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Indian Clubs, Skates, Base Ball goods, Boxing Gloves, Ammunition, Dog Collars, etc. Every description of Table and Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Scissors, Opera Glasses, Gold-headed Canes, etc., at New York prices.

Flower of the Tea-Plant! The Purest Tea Imported!

We Sell a 45 cent TEA equal to any 60 or 70 cent sold elsewhere; and COFFEES of the Richest Aroma.

These Coffees are really the finest in this city, and every economical housekeeper should use them. 27 cents per pound, or 3 pounds for 75 cents.

G. H. BOSCH,

No. 92 Park Place,

Cor. above Centre Market.

BICYCLE + SCHOOL

AND SALESROOM,

Broad Street and Washington Park,

NEWARK, N. J.



BICYCLES, TRICYCLES and Sundries. VELOCIPEDES for Boys. Repairing a Specialty.

ZACHARIAS & SMITH.

1884.
39th ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company,
NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, President.

RECEIPTS IN 1883.

Received for Premiums.....	\$4,159,770 79
Received for Interest and Net Rents.....	1,833,499 75
Profit and Loss.....	239,129 08
Balance January 1st, 1883.....	\$6,232,399 62
Total.....	34,135,690 17
	\$40,368,089 79

EXPENDITURES IN 1883.

Claims by Death.....	\$2,190,984 61
Endowments and Annuities.....	226,737 71
Surrendered Policies.....	564,961 96
Dividends or Return Premiums, (Paid Policyholders, \$3,963,768 49).....	981,084 21
Taxes.....	111,038 97
Expenses, including Agents' Commissions, Advertising, Salaries, &c.....	580,702 86
Balance January 1st, 1884.....	\$4,655,510 32
Total.....	35,712,579 47
	\$40,368,089 79

ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1884.

Cash on hand and in Banks.....	\$808,717 85
Loans on Collateral, U. S. Bonds, and other securities.....	12,322,000 00
United States and other Bonds at par values, except Elizabeth Bonds, which are valued at 50 per cent.....	8,154,876 70
First Bonds and Mortgages on Real Estate.....	7,727,398 54
Real Estate, Company's Office Building, Newark.....	200,000 00
Real Estate purchased on foreclosure.....	2,230,043 79
Loans on Policies in force.....	4,192,797 65
Premiums in transit, since received.....	68,247 95
Agents' balances and Cash obligations.....	8,496 99
Interest due and accrued.....	\$35,712,579 47
Net deferred and unreported Premiums on Policies in force.....	234,825 31
Total.....	818,663 47
	\$36,531,242 94

LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund, 4 per cent.....	\$34,253,645 00
Policy Claims in process of adjustment.....	277,862 00
Dividends due and unpaid.....	187,057 17
Premiums paid in advance.....	7,444 58
	\$34,726,008 75

Surplus.....

From the above Surplus, a dividend has been declared to each policy entitled thereto, payable on its anniversary in 1884.....	\$1,805,234 19
At market values instead of par, as above, the Surplus would be.....	\$2,863,918 86
By the New York standard, (Reserve Fund four and a half per cent., and market values), the Surplus would be.....	\$5,376,106 87
Number of Policies in force January 1st, 1884, 49,178. Insuring, \$133,298,768.	

DIRECTORS.

THEODORE MACKNET,	MARCUS L. WARD,	JOHN L. BLAKE,	FRED'K A. POTTS,
JAMES B. PEARSON,	EDW'D H. WRIGHT,	FRED'K H. TEESE,	HORACE N. CONGAR,
BENJ. C. MILLER,	WILLIAM CLARK,	AMZI DODD,	FRED'K T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

POLICIES ABSOLUTELY NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER SECOND YEAR.

IN CASE OF LAPSE, the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid-up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange. After the third year, Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud, and all restrictions as to travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value, where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES PAID immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

1884.

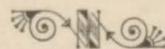
THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

A SELECTION OF

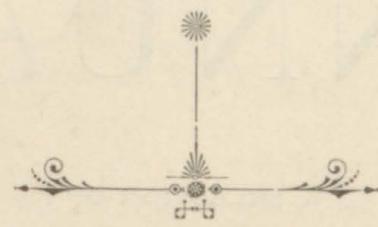
ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

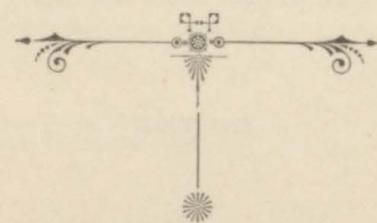
NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.



ADVERTISER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
NEWARK, N. J.



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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. VIII.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH 1, 1884.

No. I.

EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-FOUR.

ADDIE C. MARTIN, '84.

TWO portals open wide;
Through one the Old Year goes,
Followed through drifting snows
By ghosts of joys and woes
That with him died.

And in the other, soon,
Around him spirit bands,
And filled with gifts his hands,
The fair young New Year stands
Beneath the moon.

Out of the frozen air.
There cometh o'er the plain
A voice of bitter pain:
"Return, Old Year, again,
O sweet and fair!"

He cannot hear the voice;
He is too near the door.
The ghosts crowd on before,
Are gone forevermore;
Shall we rejoice?

O Old Year, bent and gray!
What hopes forever fled,
What loves forever dead,
What tears by sad hearts shed,
Tak'st thou away?

O New Year, calmly grave!
On thee our hearts attend;
To us new courage lend;
Oh! take not back the friend
The Old Year gave.

The Years are out and in.
Fast closed each shadowy door;
Time passes as before;
Last year lives evermore
As it has been.

Ancient of Days! to Thee
We pray for strength to bear
Whatever joy or care
Or pain or pleasure rare
This year may see.

Prize Oration of '83.

THE DEMAND FOR POLITICAL REFORM.

J. M. JOHNSON.

THE demand for the reformation of an evil, whether political, moral, or social, is not only an evidence that such an evil exists, but also that it has assumed such a magnitude that its reformation becomes a necessity.

Such evils grow so imperceptibly that it is not until their pernicious influence is felt in society that their removal is demanded.

Especially is this true of political evils, as the records of the nations of the past show us. Some, we see, were overthrown through the machinations of designing and unscrupulous men; while others, foreseeing the dangers that threatened them, had the wisdom to reform the abuses that had crept in, and stand to-day on a firm and permanent basis.

If we take England as an example, we see that during the last half century she had made rapid progress in political reform. Such is the perfection to which the civil service has been brought in Great Britain that not more than thirty office-holders are changed with a change of political leaders. When we compare this with the early political condition of that country we can see how great has been the change.

In the United States, especially, it is a question of the greatest moment how the affairs of government shall be administered. How important, then, that

we be familiar with the political condition of this government.

History teaches us that many of the great nations of the past fell not by the attacks of enemies without, but by the intrigues of those in high places within. *Is this the impending fate of America?* If such evils exist in our country, will they not prove equally disastrous? Nothing will produce these results more surely than the illiteracy of the people. That this is no imaginary danger to this commonwealth is shown by educational statistics. These statistics tell us that there are fifteen and one-half millions of youth in this country of school age; of this number one-quarter are not attending school. Of the thirty-six million inhabitants above ten years of age, thirteen per cent. are unable to read.

No one will deny that great danger lies in having the government controlled by the uneducated.

One of the natural outgrowths of this evil is what is known as the "Spoils System." It seems to be the accepted theory that "to the victor belong the spoils." "The effect of such a system is demoralizing in the extreme, as it proceeds upon the doctrine that the official positions of the government are the spoils of party conquest." To such an extent has this evil become incorporated into all political parties that it has arrested the attention of our best statesmen, and as a

result measures are being adopted for a reformation in this respect. Knowing, then, some of the dangers that threaten this government, what are the remedies to be applied? Seeing that ignorance leads to vice and lawlessness, is it not incumbent upon us to secure popular and thorough educational facilities?

Aristotle said that "whoever meditates upon the art of governing men will perceive that it depends upon the education of the youth."

It is to our public school system that we must look for a means of counteracting this gigantic evil. It is here that the remedy is to be found. Let our schools teach not only the ordinary studies, but the elements of political economy and political honesty; let the boys be taught that it is as wrong to steal from the government as from their

neighbor, and that the highest national *greatness* is attained only by the highest national *honesty*. This is the cornerstone on which our republican institutions must stand. Let us then watch with jealous eye any attempt to undermine the foundation on which such important interests depend. It is not for ourselves alone that we should endeavor to maintain a high and exalted position, for this government is as yet only an experimental one—one on which the eyes of the world are fixed. "All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result of this experiment of republican government."

How important, then, that we so discharge the duties that devolve upon us as American citizens that we may hand down to posterity a record to which they may point with pride and admiration.

Prize Essay of '83.
COMPLETENESS.

CARRIE R. DANA.

BEHIND the visible work of every human soul there are grand possibilities ready to unfold themselves or not, as circumstances shall determine. Even with the most favorable influences there is much which will never be revealed. In this respect a life resembles a sacrament, a revelation of God, combining elements both visible and invisible, and seen in its true image only by its Divine Author.

Between man and man there are

many barriers interposing. As civilization advances, society becomes more artificial and the conventionalities of life are more strongly insisted upon. Our natures, being but finite, reach limits in every direction. We see, hear and understand only in part, and accordingly criticise all things from our own standpoint.

In passing judgment upon our fellow-men we never dream of the hundred tiny threads of influence, so small yet

so subtle, which go to make up the motive of the simplest action.

Even in considering those men whose lives are the richest and fullest, there is much that remains unexpressed. The most earnest workman is dissatisfied with the results of his labor, for he measures his work not by the standard of what has already been *completed*, but of that which still remains to be *done*. There never lived an artist who did not embody in his own mind ideals fairer and more beautiful than any he ever sketched upon his canvas. There never was a thinker who had power to give to the world all the wonderful truths which burst upon his vision. Even the greatest musicians could but echo the divine harmonies which floated through their souls.

Sooner or later the knowledge must come to every man that the ideals which he cherishes are forever beyond him. The knowledge might be sorrowful did we not know to what a degree the world's progress is carried on by this same principle of desiring all things as complete and perfect as possible, and the striving to make them so. Every great discovery, every brilliant invention is but an advance upon what has gone before, a step nearer, into the perfect light of ideal truth.

As a general thing, people regard in too matter-of-fact a way the wonderful natural phenomena which are constantly going on about them.

They never realize that all the shifting panorama of the heavens, from the first faint rose-flush of the dawn, through the splendor of the sunny noontide and the softened glories of the sunset clouds, to the calm radiance of the star-lit night, are meant but to teach and elevate

these natures. Natural objects, in and of themselves, would have but little significance were it not for the manifold meanings which underlie them all and of which they are but the type and expression.

In one of his essays Emerson says: "The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered with limits, which speak to the intelligent."

Hence a true love for nature and an earnest, humble searching into its mysteries cannot fail to make a man nobler and better. It elevates the whole being by bringing it into contact with something more perfect than itself.

Think of the grand economy of the universe; nothing, even the smallest atom, wasted; each thing depending upon all others: the clouds upon the sea, the rain upon the clouds and the sea upon the rain again—a complete cycle.

As long as we live we are striving to discover our true natures, but they are so complex that, analyze as we may, the real meanings still elude our grasp. We cannot see to what a degree the divine nature pervades and animates the human. The union is so subtle that it is impossible to discover where the human ceases and the spiritual begins.

Beyond the most intense power to suffer and enjoy (for the two go together), are heights and depths which cannot be fathomed. And the desire to be capable of enjoyment in its highest development is only one of the many intimations given to man to teach him his own incompleteness.

To render a soul perfect, the hu-

man nature must become one with the divine, for only by so doing can it be made free from the earth-taint of selfishness and egotism. A man's life resembles an ever-widening circle which, as his sight grows clearer and his

horizon broader, constantly increases in circumference, until at length it becomes part of that great circle "whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere," by which St. Augustine represents the nature of God.

FRANCE AS A WARLIKE POWER.

CHARLES PIEZ, '84.

Of all powers on earth, France is the one which should first enlist our sympathy, and which has the greatest claim to our affections. But with all our sympathy and all our affections we cannot pardon her faults nor extenuate her offenses.

Whether the desire for extended domain is due to a national restlessness or, as it were, fickleness, or whether it is merely the instrument of satisfying vain-glory, we will not attempt to decide. It seems, however, to be a sufficiently strong incentive to engage France in expeditions which, if not foolhardy, are far from being advantageous or even politic. No one can deny that the French are brave, patriotic, enthusiastic soldiers. No one will deny that with a Napoleon as general, the army would be formidable, yea, almost invincible. But is military achievement the only path to glory? Are such actions as the subjugation of a few thousand of miserable Madagascans, or the bombardment of a few paltry villages, or even her present invasion of Tonquin conducive to that glory? Surely not. Such actions are injurious to the national character at home and to her honor abroad.

As to all Continental powers, the maintenance of a large standing army is to France of the utmost importance, we

may add necessary to her very existance. Military service is compulsory. Every French citizen ought by law to serve in the army. Substitutes are not accepted; only physical or mental disabilities will exempt him from this obligation. The French are not such stern disciplinarians as are the Germans; nor does the French spirit easily brook discipline.

During the last decade great progress has been made in the army. The French army of to-day is not the army of 1870. It is better disciplined, better equipped. If the inveterate enmity between France and its northern neighbor should precipitate them into another war, it is doubtful whether the issue would be that of their last great collision. That the animosity toward the country of the Rhine has not yet abated was shown by the reception of King Alfonso by the Paris mob. It is clear to all that the hisses of the crowd were not intended for his Majesty but for the nation whose uniform he wore. May it not, under these circumstances, be in the interest of that nation to have the French engaged in Algiers, Tunis, or even Tonquin, rather than subject the "European peace" to a sudden and not-yet-desired-for interruption?

But let us hope that the French, though often yielding to sudden im-

pulses, are actuated in these expeditions by a higher and nobler motive than conquest. Let us hope that our ally of the Revolution shall continue to act as the champion of republicanism, and that

under her benign influence the realms of civilization and liberty will be extended, and their benefits insured to every one.

THE WISHING-CAP.

MINNIE G. HASKELL, '84.

IT WAS a cold, bleak night in the latter part of January. There had been a large fall of snow during the day, and a heavy wind-storm had risen with the moon.

Merry was sitting in the old-fashioned sitting-room in a large arm-chair drawn up to the crackling fire. The little clock on the mantel had pointed to eight, and was now hastening on to nine. Her three big brothers had gone to bed, and her father was in the next room talking to neighbor Brown, who had dropped in. Merry had bright blue eyes and dark brown hair. Her features were plain, but when they were lightened up by a merry twinkle in her eyes and color in her cheeks, she was quite pretty. She was, I am sorry to say, rather sentimental, but her mother having died two years before, she had all the care of the house, and it was doing her more good than she imagined, as it did not allow her time for dreaming more than was good for her. The day just passed had been a busy Saturday, and although Mrs Mulligan had come and helped her with her baking and cleaning, still there had been a great deal of work for her to do. She had forgotten her work now, and was enjoying her favorite pastime of dream-

ing. She did not hear the wind sobbing and moaning through the trees outside, or notice how, gradually gathering its forces, it would roll up in huge billows of sound, then retreat and be quiet for a time, then rush up again with renewed power. This week Merry had been reading "Ivanhoe," which her brother Burt had brought home from the town library. After reading about noble Ivanhoe and noble Rebecca, her life seemed to dwindle down to nothing in comparison. She was very tired, however, and before she knew it her eyes closed, and in a whisk she was hurried off to the land of Nod. This is what she dreamed:

It was summer, and she was in the fields picking berries, when suddenly she was surrounded by a lot of little fairies. A tiny man, apparently the fairy king, approached, and bowing very politely gave her a little red cap, and told her that, if when she wished for anything she would put this cap on, her wish would come true. As soon as she had recovered from her surprise, Merry looked around after the little old fellow, but he and all his tiny people had disappeared, and she could see nothing but old Buttercup very composedly munching the grass as if such

things as fairies never troubled her mind, while further back stood the house and barn. She looked at the little cap with great curiosity, and then, remembering the fairy king's words, put it on her head. But no sooner had she done this than everything was changed. Instead of being in the pasture lot, she was sitting in a grand hall. Armed knights with cold, cruel faces were sitting in various places around the great room, and on one side on a raised platform was the stern Master of the Knight Templars. She was poor Rebecca, and she was being tried by those cruel men for sorcery, which she had been basely accused of practising upon wicked Bois Guilbert. Now they have proved that she is guilty, or rather have made

believe she is guilty, and she is led away to one of the chambers in the gloomy tower to prepare for the dreadful morrow. But at this frightful point Merry awoke. The old clock on the mantel was just striking nine. She jumped up quickly, and when she had recovered her senses, she was very glad to find that her dream was only a dream, and that she was not unfortunate Rebecca, but her simple self. Then she went into the next room where her father was sitting. She did not tell him her dream, but she felt paid for all her work when he kissed her and called her his sunbeam. Then when the fires had been attended to they went to bed, and soon everything was quiet and dark at old farmer Ward's.

PRIZES OF 1883.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the Class in German during the year—H. J. Schmitz Prize—W. H. BARNETT.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-nine—DANIEL G. DIETZ.

For the Best Declamation (June 8, 1883)—Gift of the Society of Seventy-Seven—EDWARD STAETHLIN.

For the Best Recitation by the Ladies (June 8, 1883)—Gift of the Alumni—L. M. McDOWELL and E. S. CRANE.

For the Best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—J. MILLARD JOHNSON.

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics during the year—J. L. Johnson Medal—LILLIE E. DURLAND.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship of the entire Class, as shown by the Final Examination—George B. Swain Medal—MARY L. HILTON.

For the Best Rhetorical Work during the year by the Young Ladies—Tichenor Medal—LILLIAN G. PRICE.

For the Best Final Essay of the Young Ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—CARRIE R. DANA.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the entire Class during the year—Hovey Medal—LILLIE A. HILL.

1884—Leap Year!!

How many valentines did you get?

Mr. Edward R. Staehlin, class of '83, has entered Yale College.

Mr. Albert L. Mershon, class of '83, has gone to Princeton College.

Mr. John K. Gore, class of '79, has accepted a position as tutor to the sons of Senator Hale at Washington.

Mr. Johnson, formerly Professor of

Mathematics in the High School, is now a Lay Judge in the Court of Common Pleas.

When a teacher in the High School, Judge Johnson taught us that "a phrase" means "a part of a sentence, or a brief expression." But on the bench he knows better; "affrays," now means "a full sentence," and a rather "long drawn expression" (of sorrow on the face of the poor prisoner).

MARRIAGES.

Miss Mariella Crane, Class of '79, to Mr. John Talmage.

Miss Eloise Russell to Mr. Boardman Farrell, Class of '80.

Miss Gussie Kinsey, Class of '80, to Mr. Dean Burgess.

Miss Jennie Tichenor, Class of '79, to Mr. Harry Hamilton.

Miss Lyda Blauvelt, Class of '81, to Mr. E. D. Frost.

Miss Lizzie K. Graves, Class of '80, to Mr. Robert Osborne.

Miss Edna M. Frazee, Class of '81, to Mr. William Scarlett.

Miss Josephine Morton, Class of '78, to Mr. William Hidden.

Miss Cora B. Hagny, Class of '79, to Mr. Frederick Louden.

Miss M. Louise Halstead, Class of '81, to Mr. Henry Ferguson.

Miss Bertha Beaty, Class of '80, to Mr. Frank Morse.

Miss Esther F. Hedden, Class of '74, to Mr. Edwin H. Stonaker

Miss Jennie Reid, Class of '82, to Mr. William E. Taylor.

DEATHS.

ALICE R. EYLES, Class of '83, died February, 1883.

EMMA MOCK, Class of '84, died September, 1883.

ELSIE B. BARKHORN, Class of '83, died August, 1883.

JOSEPHINE RICHARDS, Class of '83, died February 28, 1884.

"To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar."

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH 1, 1884.

EDITORS:

HERMAN BEYER,

GEORGE F. WARREN, JR.

ADDIE C. MARTIN,

Alice N. Dunn.

EDITORIAL.

AT last with joy and gladness we proclaim the enlargement of our High School building. Indeed it is to announce this event that the ANNUAL has been so long delayed. Yet on account of this very delay we hope it will be the more appreciated and receive the same hearty welcome which has been awarded it in former years. The necessity for larger accommodations has existed for some years, and we have been obliged to have several classes in an annex; but last July the enlargement was commenced, and on the 9th of January we entered our enlarged building, which is an honor to the city.

The feature of the new rooms is their thorough ventilation—no more suffering from foul air. In the Male Department the arrangement is alike admirable and systematic. In front of our assembly room are three recitation rooms: mathematics and classics in either corner room and belles-lettres sandwiched between. To the rear are two large, handsome rooms, one occupied by the German and the other by the commer-

cial classes; then the well appointed drawing room, and last, but far from least, the laboratory, on one side of which the blank white wall furnishes a field for the new stereopticon. Large cases occupy the other sides, for the philosophical apparatus and mineralogical specimens. A prominent feature of this room is the lecture table, twelve feet long, finished in hard woods, and covered with lead, with a well, water and gas attachments. Out of the laboratory is a small room, where the chemical apparatus is kept and where the preliminary chemical work is done. In this department the theoretical is subservient to the practical. Each pupil is a practising chemist. Every day two young men may be seen arranging apparatus for performing new experiments before the class. The class in physics is also taught to work out their experiments as far as possible. We are bound to keep up with the times, and we hope soon to have a first-class microscope and instruments for higher mathematics.

While we are happy and prospering

we are not unmindful of the sufferings of others. A few days since, at the suggestion of our Principal, we took up a collection of \$58.13, which we put into the hands of the Mayor, to be forwarded to the sufferers by the floods of the Ohio.

In our faculty there have been several changes. Mr. J. L. Johnson, having been appointed a Lay Judge in the Essex County Courts, is succeeded by Mr. H. T. Dawson, a graduate of Wesleyan University. Mr. H. J. Walther, a former graduate of the High School, and later a graduate of Columbia College, has been appointed as teacher of German in place of Mr. Schmitz, who has

gone to the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn.

We chronicle some changes outside our walls. This year the city government is Democratic, and Mr. J. E. Haynes, who for more than thirty years was principal of our largest grammar school, now occupies the Mayor's chair and grasps the reins of government.

We return our thanks to the Board of Education for their efforts in our behalf, and since the petition of years has been answered we will do our best to make the High School renowned not only for its fine building but also for the thorough work done here.

THE examinations are over, the Christmas chimes silenced, the New Year welcomed, and school work once more fairly begun. Now we have time to think of our ANNUAL, whose appearance, we are sure, has been anxiously awaited by its numerous friends. Its publication has been delayed until the opening of the new rooms, that the editors, who for so many years have petitioned the Board of Education, may at last return a vote of thanks for their enlarged building.

To-day we can look back on one of the most prosperous school terms that the Newark High School has ever seen. There is more work done, and work of a better quality than ever before. Rhetoric is now studied in the Junior instead of the Senior class; during the fall term the Seniors were deeply—or perhaps we should say highly—interested in the study of Astronomy; they grew familiar with Mars and Jupiter, and the most

learned among them could recognize over thirty constellations. The piano in the girls' department, having attained its majority in the school, and become so modest that its voice scarce rose above a whisper, has been sent adrift on the world, and a new instrument with a beautiful voice has taken its place.

The unlooked-for extension of our Christmas vacation was a *trial* to us all; but when we were allowed to return, the result of the pounding and hammering which we had endured for nearly four months was full compensation for our *enforced* delay. Steady work was immediately begun, and bids fair to continue for the remainder of the year.

The "Annex" is a thing of the past. Now that it is no more, we will say that there was always a certain novelty about it which made it seem rather fascinating to those who were never obliged to go there.

Among our new acquisitions is a

drawing room; not a showily furnished apartment for the reception of visitors, as some might infer, but a room in which the different classes sharpen their pencils, lose their compasses, and abuse their long suffering drawing-books. Miss Natalie Antz is the presiding genius of this room, as vice-regent for Miss Fauckett, who formerly had the entire care of the drawing.

Miss Tichenor and Miss Whiton, of the first-year classes, have resigned during the year, and the present teachers of that grade are Miss Forster, Miss Lyon, Miss Richards and Miss Freer.

We look at the future through rose-colored glasses, and seem to see unbounded prosperity in store for our

school; but in the midst of our rejoicing we often pause to think lovingly of those whom the Reaper has taken during the past year, and to wonder if they rejoice with us as they look back through the gates ajar. Sometimes when we are lonely and long for "the sound of the voice that is still," we, in our selfishness, find it hard to be glad for them; but we know that they have been taken from the cloud-shadows of earth to the full sunshine of the gardens above; and we know that it was

"Not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took those flowers away."

CÆSAR AND CICERO.

GEORGE F. WARREN, JR., '84.

AMONG Rome's greatest men Caius Julius Cæsar and Marcus Tullius Cicero stand preëminent. Although they were great as statesmen, yet their greatness rests not alone in this, for, besides being a statesman, Cæsar was the most successful warrior of his time, while Cicero is acknowledged to be the most powerful orator and advocate Rome ever had.

Let us examine them in their different characters and see in what each excels.

As statesmen they were directly opposed to one another, Cæsar belonging to the popular side of politics, while Cicero adhered to the aristocratic party. That they had abilities in this direction is shown by the fact that each held all

the offices that the state afforded. Cæsar even attempted to go further than that, for he aspired to the sovereignty of Rome and came very near obtaining it.

As warriors they cannot be compared, for Cæsar was far in advance of even the best soldiers of his time, while Cicero made but one campaign.

As orators both ranked high, but Cæsar's mind was so taken up by his political schemes that he never gained that prominence for which he was naturally fitted. Cicero, on the other hand, made oratory his life-work. From youth to manhood his time was spent in study under the best masters. Thus were accumulated the vast resources of

his mind, which made him the orator that he was, a model for all future generations.

It is as writers that we know the most about these men, for their works have come down to us, and we can examine and investigate for ourselves. The style of each possesses merits which have been equalled by no other Roman writer. The characteristics of Cæsar's style are its neatness, simplicity and clearness of description. In his writings there are few passages which are not clearly understood. Considering the manner in which his works were produced they are remarkable. The purity and elegance of Cicero's style places him in the front rank of Roman classic writers. The style of his philosophical writings has that pure Attic elegance which he acquired by his long study of Greek literature. The beauty and finish of his productions has never been surpassed.

As men they were ambitious and had

many good qualities. Cicero, considering the corruptness of his time, was a virtuous man, for the defects he had were weaknesses of character, not vices, and he always pursued good for its own sake or for the sake of fame. He did his country signal service when he revealed the conspiracy of Catiline, and he will be remembered as long as Rome herself. With Cæsar, ambition came before everything else, to which nothing was too great to be sacrificed. In the gratifying of this eager desire for superiority, the Roman empire was destroyed and Rome, passing through fearful strifes, fell. Leaving out this destructive trait, Cæsar was a kind, generous man.

In reviewing the lives of these two distinguished men, it seems to me that Cæsar was superior to Cicero in what the world calls greatness, but that Cicero, by his virtuous life, uncorrupted morals, and love of country, had more of true greatness.

FLOWERS.

MARTHA L. WEBB, '85.

THOSE dear little messengers that come to us in early spring, just after hoary winter has relinquished her chilling grasp, bringing with them purity and sweetness, freshness and modesty, lightening the load of the weary, gladdening the hearts of the sad, are nature's richest treasures crowned with nature's choicest art.

Flowers fill the air with their soft perfume, adorn the woodland and meadow with their rare beauty, and bring peace

and solace to all creation. All this they, with blended influence, do as one. Yet each little flower has its own special mission to perform, its own little sermon to preach to all who in love and reverence listen to its silent tale.

The little snow-drop, coming as it does often before the snow has thoroughly gone, gracefully swinging its pure, delicate, bell-like flower in the air, tells of work faithfully done, of hardships overcome, of perfect love and trust.

BEST
AMOLIBUS
XANAEW
8881

The fairy lily-of-the-valley, the chiming of whose tiny bells fancy can distinctly hear telling in perfect harmony their sweet and simple story, is a true messenger of purity and love, intermingled with grace and beauty.

Thus each separate flower performs its glorious individual work, never stopping to ask the use or necessity of its labor, or to wonder whether its neighbor flower accomplishes its mission as well. In this way the whole flower creation does its duty with a perfection never attained by mortals.

Well would it be for us if we performed our labor and mission half as well as the flowers do. Well if the

influence we exert were half as pure and innocent as that exerted by the lovely blossoms.

We each have a separate work to do, each a mission to fulfill. Why not work earnestly and faithfully? Then when we are taken from this field and transplanted in the fairer garden we may bloom in the pure radiance of a perfect peace. Very beautifully has the poet said :

"Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!"

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

EDWIN W. HAMMER, '85.

THE name of Garfield stirs up in the hearts of all Americans feelings of the greatest veneration and love. Not because he surpassed all others in military genius, not because of high birth, nor yet of great wealth, but because he was a *man*, one of nature's nobleman—one of those few men in whom is personified all that is persevering, energetic, righteous and true.

Garfield was born in a log-cabin. He died the respected head of fifty millions of people. Rising from the lowest station, he worked his way onward and upward in the path of life, thus showing what every upright and self-reliant young man may achieve.

Then, in the full power of manhood, and while attending to the business of the nation, he was murdered, struck down by the mean, cowardly bullet of an assassin. He did not die at once, but

lingered on for more than two months in excruciating agony. During this time his brave endurance without complaint, hoping for recovery against hope (not for himself alone, but for his country) showed a moral courage which commanded wide-spread admiration.

At last he died—his work was done, and the sorrow was universal. It was a national loss. All party lines were erased, and all party feelings died away in the presence of a great grief.

When Lincoln died, Garfield said, little dreaming that he too would die the martyr's death: "This day will be sadly memorable so long as the nation shall exist, which God grant may be till the last syllable of recorded time, when the volume of human history shall be sealed up and delivered to the Omnipotent Judge."

EXITUS ACTA PROBAT.

MAY NICHOLS, '85.

THROUGHOUT the world this law proves true, that we judge of the character of men by their deeds. The human mind, because it cannot look into the causes and motives of action, judges by the results. In this way we judge not only of men but of all objects, animate or inanimate.

We see a blighted tree or shrub; we know not the cause of decay, and we simply say it is blasted and therefore of no use. This law also holds good of nations. A prosperous nation calls forth our admiration. We look at the progress it has made, at the army it possesses, or at the genius born in it, and we say: "Here is a mighty power. See the results it has achieved. Behind this there must be some motive force, and this must be progressive and lasting." We have for our authority in thus judging the words of our Saviour. He felt that man must have some basis for decision; therefore He said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A new truth of science, a new book, or a new article of industry, is presented to the world, and if it has any intrinsic value, the thought immediately is that this must have required patient research and work. Such a result could not have been attained had there not been behind it thought and labor, and we honor the author of the work not only for the result obtained but for the principle of action to which the result points.

So it is in the case of an artist. We stand before a painting of rare value. The lights, the shadows, the expression, the life, are all so well depicted that we feel instinctively that the workman has

learned the secret of this art, and that we are in the presence of genius.

Courts of justice observe this law as does the rest of the world. A prisoner at the bar may be guilty of murder. In an evil moment, when reason has given way to passion, he has taken a life. He is arraigned, tried, found 'guilty and condemned to punishment. Yonder, within a few yards, sits another man. There may be murder in his heart; in a like moment of temptation he might yield as easily as did the condemned criminal; but the world does not know it, and he goes his way, judged to be an upright, honest man. The difference lies not so much in the motive as in the suppression of it or the yielding to it. The law punishes what it sees and knows, and not what might have happened had the circumstances been different.

But perhaps the most powerful instance of the fact that the result proves the motive force, is in the evidence everywhere of the works of the Creator. The care of the universe, with its immeasurable space, of the planets rolling in their order, suggests to us a power which is wonderful; but in addition to this, when we think of the guidance and care of man, and even of the atomic world, we are brought to realize the existence of a power so infinitely beyond our own that to attempt to comprehend it would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess." The mind which cannot see in these things evidences not only of a Creator but of a God, should have no part in this grand result, the motive power of which we cannot comprehend.

A BURNT CHILD FEARS THE FIRE.

WINTHROP GATES, '85.

THIS sentence is one of those blessings in the form of words which are called proverbs. Proverbs originated in the earliest times, and seem to have been common to all nations and races. Proverbs are the peculiar property of the common people; they are the "treasures of popular wit," the "flowers of popular wisdom." "Multum in parvo" is the motto of proverbs. Truth carries conviction with it, but if the truth is in the form of a proverb it carries conviction more strongly. Proverbs often make such deep impressions upon the mind that they change entirely the course of an individual's life, while if the same truth were told in a different form it might make no impression at all.

Every child that comes into the world is at first in a perfectly helpless condition. It is ignorant of the simplest laws of nature. Many learned men have maintained that human beings could not think unless they had a language to think in. This is exemplified in animals. According to this theory babies could not think in the true sense. But there is some instinctive feeling that not only underlies all thought but serves as a protection to all creatures which would otherwise be helpless; this is possible alike by animals and men. This rudimentary thought protects the baby by leading it to trust the evidence of its senses. When a child is burnt by fire it has an impression imparted to it that

tells it to avoid fire. Hence the proverb, "A burnt child fears the fire."

When we look at a proverb, the first impression is to follow out in our minds the common occurrence which it is sure to express. For instance, in the proverb in question, "A burnt child fears the fire," we do not at first make a deep mental search to find the broad, underlying truth, but naturally bring before our minds a picture of a little child in its helpless days, a picture of a slight burn which it gets by playing near the fire, and its subsequent avoidance of all fire. After some little thought we see that the proverb has a hidden meaning. We see that it applies not only to the child but to the whole human race. It is an utterance of that great "teacher of mankind," experience. "And a wonderful teacher is experience, but his charges for tuition are so very high." There are apparently two ways of gaining knowledge—from books and by experience. But obtaining knowledge from books is only a modified method of obtaining knowledge by experience. Books are merely the experience of other people. Experience is the gift that men hand down to their descendants. We of the present age should be the most civilized and enlightened people that ever lived upon the earth. We have the experience of all the preceding ages.

SADIE MC NARY, '86.

SOFTLY the snow comes down—
Beautiful sight!
Clothing the dingy town
In radiant white.
See how the picture grows!
Each graceful outline shows
Clear through the night.

Fashioned by fairy hands,
Lighter than air,
Yonder a palace stands,
Wondrously fair;
Glittering treasures vast
Are in profusion cast,
Like jewels rare.

Moonbeams are struggling through
Rents in the cloud,
Showing in distant view
Mountains white-browed.
Slowly the snow-flakes cease—
Thou reignest now, O Peace,
Humble, not proud.

Shyly the evening star
Shows me her face;
Silvery cloudlets are
Drifting apace;

Now their soft wings conceal
Brightest stars; now reveal
Their tender grace.

In her white covering
Earth seems asleep,
And angels, hovering,
Silent watch keep,
Bearing to those sweet balm
Who, in the night-watch calm,
Bitterly weep.

Ah! what is buried there,
Hidden from sight?
More than you know or care,
Hearts that are light.
Many a hope of years,
Laid down with bitter tears,
Lies there to-night.

Peacefully resting there,
Safe from each foe,
Knowing no grief nor care—
We shall rest so—
With Summer's vanished hours,
With God's own fairest flowers,
Under the snow.

The self-torture endured by the young "hopeful" just entering the High School, is thus aptly expressed:

O, list to the wail of the *ein, zwei, drie,*
And the *arma virumque cano,*
And the *Pons Asinorum* of geometry,
And the algebraic *zero;*
With *Helderberg groups* of geology,
And history's brutal *Nero,*
(O, lemme go home to heavenly glee,
For this knowledge'll lead to woe).

The difference between the pupil and the tutor is that the one flies in peril while the other plies the ferule.

The High School boys think the Roman pronunciation of Latin preferable in some cases; for instance, "Jubet vicissem" is much more emphatic when pronounced "You-bet-we-kiss-em."

C H A R A C T E R .

H. D. WILDE, '86.

SOCRATES said, "The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear," and indeed it is so.

Although a person may go about like "the ass in the lion's skin," when they come to show their true character they can only bray. Be what you desire to appear, that is the main thing; be it, do not pretend to be it, but *be it* in every sense of the word. If a man loses his reputation, he loses his all. Nobody will employ him or trust him; people will not associate with him. But could he not be restored to his former position through the influence of a christian people? A person who has lost his reputation can hardly ever redeem it. Shakespeare says, "Reputation! reputation! reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial."

What is a man worth who has a stain on his character? Who will give him employment? Why does a man, released from prison, return to his old ways? Because no one will employ him, although he has worked hard and learned a good trade.

The course of a man with a good character will be steady and firm, for he has nothing to fear in this world and

is sure of a support from the other, while he who is conscious of dark and secret designs, which if known to the public would blast him forever, is constantly shrinking from public observation, and is afraid of all around him and much more of all above him. He may pursue his evil ways all his life, and never be detected, but he surely cannot do it with the same confidence as he who knows that at every step he is in pursuit of an honest end. Why should such a person falter in his course? He may be slandered and deserted by the people, but he can keep on in his ways, with the guidance of One who will never forsake him. For as surely as its takes the small things to make the larger, just so surely is the foundation of the character of the man laid in the boy.

How many boys of the present generation are founding within themselves such noble characters as had Washington, Webster, Lincoln and Garfield? When we cannot furnish men with such characters as these, we feel the loss not as an individual but as a nation.

Physically, we are all animals, but let us be, morally and spiritually, something grander, sublimer than animals; let us be men and especially men of character.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

EXAMINATION FOR ADMISSION TO THE HIGH SCHOOL, JUNE, 1883.

HATTIE S. JOY, '86.

HALF a block, half a block,
 Half a block onward,
 All to the High School
 Marched the four hundred.
 "Forward the Light Brigade!
 Charge for your seats!" was said.
 Into the classic shade
 Marched the four hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a girl dismayed?
 Not though the scholar knew
 Much had she blundered.
 Hers not to make reply,
 Hers not to reason why,
 Hers but to write or die,
 Trembling four hundred.

Questions to write of them,
 Blackboards to left of them,
 Teachers in front of them,
 Threatened and thundered.
 Crowded and jammed pell-mell,
 Boldly they wrote and well,
 Wrote all they had to tell,
 Gushing four hundred.

Flashed all their papers bare,
 Flashed all at once in air,
 Startling the teachers there

Giving out questions, while
 All Newark wondered.
 Sometimes a pencil broke;
 Never a scholar spoke
 English or German.
 Swallowing many a choke
 For ideas sundered,
 Then they marched back, but not,
 Not the four hundred.

Parents to right of them,
 Friends to the left of them,
 Mourners behind them,
 Murmured and wondered.
 They who were jammed pell-mell,
 They who had written well,
 Writ all they had to tell,
 Back from the High School then,
 Marched a few blocks again,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of four hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild answers made!
 All Newark wondered.
 Long shall the tale be told;
 Yea, when we all are old.
 Treasure the answers made;
 Honor this brave brigade,
 Plucky four hundred!

A juvenile Josh Billings in political economy philosophizes thus: "The average Amerikan wurkman is like an irregular klock—alwus strikin' at the rong time, and then goin' to wurk ag'in."

A young lady in the Senior class, in speaking of the early compilers of history, referred to them as "the first to make systematic complications of past events."

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

M. B. HAINES, '87.

ON the Mountain Olympus, the city of the gods, where there was neither wind nor rain, cold nor heat, but eternal spring, lived Phœbus, god of the sun. Every day, before anybody was awake, he harnessed his fiery horses, which none but himself could manage, to his golden chariot, and started forth on his journey around the world, to give light to the people of the earth.

This he had done for many hundreds of years: each morning the people would see his chariot coming through the air, scattering the clouds right and left, turning them to the most beautiful colors—the rainbow bridge on which the gods passed to and fro. All of the day he rode before them, and at night disappeared in a cloud of golden glory.

But sometimes the chariot was not so bright: the dust of his journeyings had settled upon it, and then Jupiter, the great god of heaven and earth, in anger sent out thunderbolts and rain upon the world. And when his wrath was appeased the people rejoiced to see the chariot coming forth again in all its splendor.

One day Phaeton, the son of Phœbus, begged his father to grant him whatever he should ask. So Phœbus swore by the Styx that he should have anything he might desire. Then Phaeton asked

that he might drive the chariot of the sun for one day. Phœbus, fearing the wrath of Jupiter if he broke his oath, was forced to let him have his way, cautioning him, however, to be very careful and to drive slowly.

The sister of Phaeton harnessed the horses, and he started out with joy. Forgetful of his father's advice, he flourished his whip, and away flew his steeds like the wind, faster and faster still, until Phaeton lost all control. On and on they went, and as they were crossing Africa the chariot tipped to the left, and burned all the inhabitants black; then it tipped to the right, and left behind a vast tract of country all burned by the intense heat.

Now, Jupiter had been watching all this, and being very angry at such carelessness, struck Phaeton with a thunderbolt, and hurled him, horses, chariot and all into the river Eridanus just in time to save the world from a great conflagration. His sisters, mourning for him, were changed by Jupiter to poplar trees, and there they stand beside the river, weeping tears of amber; they shiver in the wind, and their leaves turn white with fear when the mutterings of the storm remind them of the wrath of Jupiter.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of 'malus'?" Young gentleman pupil—"Evil." Teacher—"Next, give an

English word derived from 'malus.'" Young lady pupil—"Male!" (Sensation among the young gentlemen.)

CRANKS,

HELEN S. POINIER, '87.

THE crank is an invention of the Americans, and as America is the mother of invention she must also be held responsible for the introduction of this new member of society.

But how can the crank be an invention when human nature is the same the world over, and if the same streaks of disposition run through people, it is probable that there were cranks among the pyramid builders.

The word itself has not been handed down to us; we do not find it in the classics nor in Webster; neither do we see even an illustration of a crank in the encyclopedia. So the word is a modern invention, if the traits of disposition displayed by cranks are not. So we may justly conclude that the word has been coined, because the times and the people have demanded it.

A crank is like a mule with the pink-eye: he is obstinate, stubborn, and sometimes sullen.

He is hard to argue with in case of a trial, and while he may not be dull, still he is—well, what term can more clearly express our meaning than the very one which we are making a feeble attempt to define, cranky.

Having become possessed of this indispensable word, we find that the individuals are not few to whom it may be applied. We will designate one or two.

Taking an imaginary walk back to ancient times we stumble on Diogenes. We do not know, but may safely generalize that any one who lives in a tub is either a crank or very unhygienic.

If Archimedes had only found the place for which he sought, he might have used himself as a crank to turn the universe.

We have spoken of the ancient cranks, now we will refer to the modern variety of the species.

As persons grow older they are apt to grow queer and more set in their notions; in fact we may say they become cranky.

The telephone which allows a five minutes' conversation with some unknown person, the electric light which prevents tramps from intruding into our parks, are inventions of persons who, being subject to all kinds of remarks, may by some be called cranks; if cranks, they are ones of a most valuable character.

We have confined our attention to masculine cranks, ignoring the fact that when women become possessed with one idea, or ride a hobby, they are as cranky as cranky men.

The women cranks are more of a riddle than the men, but "while we cannot guess them we will not give them up."

A LETTER.

KITTIE DUNN, '87.

NEWARK N. J., Feb. 3, 1884.

DEAR FRIEND: I intended writing an answer to your letter on Friday as we had a half holiday; but of course you know that "a girl proposes" (for this year only), and more than likely some one else disposes.

You asked me to tell you something of my second term at the High School. We continue the study of Latin, commonly known as a "dead" language—but to my mind the terminations of the six cases, and the beautiful harmony which exists between the nouns and adjectives, are just as lively as in the palmiest days of Cæsar and Virgil.

This term has proved a very eventful one, for our class has taken up algebra, and besides I've learned to skate! I suppose you know all about the $a+b$ and $x-y$, but you *don't* know about my *debut* as a skater, so I shall write of that.

An unconquerable feeling of bashfulness prevented me from seeking companionship among "the giddy throng" at Bloomfield, so my friend and I went to a pond in Belleville where we thought few skated. Imagine our consternation on arriving to find the pond thronged with people bent on enjoying themselves.

How to get our skates on was a problem to which we had no key, as neither of us had brothers, and we disdained to go with any other girl's brother till we were more experienced. It was a dilemma, so I smiled my sweetest at a small boy who was passing, and inquired

whether we might have his sled to sit on while fastening our skates. He grinned broadly, but said, "Yes, ma'am" very meekly. He shoved it over, and my friend prepared to seat herself, but whether that boy pulled the sled away or no, I am not prepared to state; but she sat down on the ice, and truth compels me to say, with very little grace but a great deal of force. I was filled with a desire to laugh, but did not dare; the boy, however, had no such qualms of conscience, so he laughed loudly, but having recovered himself, announced that he would strap on our skates, which he accordingly did. In our haste to distinguish ourselves we put the skates on at random, in consequence of which we made an exchange, each having one very sharp skate and one rather dull. But "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be"—the rest of the proverb. I thanked the boy very graciously and rose to my feet. One foot moved a little more rapidly than the other, and I saw stars after the most approved method. Recovering, and glancing at my skates I saw that one was furnished with a light strap and the other with a dark brown one; and consoling myself with the reflection that my first fall was caused by a mistake, I slowly unstrapped the skates. Finally, we were ready again, and grasping each other in a loving embrace we prepared to strike out. That is, we stood, made two or three ineffectual grasps at space, but the attraction of gravitation was too strong, and for the second time we were hastily brought

into contact with the undeniably hard, icy surface of the pond. My companion was not discouraged neither was I, so we determined to conquer our seemingly irresistible inclination to sit down, and after two or three hours we progressed so rapidly that we could strike

out very fairly, at which we were warmly applauded by our tutor.

We have tried it a great many times since and are doing so well that we have serious thoughts of going with a brother. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain, Yours truly,

K. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Montagu Society has in its library 490 volumes, 37 of which have been added this year. It subscribes for the *Atlantic*, *Century*, *Harpers*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Independent* and *The Critic*.

The Montagu Society gave a little entertainment last December, in aid of the girls' fund for a new piano. The President requested the young ladies of the Senior class to write an announcement for the daily papers, and the combined efforts of certain fertile brains resulted in the following, which was not sent:

"NOTICE!!—The Very Renowned and Far Famed Montagu Society of

the More Renowned and Farther Famed High School, will give a Stage Performance in the Capacious Hall of the Said School, on Friday Evening, December 14th, when the Rivals of Booth and Irving, Mary Anderson and Miss Terry, Supported by Their Own Company, will appear in the New and Artistic Drama "The Register." Positively Only One Appearance. Admission to All Parts of the House 25 cents; 10 cents Extra for the Privilege of firing Chalk and Erasers Among the Audience. Bouquets will be left at the Box Office. Baby Carriages will Please be left in the Lower Court. A Full Attendance is Expected. Go Early and Obtain Good Seats."

ECHOES FROM THE SENIOR EXAMINATIONS.

LITERATURE.

What a cruel spirit the young ladies of the class of '84 possess :

Sir Thomas More was shot, hung, beheaded and burnt at the stake.

"The narrators of the Canterbury Tales are a number of people riding in a stage-coach."

ASTROMONY.

"The inclination of the Sun's axis is its deviation to the Plane of the Ecliptic."

"Foucault suspended something to a pendulum which made a mark in the sand, and of course if this made marks in the sand the building must move and consequently the earth."

IN MEMORIAM—THE OLD PIANO.

(After Tennyson's "Break, break, break.")

MAY AXFORD MARTIN, '84.

POUND, pound, pound,
On thy yellow time-stained keys ;
I would that I could forget
The sounds that arose from these.

O, well for the teacher dear
That thou hast gone away !
O, well for the pupils' ears
That they hear you not four times a day.

And the noisy trucks go by
With machinery for the mill ;
But I am released, and left in peace,
And the pound and bang is still.

Pounded, banged, banged
In a second-hand store, O keys !
But thy plaintive chords, played by
fingers small,
Will nevermore torture me.

OPENING OF THE NEW ROOMS.

THE exercises on the occasion of the opening of the new rooms were held on Wednesday, January 9, at half-past one, on the upper floor of the building. The whole school was present, with the exception of the first year division of girls. Beside the Faculty, Mr. Barringer, Mr. Hays and several members of the Board of Education were present on the platform. The programme was as follows:

Singing,		
Declamation,	Geo. B. Shulte, '85.	
Essay,	Addie C. Martin, '84.	
Singing,		
Declamation,	Perry Walton, '84	
Historical Sketch of the High School,	Prof. E. O. Hovey.	
Singing,		

Addresses by Mr. Hays, Mr. Barringer, Major Twitchell, Col. Joy and Mr. Tucker.
Singing,

A few weeks ago our Principal suggested that it would be a good idea to get a new piano, to take the place of one of ours that had served us long and well ; and he also said that Dr. H. H. Tichenor and Mr. N. E. Seeley would each contribute twenty-five dollars to start us. So we raised enough not only to buy a first-class piano, but also a stereopticon. Master Lewis Straus raised the most money among the boys, and Miss May Starbuck among the girls. To each of these Mr. Hays, Chairman of our High School Committee, gave a very handsome book as a reward for their efforts.

FROM THE "HISTORICAL SKETCH."

TWENTY-NINE years ago last Thursday (January 3, 1855), occurred the dedication of the High School building. It was a great event in Newark. The opening exercises were participated in by Dr. Pennington, President of the Board of Education; Dr. Phillips, State Superintendent; Dr. Congar, City Superintendent of Schools; Rev. Dr. Poor; Rev. Dr. Fish and others. The building was erected after a long struggle, very many in that day believing that only the three R's should be taught at public expense.

The first principal of the school was Mr. Isaiah Peckham, who faithfully served the public for twelve years; then came Mr. Dunlap for three years, and Mr. Lewis M. Johnson for two-thirds of a year, and in the Spring of 1871 came the present incumbent.

When the building was opened in 1855, it was filled by pupils having the highest per cent. in scholarship and deportment in the various grammar schools, without any regard to a definite standard of attainments, but this method of entrance was soon changed, and for many years pupils have been admitted only on examination.

For several years there was little

Latin and less Greek taught, and there was no thoroughly systematized course of study. The first class that was prepared for college was in 1877, from which time a few boys have each year been fitted for college.

The first book contributed to the founding of a library was the intensely interesting and profitable book, the Census of 1850. Now the Hesperian Society has a library of about 150 volumes, the Montagu Society about 450, and the general school library about 500 volumes, and our shelves are not yet full.

There have been admitted to the High School 5,408 pupils. The first class graduated was a class of eight boys in 1862. In 1863 there were eight boys and twenty-two girls graduated. The whole number of graduates is 897.

To-day we burst the bonds that have so long bound us, and enter upon broader and fairer fields of labor. The citizens of Newark are to be congratulated upon the increased facilities for educating their sons and daughters, and the teachers and pupils of the High School are to be congratulated on our improved opportunities for doing good work.

It requires a calm intellect, a sound judgment and great powers of discernment to distinguish between the true and false in character; between the outpouring of a loving heart in gentle atten-

tions to those around, and the studied endeavor of a selfish soul to please those with whom it is brought in contact. Thus it often happens that real worth is slighted and selfishness idealized.

A. C. M., '84.

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MISS CLARA WOODWARD GREENE, Vice-Principal.

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A. BAXTER MERWIN, A. M.

GEO. C. SONN, A. B.

WILLIAM C. SANDY.

H. T. DAWSON, PH. D.

HUGO J. WALther, A. B.

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MISS LYDIA F. REMICK.

MISS B. FLORA CRANE, PH. M.

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MISS ARDELIA H. ALLEN.

MISS MILLIE A. FORSTER.

MISS MARIA L. LYON.

MISS LUCY M. FREER.

MISS MARY H. RICHARDS.

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BESSIE G. WERTZ,
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LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class—Ladies.

Bacheller, Estelle H.	Getchius, Lizzie S.	Miller, Grace H.
Blake, Eliza J.	Hartshorn, Emma B.	Moore, Elizabeth N.
Bowers, Ida	Haskell, Minnie G.	Mulford, Emma C.
Coe, Cornelia S.	Healy, Emma L.	Myrick, Eliza J.
Conn, Annie C.	Jackson, Ida M.	Osborne, Annie H.
Cook, Laura	Langstroth, Belle K.	Osborne, Ella L.
Dod, M. Alice	Larter, Carrie H.	Price, Mary H.
Drew, Minnie I.	Ludlow, L. Belle	Reeve, Ella A.
Dunn, Alice N.	Mahannah, Laura L.	Satchwell, Annie M.
Ely, Mildred May	Martin, Addie C.	Vosburgh, Minnie
Feick, Emma C.	Martin, May Axford	Valentine, Emma C.
Fowler, Julia K.	Mason, Julia A.	Wertz, Bessie G.
Gaston, Kate Z.	McClure, Joanna M.	Young, Amelia R.
	Miller, Caroline D.	

Senior Class—Gentlemen.

Beyer, Herman	Isenburg, Emanuel	Warren, George F., Jr.
Bloemeke, Rudolph B.	Piez, Charles	Wiener, Alfred
Brown, William A.	Van Houten, Herbert W.	Wiener, William
Hedden, Jesse W.	Walton, Perry	

Junior Class—Ladies.

Arnold, Kate C.	Gould, Minnie	Simpson, Amy
Baldwin, Belle	Healy, Julie W.	Smith, Alwida H.
Baldwin, Jessie	Hill, Nellie	Smith, Elizabeth J.
Barnett, Joanna G.	Hochkins, Julia L.	Spaeth, Florence L.
Beach, Hattie J.	Hopping, Lizzie P.	Squire, M. Irene
Bedford, E. Jennie	Hovey, Laura F.	Stapff, Julia S.
Beebe, Mary M.	Horn, Matilda	Starbuck, Mary E.
Berry, Estelle V.	Jeroleman, Lillian B.	Stimus, Ella L.
Beltz, Margaret E.	Kirk, Isabel M.	Straus, Henrietta
Campbell, Emma V.	Klotz, E. Ella	Sutphen, Leila W.
Clairville, Margaret	Landmesser, Elizabeth	Tucker, Lizzie D.
Cone, Anna G.	Leonard, Emma L.	Tuers, Sarah C.
Cornish, Lydia R.	Lyle, Corinne J.	Van Houten, Lizzie L.
Coventry, Agnes	Mock, Katie E.	Van Patten, Evelyn M.
Courtois, Trinette H.	Moore, Saidee F.	Vreeland, Eva M.
Crockett, Clara B.	Neumann, Stella A.	Webb, Martha L.
Doremus, Eliza C.	Nichols, Mary W.	Willis, Belle B.
Eagles, Annie McL.	Osborne, Clara L.	Wiss, Augusta A.
Fitzgerald, Nellie D.	Putnam, Martha	York, Ella
Garabrant, Laurilla	Rawle, A. Isabel	Young, Alice E.
Gogl, Minnie	Russell, Jennie E.	Ziegler, Lena
	Samuel, Ida	

Junior Class—Gentlemen.

Franks, Joseph
Gates, Winthrop
Hammer, Edwin W.
Henry, Max
Hobart, Charles
Hood, Charles
Kalisch, Burnham

Matthews, Ernest
McKenzie, Wm. H.
Pfister, Joseph C.
Poole, George E., Jr.
Preston, Wm. E.
Rogers, Frederic M.
Rowe, Charles T. B.

Sargeant, S. Harry
Sawyer, Miles S.
Scarlett, Andrew
Schulte, George Bernard
Spence, Archibald P.
Thompson, Henry L.
Ward, David Reynolds

Second Year Class—Ladies.

Amerman, S. Amelia
Belletaire, Annie
Bergfels, Annie S.
Bimbler, Marie
Bingham, Cora E.
Brunner, Ella E.
Bundy, Zilla A.
Burgesser, Annie E.
Burrage, Jennie E.
Burritt, Jennie W.
Cain, Minnie A.
Clark, Mabel L.
Coates, Hannah L.
Coates, Hattie S.
Cobb, Jessie
Copley, Lillie L.
Davies, Minnie
Davis, Grace M.
Dawson, Grace
Deidrick, Hortense
Driscoll, Beulah B.
Dunham, Henrietta
Durland, Jessie W.
Egbert, Edna C.
Egbert, Hattie M.
Eichhorn, Grace L.
Eunson, Sara A.
Faux, Myrtle C.
Felix, Mamie

Felts, Florence
Fine, Estella
Fitzgerald, Jennie B.
Garrigan, Annie L.
Gilbert, Anna H.
Gilman, Julia
Goble, Hattie W.
Goldsmith, Julia
Gott, Mary
Grice, Edith E.
Harley, L. Josephine
Harley, May
Heinkel, Amanda
Henderson, Annie
Hines, Emma L.
Hochkins, Carrie E.
Hopper, Mary J.
Hopping, Fannie A.
Hunt, Eunice R.
Iliffe, C. Blanche
Jackson, Hattie
Johnson, Lizzie
Jones, Helen W.
Joy, Hattie S.
Jube, Fannie B.
King, Lottie L.
Layland, Alice M.
Leary, Helen J.
Leucht, Alice
Lobdell, Lillie I.

Long, Carrie L.
Looker, H. Nettie
McIntyre, Addie
McNary, Sadie
Mershon, Bessie D. W.
Mershon, Emma
Mickens, Edith L.
Mundy, Carrie
Peters, Minnie L.
Price, F. M. Josephine
Provost, Anna
Purcell, Laurette
Rice, E. Leonora
Robertson, Myrtie W.
Romine, Carrie L.
Rosseter, Oria
Sayre, Lillie G.
Seymour, Rachel M.
Shaw, Flora
Soden, Anna
Sonn, Lydia
Stewart, Joanna S.
Utter, Ella D.
Warren, Edith H.
Westervelt, Anna A.
White, Annie R.
Wilson, Susie
Woodruff, Jennie
Woodruff, Julia

Second Year Class—Gentlemen.

Anthony, Watson G.
Bacheller, J. Henry
Baldwin, Lorenzo R.
Bataille, Joseph
Beyer, Charles H.
Boyle, Frank H.
Burnet, Edward P.
Callaway, Fred. W.

Canfield, Albert E.
Cashion, Harry G.
Castner, John D.
Clark, David C.
Clark, Joseph W.
Clayton, Frank E.
Collins, Edwin J.
Dally, J. Horton

Dodd, Frederick W.
Dryfus, Frederick
Feist, Jonas
Finegan, James E.
Fitzsimons, M. D.
Friedenberg, Charles A.
Genung, Alfred V.
Gould, John G.

Hayward, Willard L.	Lynch, Frank A.	Schwerin, Silas
Hazen, Aaron C., Jr.	Mapletotf, Robert B.	Shoyer, Fred. J.
Heath, Fred. T.	McWhoold, Edward	Smith, Alfred
Hegeman, Wm. J. R., Jr.	Murdock, James, Jr.	Smith, Clarence E.
Heller, Henry, Jr.	Nicholl, Richard F.	Staats, George L.
Huntington, J. Henry, Jr.	Price, Joseph	Straus, Lewis
Jagle, George	Radcliffe, Henry M.	Thorn, George J.
Keen, Horton C.	Reilley, J. Henry	Webner, Fred.
Kinsey, Charles	Roll, J. Luther	Wilde, Henry D.
Krick, David M.	Russell, Fred. C.	Wolf, Albert
Lehlback, Charles F.	Scheik, John	Woodhull, D. Ellis
Levy, Henry C.	Schloss, Emanuel	Ziegler, Charles T.

First Year Class—Ladies.

Ahbe, Lizzie	Curtis, Clara I.	Jaques, Dora
Anderson, Anna	Dalrymple, Alice R.	Jennings, Maggie
Axtell, Edith A.	Daly, Nellie A.	Johnston, Laura
Baldwin, Anne L.	Davey, Viola	Johnson, Lyda T.
Baldwin, Josephine	Dennis, Annie S.	Jones, Edith P.
Barnett, Edith C.	DeVausney, Elinor	Kanouse, Laura
Rebout, Louisa	Dickerson, Laura	Kanouse, Sarah L.
Blewett, Willmia	Donnigan, Katharine S.	Katz, Emma C.
Biebel, Henrietta	Douglas, Jennie M.	Kelly, Ida C.
Boice, Jessie E.	Drake, Stella	Kempe, Caroline
Bolton, Amy L.	Drew, Etta	King, Belle M.
Borden, Amanda	Dunn, Kate F.	Krementz, Annie C.
Boss, Minnie A.	Eddy, Mary E.	Kussy, Sarah
Boylan, Alice M.	Edwards, Lizzie L.	LaBar, Elmira
Brierly, Esther	Elder, L. Louise	Lumb, Sarah
Bristol, Kate L.	Ellis, Griselda	Madison, Irene
Brown, Emma F.	Fairlie, Jessie W.	Markhart, Lydia L.
Browne, Margaret	Fine, Carrie H.	Martin, L. Dell
Bruck, Lizzie	Fithian, Emma	McAinsh, Florence
Bruen, Mamie A.	Frazee, Isabel W.	McConnell, Louise
Burch, Lizzie	Fyans, Joetta I.	McKenzie, Annie I.
Burnett, Cilla	Gay, Minnie E.	McNair, Amelia S.
Campbell, Geraldine	Gauch, Lizzie	Miller, Emma
Carlisle, Nettie	Goodridge, Alice	Moore, Jennie B.
Carruth, Clara L.	Gray, Jessie	Mowder, Ida M.
Clark, Mary F.	Gray, Lizzie W.	Mundy, Minnie
Coleman, Emma L.	Haines, Florence L.	Naundorff, Minnie
Coleman, Susie C.	Haines, Mattie B.	Nichols, Jennie
Collerd, Alfaretta	Haring, Florence A.	Otto, Agnes
Contrell, D. Elizabeth	Harrison, Leonora	Parcells, Ida
Cook, Addie	Haythorn, Nellie	Parker, Emma D.
Courtois, Annie R.	Hedden, Edith, M.	Peal, Amelia E.
Crane, F. Louise	Henchell, Juliette	Pierson, Elizabeth
Crane, Harriet H.	Hendrick, May E.	Pierson, Lillian M.
Crane, Mary B.	Horschel, Jennie F.	Poinier, Helen S.
Crane, Minnie C.	Hyman, Helen	Price, E. Florence
Craw, Jennie M.	Hymes, Sarah L.	Pruden, Ella D.
Cummings, Clara M.	Izon, Minnie	Putnam, Cornelia V.

Reeve, M. Jennie	Shupe, Alice	Suydam, Maria M.
Reeve, Nellie E.	Slatenhart, Minnie	Taylor, Florence
Ridler, Louise F.	Smith, Emma	Tichenor, Ida
Riley, Emma	Smith, Ida	Turner, Ada M.
Roberts, Grace A.	Smith, Mattie C.	Ulman, Lottie
Rowland, Jennie E.	Smith, Sarah R.	Van Houten, Sadie
Ruckelshaus, Lillie	Snow, Mary G.	Wagner, Magdalena
Rutan, Hattie M.	Sode, Laura E.	Ward, Carrie
Scattergood, Adaline L.	Speer, Agnes C.	Warren, Katie V.
Schenk, Bessie	Speer, Jessie V.	Widmer, Josephine A.
Schwab, Clara	Stevenson, Jennie	Wilkinson, Jennie B.
Scott, Margery J.	Stewart, Laura V. C.	Williams, Luella F.
Seymore, Flora E.	Stokem, Anna C.	Winans, Lizzie H.
Sharp, Florence	Stout, Jennie	Woodhull, Lillian
Shaw, Emma F.	Sullivan, Florence M.	Wright, Mary J.
Sheridan, Lottie T.	Sutphen, Lulu	Zimmerman, Nettie
	Symons, Evelyn	

First Year Class—Gentlemen.

Arbuckle, Alexander	Gaiser, Samuel	Kraemer, Charles, Jr.
Ashenbach, Harry	Genung, Waldo	Lang, Aaron
Barbour, James	Gillott, Richard	Lapp, William
Barton, Wm. B.	Gloede, Henry	Lawrence, Charles
Bartow, George	Goble, Herbert M.	Leach, Herbert
Benjamin, Edward	Gordon, Wm. B.	Leach, Milnor J.
Berry, Harry	Guite, Frank	Lozier, Allen
Bird, John	Hall, Charles	Luckemeier, Louis
Birt, Walter	Hann, Louis	Lutes, William
Blake, Edward	Harrison, Charles	Lynch, James
Blanchard, William	Hart, John	Magill, George
Block, Otto	Hauser, William	Marley, William
Bode, William	Hedden, William	Mathes, Louis F.
Bolton, Henry	Heinkel, George	Mawha, James, Jr.
Brown, Wallace	Hey, Vorhees,	Mayberry, John
Buchlein, Edmund	Himes, Edward	McClelland, James
Buehler, William	Hobart, Richard	McKirgan, George
Burtchaell, Robert	Hodson, George W.	McRory, Jonas
Buzby, Joseph	Hoffman, Wm.	Meeker, J. L., Jr.
Carr, Harry	Hoover, Thomas	Mendel, William
Clark, Frank	Hovet, August	Mercer, Fred. W.
Clark, Harry	Issler, Alfred	Meyer, August
Clymer, Geo. E.	Jacobus, Frederick	Meyer, J. E.
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Cohen, Max	Johnson, Frank	Miller, Wesley
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Crane, Frank	Joraleman, Robert	Morehouse, William
Crane, Herbert	Keepers, Charles	Mueller, Carl
Davis, Thomas	Kingston, Fred.	Neph, John
De Camp, Frank	Kinsey, Alex.	Neumann, Bertrand
De Jonge, Maurice	Kinsey, Frank W.	Nolte, Henry
Edwards, Louis	Klein, Cornelius	Oltmann, Henry, Jr.
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Pollard, Jos. E.	Schiener, Arthur	Trusdell, William
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Quimby, Frank	Schwarz, Samuel	Turner, John
Rhodes, Edward	Scull, Samuel	Van Name, George
Rindell, Charles	Shirley, C. R.	Van Ness, J. W.
Roalefs, Andrew	Shyers, Frank	Winans, H. V.
Roll, C. E.	Silvester, Lewis L.	Wood, Arthur
Rose, William	Slaight, David	Woodruff, Clifford
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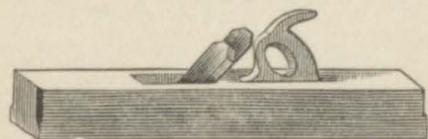
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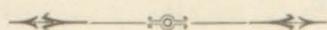
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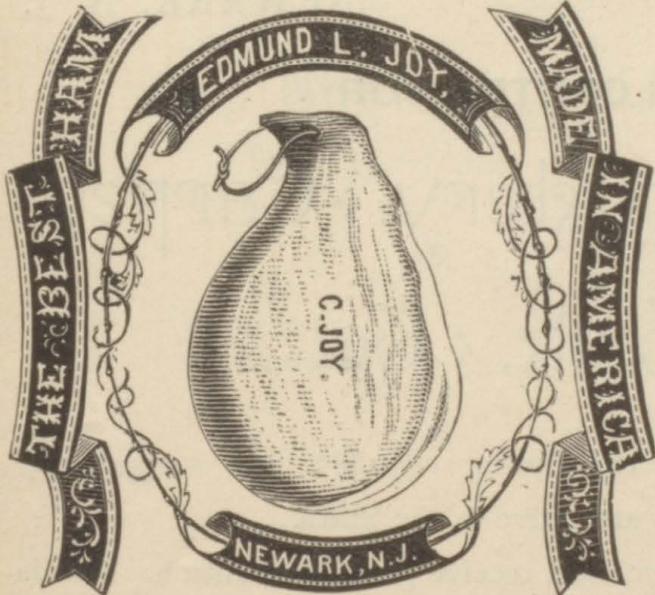
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SURPLUS.....	2,757,491 62
SURPLUS (New York Standard).....	5,411,241 50

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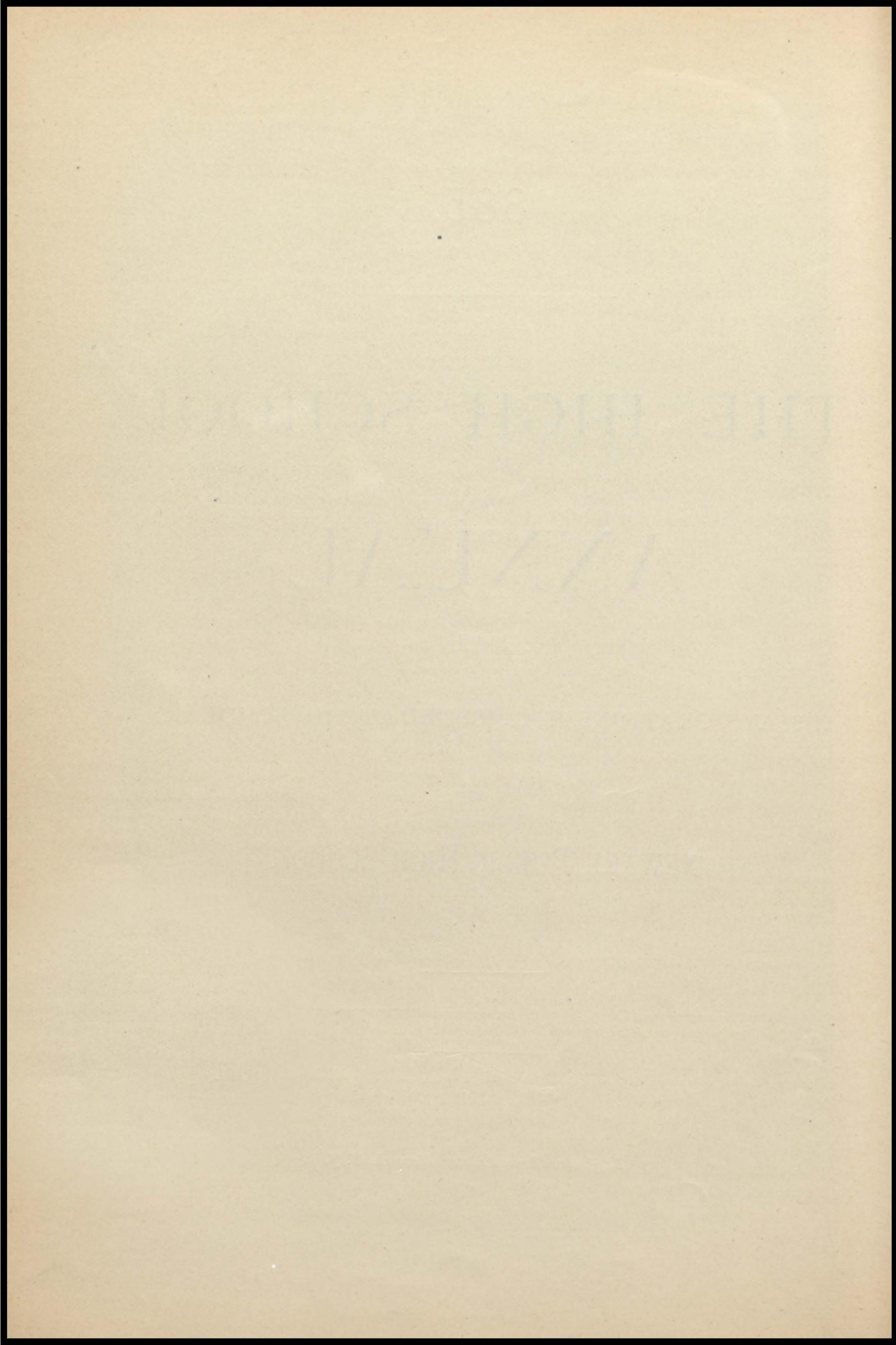
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A COLLECTION OF
ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE
NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. IX.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH 1, 1885.

NO. 1.

EDITORS.

CHARLES HOOD,

BURNHAM KALISCH.

ANNA G. CONE,

HELEN D. FITZGERALD.

EDITORIAL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ousrels as ithersee us!"

MEN'S attainments are the results of persistent and laborious undertakings, and their deeds are a mirror of their character and ability.

The essays contained in this Annual are a mirror of our past work, reflecting whether we have made use of our offered opportunities, or whether the precious moments have been suffered to pass by unheeded and profitless. The reflections which this mirror casts may be viewed from two standpoints. The one, as we see ourselves; the other, as we are seen by others. We, being biased, are very apt to overlook our blemishes, and consider ourselves as having advanced thus far in life with little or nothing to repent of. But the searching eye of the public will hold us responsible for every error, trivial or great. And fitting it is that we should thus be scrutinized. For to the public-school system which fur-

nishes an education to all who will avail themselves of it, both elementary and advanced, we are indebted.

We send forth this Annual to the public as an index to show that the opportunities which they have provided in bringing within our reach the means of attaining a good education have been wisely offered. But would that this mirror reflect us to our view as we are reflected to others. For then we could correct the slightest blemishes of character and action, and make the endeavor to erase this homely blemish or that striking inconsistency.

Probably no year has passed since the establishment of the High School which has been a source of greater pride and satisfaction to both faculty and pupils than this. We hope that the quality and quantity of the work accomplished has reached the highest expectations of the faculty. Marked improvements have been made in every department, and at no other

time than now since the establishment of the school, have we been able to say that the proper facilities for the attainment of the ends sought for, have been within our reach.

The Board of Education, which made such a liberal expenditure a year ago for the enlargement of the school, may feel satisfied that its munificence will never cause it regrets, and that the High School will be productive of even better results in the future than in the past.

During the past year the following changes have been made in the faculty. Mr. Hugo J. Walthers, having been appointed a Fellow of Columbia College, resigned his position as instructor of German. Mr. Charles F. Kayser, who has studied Classical Philology at the universities of Heidelberg and Basal, was appointed in his place. Miss Lyon being compelled to resign on account of ill-health, has been succeeded by Miss Julia Merry.

TO the friends who, year by year, follow our progress with interest, we send out again our Annual, hoping that they will accord it the hearty welcome with which they have so kindly greeted it in former times. "The gods give chances." Now, we thought in the writing of our editorial is the chance given to us of winning eternal literary fame. We took up our pens, thinking of the weighty philosophical and ethical questions we would discuss with credit to ourselves and our Alma Mater. Alas! both cold steel and golden pen failed to give utterance to our inspiration; for instead of fine imagery and profound logic, there was a line of blots which even the most imaginative could never construe into flowers of rhetoric. We began to fear that people would not consider our treatise a treat. So in humble spirit we took up a pencil—sharpened by a school-girl—and tried to content ourselves with bringing order out of the chaos we had made.

Naturally, our thoughts first turned

to our own class: we saw the seniors wrestling with their work with ungloved hands, urged on by the thought of "next June" and "Commencement." Again, they were gazing on the glories of the heavens until earthly things grew dim by comparison; rising early and sitting up late that they might see majestic Jupiter and peerless Venus join hands; and looking at those glorious orbs shining above so bright and still, still beautiful. Fancies came into their minds; longings and lofty aspirations, but, alas! most of them, like the stars, vanished in the practical light of day. We have seen them following the fortunes of exiled Æneas, and grappling with elusive geometrical magnitudes. But they are not the only ones who deserve honorable mention. There has been advancement and improvement in all the classes, and a very pleasant innovation in which all are concerned must be recorded. A noted musician has been engaged to come and train us in singing, and on Friday afternoons the walls resound with our

efforts. A year could hardly pass without bringing many changes in its train, and some have come to us, both glad and sorrowful. The griefs of others have cast their shadows over us. One of our teachers, on account of ill-health, has left us; and another, whom we were accustomed to see daily, is now at the bedside of a sick brother. This year we have seen, too, the dark robe of the Death Angel, as he chose

from our midst some of those to whom we were strongly bound by the ties of friendship and love. We miss them and our hearts go out in sympathy to those nearer friends who sorrow in the saddened homes.

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there."

REFLECTIONS.

BY SADIE McNARY, '86.

Twilight is falling: through the fading glory
Glimmers afar a tiny point of light.
Lifting their heads like mountain summits hoary,
Out 'gainst the sky the clouds stand vast and white.

Hark! through the distance come the bells' sweet voices,
Borne on the breeze; their music lingers long,
And in its beauty all my soul rejoices,
Listening in silence to the even-song.

This is the time most fitting for reflection;
More is my mind a source of noble thought
Than when, entangled with the world's affection,
Meaner desires are with my life enwrought.

Swiftly the past before my better being,
Comes with its train of happiness and woe:
And, all abashed before my clearer seeing,
Stand darkly out the sins of long ago.

And I resolve to profit by their teaching,
Shunning the rocks on which some lives are wrecked.
Thus, my desires to higher standards reaching,
Blessed, indeed, the hours when I reflect.

See! how the clouds have parted, and are flying
 Through the dark sky like little angels' wings,
 Bearing from where there is no tear nor sighing,
 Whispers of glorious and celestial things.

Darkness has come: I hasten to my duty,
 Strengthened and rested by my quiet hour,
 Purer and better in my love of beauty,
 Sounder in heart and in the spirit power.

Prize Oration.

THE SUBLIMITY OF LABOR.

BY HERMAN BEYER.

NATURE is the grand laboratory of mankind. All that is essential to life lies scattered about in rude, chaotic masses. Nothing is molded, refined or developed for the immediate use of man. Strength is his great gift; reason, his guide; and labor, the grand offspring of their consultation. In labor, then, is found the problem of life; it is this great human agency that effects the assimilation of nature into wealth and happiness; and to it we owe the present state of our prosperity.

Labor is divine; the same Power that has imbued the universe with the essence of work, has ordained it the animation of man's soul. Observation of the unremitting forces of nature, of the unceasing revolutions of the celestial bodies, alone suffices to awaken the spirit of emulation within us.

From labor springs the divine gift—love; for love is but the pre-eminent devotion or attachment that we bear

for one another, and how is this attachment brought about if not by sharing the fruits of our respective labors? Are not the hostile dissensions of barbarians an outcome of their indolence? Unknown to work, they live by rapine, thus usurping the throne of love and widening the breach between themselves and progress. It is the mission of civilization to inculcate the principles of mutual dependence, and render barbarous sinews supple and eager to take up the work for which they are destined. Indeed, labor and love are the two grand and all-essential factors of civilization. They embody all true religion; for labor is but worship, and love its potent elixir and preserver.

Inseparably connected with labor are many important elements. Precious among these is morality. Material progress, unaccompanied by moral sentiment, is soon dissipated by vice. The causes of the downfall of nearly

every nation of antiquity, however industrious its people, may be traced to immoral and effeminate tendencies. Credit, that great cornerstone of commerce, is only confidence; and confidence is the fruit of moral labor.

Another indispensable factor of productive labor is justice. There can be no healthy progress without "the right of property." Artificial barriers are cumbersome to labor, and turn it into wrong channels. Gradually, as the people become more enlightened, the tendency is toward freedom. Thus, slavery is being universally extirpated. Experience proves that labor in bondage only *preserves*; while that blessed by liberty, *acquires*. For this reason the Feudal System, with its excess of liberty to the few at the expense of the many, gradually gave way to a more equitable form of government.

To that power which gives a healthier impetus to labor, must be accorded the undivided praise of mankind. Christianity, because of its sincerity of purpose, plainness of life and social good will, exerts a most powerful influence upon work. It is owing to its incessant toil that the viler institutions were gradually superseded by nobler ones. Again, the zeal of the Israelites is proverbial; uniting thrift with prudence, they early "converted the barren hills of Palestine into a land flowing with milk and honey." By their dispersion, mankind was early infused with the principles of spirited industry. The fanatic inclination of religious sentiments always tends to

retard progress. Intolerance robbed Spain of the industrious Jews and Moors. Persecution deprived England of the noble and pious Puritans—a people who, by their pure labor, planted the germs of this grand republic; and who, in a few years of exile, gathered art and strength enough to proclaim themselves the equal of the very empire that would cover them with disdain!

The prevalent prejudice between the physical and intellectual laborers is entirely unfounded; both are benefactors of humanity. "It is only by labor," says Ruskin, "that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated without impunity."

The core of society is composed of people whose stations in life are commensurate with their working facilities. But outside of this solid nucleus lies a floating population of idlers—people without an aim in life, who drift with any current. *They are the enemies of mankind.* Anarchy, Socialism, Nihilism, and kindred evils are the outgrowths of their indolence. They would suppress the state, sacrifice self-interest, and annihilate our greatest institutions. Let us emphasize this fact: If our civilization would be preserved, these fallacies *must be supplanted by education!* For not until the majority are properly educated will they learn to subordinate and harmonize all their facilities and efforts to *the grand principle of life—LABOR.*

Prize Essay.

TENNYSON'S WOMEN CHARACTERS.

BY ADDIE C. MARTIN.

THREE is much discussion and some little disagreement among the critics concerning Tennyson's power of character-painting. On the one hand, it is averred that he is incapable of giving the creations of his own fancy a living personality; and, conversely, it is urged that his manner of presenting characters which he has found elsewhere awakens our sympathy with each individual life, and breathes a soul into what was before but a beautiful statue.

This abstract question, however, does not enter the minds of most of Tennyson's readers; to us his characters—and especially his women—will always be living souls, with whom we have rejoiced and sorrowed.

Even in the "Dream of Fair Women," where five differing lives are linked with music, we see, with Iphigenia, how the high masts flicker and the shores waver, as the sacrificial knife nears her throat; we feel the unutterable sorrow of proud Helen, who "brought calamity where'er she came"; we glory in the sense of power which thrills us in the presence of queenly Cleopatra; we watch the glow of the morning star on the face of the maiden who was "lowered softly with a three-fold cord of love, down to a silent grave"; and for one moment we share the terror of guilty Rosamond, as the "dragon eyes of angered

Eleanor" gleam out upon us from the dark.

But the best proof of Tennyson's genius is our interest in the lives of the woman-hearts which are set in the matchless lyrics and idylls like gems in golden rings. Who can read the sad story of Enoch Arden without feeling the tenderest sympathy for poor Annie?

The undertone of pain and patience in the story of Dora comes home to us with every reading of the simple words, "Now Dora yearned towards William; but the youth thought not of Dora." We pity Mary Morrison, the laborer's daughter, whom he married "half for love and half for spite"; but we know that the closing lines of the poem are an epitome of the two characters—

* * * "and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

Edith Aylmer was like and yet unlike Dora: Dora had the firmer hold on life, and greater strength to bear whatever bitterness it brought. In Edith Aylmer's place she would have lived on until all obstacles were removed; but Edith could not live shut out from tenderness, and died while Leolin yet worked for her and loved her.

In the character of Lady Aylmer we are reminded of shallow-hearted Amy, grown "old and formal," "with a little

hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart," and she would have rejoiced had Edith yielded as Amy did,

"Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!"

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, too, who "thought to break a country heart for pastime, ere she went to town," must have become a woman like Lady Aylmer, unless she followed the poet's advice and prayed for a human heart.

Far different was the Lady Clare, who offered to resign her fortune and her love rather than live a lie; or Godiva, whose deed of charity lives in legend and song.

Tennyson's most original character, the Princess Ida, is a revelation of noble womanhood. "True, she errs, but in her own grand way." She is like a burst of sunrise, after a night among flaming gas-jets. The minor characters of the poem are scarcely less interesting: Melissa as a picture of lovely girlhood, standing "where the brook and river meet"; Psyche as a type of gentle womanliness, withal a little weak, as such women often are, and Lady Blanche as an example of a woman whose life has grown bitter through many disappointments.

Maud's face—faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null—shows through the lurid smoke of the romance which bears her name, a "passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound." We learn to love her for her lowliness; but she fades suddenly from our vision, and we scarcely know if she is dead, or if the whole poem is a dream of our own.

After all, Maud is scarcely more than

a picture in our minds; and several of Tennyson's shorter poems are vivid heart-pictures. Mariana leans from her balcony and makes her bitter moan to the midnight sky:

"Is this the end, to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?"

Beautiful Ænone leans on a vine-wreathed fragment and sings to the noon-day stillness:

"O, mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!"

The gentle village maiden pales with astonishment when she finds that her landscape painter is the Lord of Burleigh. Oriana lies dying with the arrow in her heart. Fairy Lilian laughs out at us for a brief moment. Isabel's eyes glance at us as we pass. Adeline and Margaret—delicate, ethereal, Saxon-fair—show like angels, "scarce of earth, nor all divine." The changeful face of Madeline and the stately gracefulness of Eleanor reveal themselves to us; and, last of all, we see the gardener's daughter stand, a Rose among roses, with one arm uplifted, holding the bush to fix it back.

That most exquisite lyrical idyl, "The Miller's Daughter," introduces us to the gentle Alice, and draws us onward in sympathy with her whole story. We realize the depth and steadfastness of her character, and understand her husband's prayer that they may die the self-same day.

Thoughts of Alice bring Camilla to our minds, and the strange story of the love that passed through the gates of death to a joyful resurrection day.

But perhaps the story of Lucilia is the most pitiful of all. Hers was an

ignorant, credulous nature ; but then she lived in an age when most women *were* ignorant and credulous. Her only crime was childish jealousy ; and surely she was terribly punished by the knowledge that she had caused the death of Lucretius through the philter which she had given him to restore his love.

Tennyson's great epic, "The Idylls of the King," contains characters which, although drawn from the Malory legends, he has made his own by his soul-giving descriptive power. Here we find Enid, that model of obedience and gentleness, that most loving, true-hearted wife, who was "deaf to blessing or to cursing," save from Geraint. Well might he rather die than doubt her.

And O ! "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat," who can read your story except through a blinding mist of tears ?

"O love, if death be sweeter, let me die !" she sings. Not for her a life of toil and stain. Her pure soul fled affrighted after one glance at the cruel world. Upon the black decks of the barge they laid her, "smiling like a star in the blackest night" :

"Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steered by the dumb went upward with the
flood.

In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face,—and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

Many artists have pictured this, thy journey to Camelot, O Elaine ! And yet, however beautiful their pictures, none as solemnly sweet as the one

Tennyson offers to our imagination. Many broken hearts the world over have echoed the words which were thy doom :

"To be loved makes not to love again !"

This idyl recalls the ballad of "The Lady of Shalott," who looked down to the city of Arthur after Lancelot, whose reflection she had seen in the mirror, and for this incurred the mysterious curse. She, too, floated "silent into Camelot" at the closing of the day.

It is almost a relief, after the unutterable sadness of "Elaine," to read of cruel Ettarre or wily Vivien, although we must dislike them both, and wish it were possible to deny the existence of such characters.

But, O critics, find me anywhere a pathos so tragic, a passion so real, as the passion and pathos of "Guinevere"! Who better could have depicted the preference of a young and ardent heart for "warmth and color," rather than "the pure severity of perfect light"? Who better could have shown the sudden revulsion of feeling when the height and depth of the loftier love is revealed? "We needs must love the highest, when we see it," says Guinevere.

Now, after a glance at Tennyson's women characters, we may ask, "Who else could read so closely and reveal so truly? Could anyone exalt woman to a higher place, or touch her faults so gently?"

O, revered Tennyson, may the "slow, sweet hours" bring thee "all things good," and the "slow, sad hours" never come to haunt thy peace; and in thy home across the sea, "be tended by our blessing!"

THE MUSIC SCHOLAR'S LAMENT.

BY HATTIE JOY, '86.

MY Music Teacher ! When I hear
 His quick elastic tread,
 The blood all leaves my beating heart,
 And flies into my head.

He makes me think of daggers,
 Long knives, tenpenny nails,
 Meat axes, scissor grinders,
 And bars across the jails.

They say his "style" is excellent,
 But in spite of what "they" say,
 He shows his "method" in a most
 Uncomfortable way.

For I vow that I am quite ill used,
 And you will think so, too,
 When I tell you of this teacher,
 And what he makes me do.

He makes me hold my wrists up,
 And let my hands drop down ;
 If my wrists get down, and hands up,
 Oh my ! how he does frown.

Some folks are blessed with dimpled hands,
 But mine are long and bony ;
 To pull such fingers joint from joint,
 Just shows a heart that's stony.

After I fix my fingers
 Like hooks to catch the key,
 His next instruction is, "Please count,"
 And I say, "One, two, three."

He asked one day, "What note is that ?"
 With voice that made me quake,
 In time I ventured to say, "A,"
 Said he, "'Tis a mistake."

Would you believe he ties my eyes,
 And makes me "go it blind."
 He tries to make it dark to me,
 I don't think that is kind.

If, accidentally, I use
 What's called an accidental,
 (You know sometimes the notes will dance
 Before one's vision mental,)

He has a way that's all his own,
 Of rolling up his eyes,
 And saying, "Madam, I perceive
 You can extemporize."

He gives his pupils "trifling things,"
 Mere "studies" as he'll call them ;
 With sharps and flats, and stops and runs,
 That puzzle and appall them.

Sometimes I have my lesson,
 But he always frightens me,
 So that when I begin to play,
 I can't tell A from B.

He'll likely say just as he makes
 His bow to go away,
 "Good afternoon ; I hope you'll have
 A lesson on next day."

SOME men rise ; others fall. In this great struggle of life, man's chief aim is to reach the highest round on the ladder of success. Although some may fall to the bottom, they will again endeavor to rise. Others will lie there,

grumbling and complaining that Fortune is against them. Let us not follow the example of these. Let us always persevere, and not be cast down by misfortune.

MAX HENRY, '85.

PORTIA.

BY MARTHA L. WEBB, '85.

AMONG all of Shakespeare's women characters, there can scarcely be found one sweeter, truer or more to be admired than Portia.

We love Ophelia's gentle, reserved spirit; we sympathize with her in the hour of her trouble; for her sad and untimely death we mourn, and our tears follow her to the grave. When Portia steps before us, clothed in that beauty with which Nature is wont to array her favorite children, we are inspired with a different feeling from that with which we first beheld Ophelia—the one we loved; the other we almost worship.

Nor was beauty all that she possessed, for Fortune had also smiled upon fair Portia, and had given the richest setting to hold so priceless a gem.

That she was loved and admired we know. The Prince of Morocco said:

"The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia."

Surrounded thus by all those things which are wont to make life happy, we cannot help a feeling of surprise when at her very first words we discover a cloud in her otherwise clear sky, and we wait with impatience to see whether it will not pass quietly away without casting a shadow over this young life which promises so much.

It was not merely the choice of a husband that depended upon those caskets, but there depended on that choice the making or marring of her

life. What joy could there be for her if one in whom her spirit found nothing to respect should rightly choose? what harmony, if in him no sympathetic chord responded to her gentle emotions?

This was no small trouble. Had Portia held her father's dying wish with less reverence—had she been a less faithful daughter, she would not have considered herself bound by such a will.

We rejoice with her when the first six wooers return to their homes without choosing. We knew, even before she said so, that there was not one among them but she doted on his very absence.

Then the Prince of Morocco comes. As he ponders over the inscriptions, though he reasons well, still there appears at times a certain self-esteem, a self-praise that must have displeased Portia, even had his complexion found favor in her sight. When he chooses the contrary casket, we can almost hear her half-breathed sigh of relief.

When the Prince of Arragon comes, we find her still determined to be chosen in the manner which her father devised. He also fails, and we are not sorry.

When Nerissa tells her of the arrival of Bassanio, the only man among her many friends whom she remembers with favor, we can almost see her blush of joy. We cannot chide her for wishing him to tarry before choosing, when we think how much depended on that choice.

Before, when a suitor had been mak-

ing his choice, she had trembled for fear that the right casket might be taken; but now she fears that the wrong one may be chosen. This was a much more trying ordeal than any she had before experienced. Should Bassanio fail, how could she become the wife of another! But Bassanio does not fail. Portia's cloud has a silver lining.

Hitherto, Portia has been to us a beautiful young girl. Now, she suddenly blossoms into womanhood, and we lose the girl who charmed us, in the noble and dignified woman whom we admire.

Her gentle courtesy is shown in her welcome to Bassanio's friends. With a woman's quick instinct, she discovers the change produced upon her husband-elect by the sad news received, and her sympathetic nature seeks to find the cause, that she may share half the sorrow. When the affair is made known to her, her generous character is displayed by the haste with which she wishes to send her lover with substantial help to his friend. She desires him

to marry her first, that she may the better carry out a design her ever-ready wit has devised to save this much-honored friend of Bassanio.

It is in the execution of this plan that we find her in court, attired in judges' apparel, filling the place of the learned Doctor Bellareo, showing so much wisdom and dignity that even her husband does not recognize her. In her pleading with the Jew, we lose sight of the woman. So, indeed, do we all through the trial, as she leads the Jew first to think that his cruel bond will be lawfully granted, and then shows him that by taking the forfeiture his own life is endangered; thus compelling Shylock, who came to the court demanding justice, to beg for mercy.

After obtaining the release of Antonio, the learned doctor is gradually transformed to the noble woman Portia, whose chief wish is to hasten home before her husband.

Thus fades Portia from view—a wise, noble, generous, womanly woman; a woman to love and admire, to reverence and serve.

A SHORT time ago Prof. Ellis, desiring to ascertain the vocal powers of the male members of the Senior Class, requested them to undertake the ascent of the scale.—A deathly silence prevails. The arm of the instructor, the centre of attraction, is slowly raised. Like a flash the arm descends, the deathly silence is broken, and a melancholy wail of one courageous member

causes consternation and dismay. The members, urged on by the heroic spirit of this one young man, with determined countenances and with earnest desires to excel the first attempt, again undertake the perilous ascent. But alas! overcome by their first exertions, they fall from the lofty heights to the rugged bottom, a company utterly routed and disheartened.

DEMOSTHENES AND WEBSTER.

BY WINTHROP GATES, '85.

IN comparing these great orators, we must keep in mind the widely-separated periods in which their orations were delivered. In ancient times there were few books. Every story, legend, etc., had to be transmitted by word of mouth. Consequently the art of telling a thing effectively was much more cultivated than it is now. Every youth was put through a systematic course of oratorical training. Oratory thus became very widely diffused and very generally practiced. Besides this, in the time of Demosthenes, the people did not reason accurately nor deeply, but were more given to impulse. Their principles were not fixed. They were warm in their feelings, passionate in their desires, and easily aroused. Hence oratory received very great encouragement.

Webster, on the other hand, lived in a practical age. Men nowadays are not so apt to be influenced by an elegant oration delivered in a flowery style, as by a speech garnished with facts and containing sound arguments. In the time of Demosthenes the people allowed their feelings to run away with their common sense. But in Webster's time they set aside all flowery talk and gave their attention to the thoughts and arguments he was uttering. Demosthenes spoke to the fierce, warlike democracy of Athens; Webster, to the

cold, calculating United States Senate.

Between the styles of Webster and Demosthenes there is a marked similarity. They were both logical orators. Their aim was to convince. They did not endeavor to utter a graceful, pleasing address, but gave their whole attention toward obtaining entire possession of their hearers' minds. Neither did they attempt to use pleasing gestures and fine intonations, but sacrificed these minor points to the one great aim. They did not spread themselves out and talk around the subject, but presented a number of strong arguments all directed to one common point, and bearing directly upon the question in hand. Both of these orators carried their audiences by storm. When Demosthenes arose to speak the whole concourse of Athenians would hoot at him in derision, but when he concluded they were ready to cry, "Let us march against Philip." Webster could change the vote of the senate and win the majority over to his side by a single masterly address. Their orations consisted of strong arguments mingled with strong appeals. After putting forth a fact in such a manner that their hearers could not help but understand it, they would suddenly break forth into a passionate appeal, addressed to feelings by which all were actuated.

A GOOD CAUSE MAKES A STOUT HEART.

BY FRANK H. BOYLE, '86.

COURAGE is a natural quality possessed by all, yet, under certain circumstances, may often be increased or diminished. This quality is always strengthened when we are conscious that we have the right on our side—that our cause is one of honor and justice.

A person who is conscious that he is in the right is never ashamed; and, as shame is cowardly, so the absence of it tends towards making him morally courageous.

Then, too, a person who is doing wrong is in constant dread of being discovered, and this unmans him and makes him a moral coward; while, on the other hand, were he in the right he would fear nothing. A thief will start at the slightest sound and run away, but a soldier, fighting for the right, will go where he knows it is certain death.

A desire for the approbation of others will further encourage one in the right, for there is no man, however corrupt, who does not admire courage in the cause of truth and justice. Even to fail in a good cause is honorable; and, though men may laugh at and ridicule the one who fails, still they cannot but secretly admire him.

While he who is in the right is always fearless, he who is doing wrong is afraid to be seen by his fellow-men—he is in constant dread of detection and punishment; and the conviction that he is

maintaining the wrong against one who is armed with a consciousness of the rectitude of his cause, will have a terrible influence both upon the moral and physical courage of one who, at any other time, is most courageous.

We have many illustrations from history of the courage with which a soldier for the right is endowed. Leonidas, at the Pass of Thermopylae, bravely opposed a million of the best soldiers of Persia with but three hundred men. William Tell, with a handful of adherents, boldly resisted and even repulsed an Austrian multitude. These men furnish us with noble instances of the courage with which one is inspired who fights for the right. As Lord Bacon has tersely said: "When the mind proposes honorable ends, not only the virtues, but the duties also, are ready to assist." His great contemporary, Shakespeare, has said: "Conscience is a dangerous thing; it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom and fills one full of obstacles."

If we would not be cowards, we must be sure that we have the right on our side; for, if we have not, we will inevitably distrust our own success, and be unable to do justice to the cause in which we are engaged.

THE SCHOOL GIRL'S PSALM OF LIFE.

BY M. B. HAINES, '87.

TELL me not in scornful numbers,
 That our lives so idle seem,
 While the Latin that we study,
 Gives us nightmares, makes us dream.

Life in school is stern and earnest,
 Study, study, all the day ;
 But at time of recitation,
 All we've learned is far away.

No enjoyment and no sorrow,
 Have we time for on our way,
 While the lessons of to-morrow,
 Press upon our minds to-day.

Let us, then, strive hard and study,
 Hoping as we patient wait,
 That relief from endless lessons,
 Come ere death makes it too late.

Physics from our brains is flying,
 Algebra's not understood ;
 You may hear us sadly sighing,
 Wishing for a memory good.

Lives of wise men all remind us,
 That we must not mourn or pine,
 For we each may learn a little,
 Word by word, and line by line.

Something that perhaps another,
 Not so wise or bright as we,
 Some used up and worn out brother,
 Copies quick as he can see.

PRIZES OF 1884.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the class in German during the year—Edward Goeller Prize—HENRY W. HELLER, Jr.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift of the Gentlemen of '79—JOSEPH BATAILLE.

For the best Declamation (June 6, 1884)—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of '77—1st, CHARLES PIEZ; 2d, JESSE HEDDEN.

For the best Recitation (June 6, 1884)—Gift of the Alumni—1st, CARRIE LARTER; 2d, EMMA FEICK.

For the Best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—HERMAN BEYER.

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics during the four years—J. L. Johnson Medal—CHARLES PIEZ.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship of the entire class, as shown by the final examination—George B. Swain Medal—MINNIE VOSBURGH.

For the best Rhetorical work during the year by the young ladies—Tichenor Medal—A. C. MARTIN.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the entire class during the year—Hovey Medal—IDA BOWERS.

A JOURNEY.

BY JOS. BUZBY, '87.

I HAD been closely confined to business for a number of years, and I began to find that my over-taxed system needed a little relaxation, so I decided to take a tour throughout the country, commencing with our national Capitol at Washington. After making all necessary preparations, I put on my hat and overcoat, and, with valise in hand, started for the depot.

I had gone but a short distance when I met two gentlemen with whom I was acquainted, coming down the steps of the First National Bank, and I noticed they also had valises. After the first salutation, I said to them, "Where now, gentlemen?" and they said, "To Washington; that they were going off for a little recreation." I laughed outright; it seemed such a singular coincidence. When I told them that I, too, was going there, they were heartily glad and invited me to join them.

As we were then at the depot, we purchased our tickets for a parlor car, and determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We had not waited long when the old "iron horse" came thundering into the depot, and we soon boarded the train and were whirled away towards our point of destination. We were comfortably seated and I was explaining to Mr. Vaughn and Brinkerhoff what I proposed to do, when we were startled by a cry, but it proved to be only a baby who, with its

mother, was seated at the farther end of the car; so we resumed our conversation, and I told them my intentions were, after visiting Washington and its suburbs, to go on to Richmond, Va., and to continue on to Florida, stopping off at the principal cities on the route for a day or two at a time, and remain in Florida till warmer weather; then I proposed to go west, not for the purpose of exterminating the Indians, but for the gratification of a long-felt desire to visit many places of interest; of which the most prominent were the great Mormon centre, Salt Lake City, and Yellowstone Park, and, if not too much fatigued, the Yosemite Valley. They were pleased with my plan, and said they would like to join me if they could arrange their business so to do.

After a very pleasant ride, we arrived at Washington, and went at once to the hotel, and after refreshing ourselves, retired for the night. On the following day we set out to visit the places of interest: of course we wended our way to the Capitol, and were delighted as well as astonished at the magnificence of the structure; and were anticipating a very enjoyable time, when our friend Brinkerhoff was seized with a dizziness in his head and became very faint; we had to call a coach and get him back to the hotel and summon a doctor. The physician said "he was threatened with brain

fever, but thought if we moved him immediately we might get him home." So, of course, I could not forsake them, and we soon had him made as comfortable as possible in a sleeper, and were whirling back again over the

same ground that we had so recently traveled.

Well, we conveyed him safely home and he had a very severe and dangerous illness; therefore my travels are yet in prospect.

A VISIT TO DREAMLAND.

BY LAURA V. C. STEWART, '87.

TWAS the 24th of December, 18—. We had just finished decorating the house, and were waiting for the sleigh to arrive to convey us to the church, for that still remained to be trimmed.

My work had been completed for some time; and now that all the rest had gone to prepare for church, I went into the library, drew a large easy chair up to the open fire, and made myself comfortable.

I was just thinking how long they were dressing, when, in the midst of the light-blue flames that flickered over the burning coal, there stood a little fairy. She was dressed in the plainest grey, but her eyes were as black as a piece of coal, and shone like balls of fire. Her cheeks and lips were crimson red, and her voice sounded like the crackling of embers.

"Marion Cooper," she said; and as she uttered that name I thought my eyes would pop out of my head, for how did she know my name? I had never seen her before. "Marion Cooper," she repeated, "you are now in the domain of the Queen of Dream-

land, and her majesty has sent me to conduct you to her royal presence. Come, you are now my prisoner."

At this I laughed, for this odd little being was not more than six inches high; but can you imagine my surprise when, as she walked up to me and took my hand with a vice-like grip, I found I was even smaller than she.

She led me directly to the blazing fire. In fear I exclaimed, "I am not fond of being burned"; but she replied, "Throw a piece of burning coal over your right shoulder, and all will be well." Acting upon her advice, and entirely uncertain of what the result would be, I very tenderly picked up a hot coal and threw it over my right shoulder. When I found it did not burn me in the least, I stepped boldly into the fire; but, just as we reached the centre, the draught drew us up the chimney, and we did not stop rising until we reached the clouds. Then, as I observed a white cloud sailing towards us, my companion said, "Here comes the Queen's chariot!" and as it drifted by we jumped in. But it was not like the chariots that you see in pictures

and circus parades. Oh, no ! it looked more like a handsomely-furnished reception room. It was the only one of the kind, and was even more handsome than that of his Majesty King Thunder-Cloud, which was of blue-black clouding, inlaid with grey, smoke-color and pearl.

Her majesty was of about the same size as Tiny Grey, and her name was Queen Clearweather. She wore a dress of crimson and gold, and sat on a throne of blue turquoise, which set off her dress exquisitely.

When we came in, Tiny addressed the Queen thus: "Oh, most honored and favored of queens ! I, your humble servant, have brought before you this intruder ; but I most earnestly beseech you not to punish her too severely, as she quite unintentionally and unconsciously dropped into Dreamland. Now do with her what you think best."

The Queen beckoned me to her, and inquired of me how I came to be in Dreamland. I replied that I did not know ; that I was sitting in Uncle's library waiting for my friends, and before I knew it I was fast asleep and Tiny was accusing me of trespassing upon her grounds. She said that, as a rule, she punished all intruders of my age who were found in her domain before 8 o'clock P. M., but as this was an accident and my first offence, she would forgive me ; but, before I returned to the earth, I must see all the most interesting things in her kingdom, and that of her brother, King Thunder-Cloud.

"And now, Tiny," she continued, "I want you to draw aside my curtains and smooth the wrinkles out of my

dress, for it is time for the sun to leave America." At which I exclaimed : "Now I know why we have such lovely sunsets ; we see your dress and the interior of your chariot."

I was then taken to see the sun, but had to wait some time to see him, as we must first know whether my eyes were strong enough to bear it. At last we were admitted to his presence. He wore a robe of scarlet and a crown of gold set with many gems ; but the most brilliant of all was a glorious topaz, which shone forth in dazzling splendor. But as we were so late we could only see a small portion of it, since he was putting a veil over the side next America, in order that its people might have a time to sleep.

Next we visited the moon, who welcomed us very coolly. She wore a robe of silver that shone and shimmered beautifully in the light ; a crescent crown of silver rested upon her brow. The topaz in it was a chip from that in the sun, but was almost equally magnificent.

Next we visited a few stars, and afterward went to see King Thunder-Cloud ; and when I heard him speak, I knew the sound must be what we call thunder.

He took me to the house of Prince Lightning, who wore a robe of gold, girded with a golden cord. He showed me how he made snake lightning, by shaking the cord ; sheet lightning, by shaking his robe ; and just then the light leaped forth so brightly that I jumped right out of the chariot and went down ! down ! down ! and woke to find myself sitting in the chair where I first saw Tiny Grey.

Uncle Edward had just stepped into

the library to call me, and when he lit the lamp the sudden brightness woke me.

I have since visited Dreamland many

times, but always during proper hours, but I have never seen the King, Queen or Tiny since. Have you?

WHAT I EXPECT TO DO WHEN I BECOME A MAN.

BY R. L. CORWIN, '88.

THE most important time in life is when youth throws off the cloak of boyishness and emerges a man. Young he may be, but aspiring and always eager, like the eagle, to press onward and upward, and to explore heights never before reached by mortal man.

Then he begins to think, What am I going to do? He knows that he must find something to do and not be idle, for idleness breeds vice. After choosing his profession, if he be wise he will imitate some of the men who preceded him, and who were the beacon lights in his profession.

He is young, and his anticipations and hopes are free and untrammeled as yet by the cares of manhood, which soon begin to crowd upon him thick and fast. He may become discouraged at the outset, but if he would ever conquer he must be ready for the conflict, and persevere until the battle is won.

He asks this question: Am I going to astonish the world by my honesty, virtue and wealth, or am I going to

plod and plod and never reach a higher plane than that on which I am standing?

When he starts out in life he has great hopes, and tries to distance all other men in the pursuit of knowledge, happiness and wealth. Many young men have persevered and have reached high and honorable positions, while many others have given up the struggle almost as soon as they began it.

Look at some of our most prominent statesmen of to-day! How did they attain such heights? By work. Aye! by hard work; and still they are working for the good of their country. Such men as Garfield and Lincoln were born in poverty and in humble homes, and by their perseverance, coupled with ambition, they both reached the highest place that the nation had to give them.

For my part, I wish nothing more than to be at peace with God and man, and to have a position in business in which I can support myself and family, if ever I am so happy as to have one.

THE YEAR NINETEEN EIGHTY-FIVE.

BY KATIE BELCHER, '88.

WHERE was I? Looking around, I did not recognize my surroundings. It was so dark that it was almost impossible to see, but I managed to make out that I was in a horse-car. The car looked as if it had not been swept or dusted for years. Dirt and cobwebs were very abundant, and I discovered that a spider had woven his web across my face. Occasionally I would feel one of those creatures crawling down my back.

Rubbing my eyes to make sure I was not in Dreamland, I tried to think it all out. Yes, now I remembered. Thinking I'd be late to school, I had jumped on a horse-car, but must have fallen asleep. I hurried out, fearing I'd be tardy. The cool air felt very refreshing, but, looking around, I heard a voice saying at my elbow, "Which way, madam? North Pole, South Pole, China, South America? Buy your ticket, one dollar." I faltered out that I wished to go to the High School. The man stared. Oh, you mean the University of the Higher Sciences," he said. Greatly mystified, I answered, "Perhaps it was." "Well, step right on there, and when you want to stop, push this knob." I obeyed his directions, but immediately shot forward like a cannon ball. It was a great miracle that I did not lose my balance. I could see people shooting along the street in every direction, but none whom I knew. I pressed a knob, but it

must have been the wrong one, for I fairly flew through the air. Growing desperate, I pushed all the knobs at once; when presto! change! The machine or whatever I was on stopped so suddenly that I was thrown about ten miles. Picking myself up, I found I was at what the people around me called the North Pole. Inquiring my way to Newark, I was told to go to the top of the pole, and from there I could slide down without any difficulty. So I started, at first sliding along very smoothly, but gradually going faster and faster, and then the fun began. The other people who were going down seemed to have no trouble, while my arms were going in every direction in order to keep my balance. While I was trying to see how they did it, a great burly Dutchman ran into me, and down I went, rolling, bumping, tumbling in everybody's way, until finally I rolled off at Newark. I walked toward where I was told the High School was; and, picking up a newspaper, read, "Washington, D. C., September 10, 1985. The president and her husband have just returned from a trip to the moon, which they say has been very pleasant. They went in a palace car balloon, and stopped at several interesting places in the clouds." I threw down the paper and walked on in kind of a maze.

Reaching the High School, I went to my room, but instead of my teacher

there was an officer of the Woman's Rights Association teaching. Taking up a book near me, I found that it was a Hebrew reader. The way the scholars learned their lessons was extremely interesting. They would take a book, shut it, put it on their heads, take an electric shock, and their lesson was learned. Then I heard the teacher explaining to the girls how to write compositions. They were to take a sheet of paper, upset the ink-bottle on it, put it into an electroscopical instru-

ment and their composition would be written. This convinced me that I had by mistake stumbled into Mars or Jupiter, or else was a hundred years behind time; for in my school-days compositions were a terrible reality.

My visit to the High School was abruptly brought to a close. One of the teachers, wishing to try an experiment, spied me, and putting me into an electric printing press, immediately reduced me to this manuscript.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF PENELOPE MERTON.

BY LILIAN M. COULT, '88.

NOVEMBER 29, 1620.—Knowing that this is an entirely new era in my life, I wish to begin a journal to-night—the eve of our departure for the new land. We go, not with tears and lamentations, but with hearts full of holy joy, trusting in the Lord of Hosts to be our shield against the manifold perils of the journey.

I am under the charge of the godly man, William Brewster, my parents being long dead. Though few in number, we are not unprotected, as with us is the mighty man of war, Miles Standish, who has fought so many battles in Flanders; the wise and godly John Carver, William Brewster, Edward Winslow, William Bradford, and many other valiant and upright men.

I cannot write here longer, as I must rise betimes on the morrow.

May God in his infinite mercy protect all my loved friends in England,

as well as those who share with me the perils of the deep!

DECEMBER 3, 1620.—How terrible to be alone on the ocean! Each night we go to sleep not knowing what the morrow may bring forth. But for the company of the reverend men heartening us, I fear that I would give way to idle and useless fears. Still, in the cabin it is pleasant, since many wise and pious men are there gathered. Some are famous doctors from the mighty Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, others from their quiet, country homes, while still others are men of war, valiant in battle.

Every morning and evening, one of the ministers reads to us some passages from the Word of God. And thus, with prayers and hymns and pious meditation, we beguile the hours. It is most meet that this should be the daily occupation of a people going, not

on an idle pleasure trip, but on a most stern errand ; with poverty and privation before and an unjust persecution behind. The elders hold many a long consultation over our landing place, and I confess that I am timorous about the uncertainty of our course.

FEBRUARY 5, 1620.—I have not written for a long time in my journal, not but that I am thankful for the goodness of God in delivering us from the perils of the deep, but my mind has been full of many cares. The men have been employed in building and we women in furnishing the cottages. They are not like those of Old England, but are made of rough logs, and instead of glass, the windows have in them paper oiled to admit the light. Still, we do not fret over these trivial matters, thankful if we be spared greater trials, for we have been hard pressed for food, and some of the more delicate of the women seem slowly pin-

ing away. Rose Standish, in truth, appears but a beautiful shadow. But then, the freedom of worship ! the right to serve our Maker in our own way ! these blessings compensate for many a weary trial and bitter privation. We hope that with returning spring will come strength and health to our sick ones. God grant !

The Indians trouble us not a little, lurking about and seeking the lives of our men. Although the Lord hath been pleased to deliver his servants from their snares thus far, Miles Standish says that soon they must come to open war, and that without war there can never be peace. Pious man that he is, and charitable withal, I can see that he wearies for the strife. The Mayflower lies at harbor in the bay—the solitary link between ourselves and our Mother Country ; but we have put our hands to the plow and we will not look backward.

AGRICULTURE AS A SOURCE OF CIVILIZATION.

BY R. M. SUTPHEN, '88.

AGRICULTURE is one of the best occupations a man can engage in. It destroys all desires for a nomadic life, by establishing a person for life on one spot. He has no inclination to wander around, because his farm supplies all his wants, while those of a nomadic disposition have no settled habitation, but roam about from place to place, whenever the pasturage gives out. Such people can never be civil-

ized, because of their unsettled life. The Arabs and American Indians are nomads, and can never become civilized until they adopt more settled habits. This the Indians have done to a great extent of late years by farming, but yet there are many who are still savages.

All savages obtain their living by fishing and hunting, while the pursuit of agriculture draws the farmer's atten-

tion to his crops, and he has no desire to hunt or fish, except occasionally for pleasure. The latter pursuit is always certain, because his harvests bring him all he needs for his own use, enough for others' benefit and his own profit; while, during a severe winter, or for other reasons, game may be scarce, and he who trusts to that alone for support will be poorly off.

Those who live in the city depend on the produce of the farmer for their sustenance. They do not raise anything themselves, and so have to buy everything in the market. Therefore, if business is dull, or if they are out of employment, they sometimes find it very difficult to get along; and persons have been so dependent on their occupation as their only support that, when thrown out of employment, they did not know where they were going to get their next meal. On the other hand, the farmer experiences no such fear. He always raises enough to supply himself and also the city; but if a drought or severe storm, or anything else, should destroy a great amount of crops, he would still have enough for himself, though the city people would suffer. Thus, the farmer never feels

any anxiety about the morrow, knowing that his larder is well stored and his shelter sure, although others may suffer for want of them.

The agriculturist observes nature very carefully. By the aspect of the sky he can determine what kind of a day it is going to be, and can foretell events by the powers and signs of nature that other people know nothing about.

Agriculture also stamps a man's life with methodical habits. He ploughs and tills the ground, sows the seed and attends to the crops in the proper seasons, doing just what is required at one time, and at another what is then needed. He also takes great care not to plant the same thing twice on the same field, for, if he did, that plant would consume all the soil of one kind it needed and would no longer flourish, while the soil left would be the proper kind for another plant. Thus it is, that he who cultivates the soil for the benefit of others is the most useful of men. An economist has declared that the product of the fields in one year is more valuable than the capital of the whole world; and, indeed, if the farmers should stop supplying the market, the world would very soon starve.

"The highest and best courage is true moral courage. He that dares to do right in the face of opposition; who can resist temptation with all her alluring charms; who can say 'No' decidedly, when conscience whispers it; he who would listen to that inward monitor and heed it as the voice of God speaking to him, has, to my mind, true moral courage."—J. B., '87.

AN OMISSION.

We beg to be excused for omitting to mention the award of the Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal with the other prizes:

For the Best Final Essay of the Young Ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—ADELINE C. MARTIN.

MARRIED.

Miss Lucille M. Wilde, Class of '81, to Mr. J. Newton Williams.
Miss Alice Dawes, Class of '82, to Mr. George Grey.
Miss Minnie Baldwin, Class of '79, to Mr. Edward H. Peck.
Miss G. Estelle Ross, Class of '77, to Mr. William Ross.
Miss Josephine Rogers, Class of '81, to Mr. William Guild.
Miss M. Caroline Keen, Class of '72, to Mr. William Adams.
Miss Florence A. Miller, Class of '80, to Mr. Henry Schwazkopf.
Miss Essie Morris, Class of '78, to Mr. Horace Van Sant, Class of '77.
Miss Mary D. Sims, Class of '76, to Prof. George A. Parker.
Miss Alice M. Hulshize, to Mr. Edward Allen, Class of '79.

DIED.

ALLIENE NICHOLS, Class of '82.
EMMA HARTSHORN, Class of '84.
JESSIE W. DURLAND, Class of '86.
OSCAR SMITH, Class of '88.
W. G. RUSSELL, JR., Class of '88.

It was with great grief that we heard of the death of MRS. HALLECK, a most excellent and accomplished lady. Her life was one of great usefulness to all those with whom she was associated. She was formerly a teacher in the Newark Public High School, from whence she was appointed as Preceptress of the Ninth Ward School. After remaining there a few years she established a private school. Wherever she went she was respected and honored, and her friends are doubtlessly sorely afflicted by her death.

Our voices took a higher range,
Once more we sang "they do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

MONTAGU NOTES.

AMONG the voluminous correspondence of the Montagu Society was recently found an old letter, yellow and covered with the sacred dust of time. The aforesaid dust having been dislodged, the contents were investigated. The letter was dated 1866, and was written by a Newark gentleman, in answer to a request to suggest a name for a new society to be formed at the High School. As its object was chiefly literary, he complied by giving a sketch of the life and letters of Lady Mary Montagu, a contemporary of Pope, and suggesting that the society be named in her honor. The name was accepted with acclamation, and to this day the Montagu Society has prospered and flourished. It has changed presidents but three times during its existence, the latest and best books are continually being added to its library, the leading magazines are subscribed for, and its hundred members are thus furnished with the best literature and enabled to keep fully abreast of the times.

SOMETIMES a little deviation from the ordinary routine, something out of the usual line, is refreshing as snow in summer. Such refreshment was accorded us a short time ago in the shape of a very pleasant variation in our programme. Several choice spirits of the Senior class, with that wonderful adaptability for which they are noted, formed themselves into a private theatrical company and rendered "The Ele-

vator" with tolerable success. The stage furniture was meager enough, but inspired by the example of the early dramatists, they made one typical article do duty for any amount of fancied scenery; the genius and imagination of the audience working the required transformations. The plot seemed simple to beholders, but true art is to conceal art, so it must needs have been artful simplicity. When the curtain (typically) rises on scene first, the charming hostess is having a domestic chat with her lord and master (he is a rather mild specimen); is in a pretty flutter of excitement over the success of her dinner and the non-appearance of her expected guests; but presently "merely a father" arrives and claims her attention. Soon other guests appear, but not all; where can they be? They have sent no regrets; what could have detained them? The plot goes on deepening, the mystery grows darker and the dinner colder. But hark! a sound creeps though the stillness of the night! It is a cry for help from some strange quarter. They trace it to the elevator, and now the mystery is fathomed, the lost is found; for here, suspended between earth and heaven, i. e., the fourth and fifth stories, hang the missing guests. The elevator is stuck and refuses to go up. Consternation prevails, many Utopian schemes are advanced for their rescue, but it is finally effected by an interposition of common sense and the advice to go down if they can't come up, and

the survivors of the elevator wreck finally reach the harbor of safety by other means than that treacherous machine. Those who take the parts of the sterner sex comport themselves with rare and manly dignity, and if sometimes rather blunt and plain, "tis but their nature to." The sentimental tableaux at the end is characteristic and very suggestive of further developments.

Though so wanting in stage decoration, the costumes were extremely picturesque. Brothers at home searched

in vain for missing neck-ties, little dreaming how that article flourished within our scholastic walls. The professor's hats and coats were called into requisition, the fit of which sent the audience off into paroxysms of laughter. The only superfluous article was a slender bamboo cane which the feminine hands seemed at loss how to use. On the whole, the affair was a success, and ended amid great applause from the vast assembly, who showered the retiring artists with rare, exotic paper roses.

WE have received the following communication from members of the Class of '77:

"We would like to make a suggestion in regard to the Alumni Association, which meets but once a year as a body, and thus is compelled to limit the discussion of important matters to a few hours. The suggestion is this: Let each class, at the time of graduation,

form a permanent organization and appoint regular times of meeting. The object is to keep up a friendly class feeling and an interest in the welfare of the school. It would also be an important adjunct to the Alumni. This plan has been followed out by the Class of '77, and has been found to work admirably well."

MEMBERS OF '77.

ECHOES FROM THE SENIOR CLASS OF GIRLS.

IT is characteristic of this age to read into books a great deal that the author never thought of. The young ladies of the senior class of the N. P. H. S. exhibit the same tendency. Shaw's "English Literature" is said to be the authority for the following: Daniel Defoe founded the Prudential Insurance Company, a fact probably not generally known in Newark. Julius Cæsar invaded England after the accession of the Stuarts. William and Mary reigned before their father. Gib-

bon was the son of his rich grandfather: Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, also Jane Hathaway, also Mary Arderne; and yet, Shakespeare left very few relicts!

Teacher—"Of what was Socrates accused?" Pupil—"Of teaching the immorality of the Bible."

Teacher—"Why was Edward called the Confessor?" Pupil—"Because he refrained from out-door sports and did not go hunting."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cutting mistake.—It was meant for Board of Directors, but the printer had it Board of Dissectors.

By a provision of the Board of Education, Prof. Ellis, instructor of vocal music at the Brooklyn Polytechnic School, has been appointed instructor of vocal music at the High School.

THE 18th day of April having been set aside as Arbor Day, the senior class of '84 assembled on the Linden street side of the school and planted a beautiful Maple tree. Rhetorical exercises in both departments then followed.

DURING the past year the following matrimonial events among the members of the Faculty took place. Mr. A. Baxter Merwin to Miss Kate J. Conklin, December 22, 1884; Mr. George C. Sonn, class of '75, to Miss Ada D. Honness, April 9, 1884.

OF the class of '84, Messrs. William Wiener, Alfred Wiener, and George Warren, Jr., attend Columbia College School of Arts. Messrs. Jesse W. Hedden and Emanuel Isenberg are at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Miss Grace Miller has entered Wellsley College. Mr. George B. Schulte, of the class of '85, has entered Philips Exeter Academy.

"MAN is like a book: his birth is the Title-page; his baptism is the Epistle

Dedicatory; his groans and crying are the Epistle to the Reader; his infancy and childhood are the Argument or Contents of the whole ensuing Treatise; his life and actions are the Subject or Matter of the book; his sins and errors of his life are the Errata or faults escaped in the printing, and his repentance is the Correction of them."

"THE gentlemen of the class of '84 have decided to offer to the gentlemen of the graduating class of the Newark Public High School a prize for the best essay on one of the following subjects: "Matthew Arnold," "Granting of the Magna Charta," "Gordon's Fate," "The Advisability of a Foreign Policy for the United States," "Dynamite and Civilization." The prize will be announced hereafter and awarded at the Commencement exercises in June."

A FEW weeks ago the Chairman of the Hesperian Society appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. Mc Kenzie, Pfister and Lehlbach, for the purpose of selecting suitable books for the Hesperian library. The Committee, after a few weeks' deliberation, recommended that the following books be purchased: Hawthorne's novels, Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," Webster's orations, Hallam's Middle Ages. At the last meeting of the Society the requisite amount was voted for the purchase of the books.

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City Superintendent of Public Schools.

WILLIAM N. BARRINGER.

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JOHN DUNLAP, A. M., 1866–1870.

LEWIS M. JOHNSON, A. M., 1870–1871.
EDMUND O. HOVEY, PH.D., 1871—.

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EDMUND O. HOVEY, PH.D., PRINCIPAL,
Latin and Chemistry.

MISS CLARA WOODWARD GREENE, VICE-PRINCIPAL,
Geometry and English Literature.

JAMES M. QUINLAN, A. M.,
Rhetoric and English Literature.

A. BAXTER MERWIN, A. M.,
Latin and Greek.

GEORGE C. SONN,
Political Economy and Natural Science.

WILLIAM C. SANDY,
Commercial Studies.

HENRY T. DAWSON, PH.D.,
Mathematics.

CHARLES F. KAYSER,
German.

W. A. ELLIS,
Vocal Music.

MISS LYDIA F. REMICK,
Latin and Rhetoric.

MISS B. FLORA CRANE, PH.M.,
Mathematics and Rhetoric.

MISS ISADORE M. WINANS,
Latin and Natural Science.

MISS ARDELIA H. ALLEN,
Mathematics and Natural Sciences.

MISS MILLIE A. FORSTER,
MISS LUCY M. FREER,
MISS MARY A. RICHARDS,
MISS JULIA MERRY,
Latin and English Branches.

MISS NATALIE ANTZ,
Drawing.

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<i>1st Vice-President,</i>	WILLIAM L. HAZEN.
<i>2d</i> “	MISS ANNA TICHENOR.
<i>Recording Secretary,</i>	WILLIAM A. BROWN.
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<i>1st Financial Secretary,</i>	CHARLES HEWITT.
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<i>Assistant Historian,</i>	MISS MARY COLEMAN.

Member of Executive Committee.

MISS JULIA HOLLOWAY.

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<i>Treasurer.</i>	EMMA V. CAMPBELL.
<i>Librarians.</i>	MAY M. BUTE. LEILA W. SUTPHEN. LIZZIE LANDMESSER. JULIA L. HOCHKINS.

LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class.—Ladies.

Baldwin, E. Belle	Harrison, Helen M.	Samuel, Ida
Baldwin, Jessie B.	Healy, Julia W.	Simpson, Amy
Barnett, Joanna G.	Hill, Nellie	Smith, Lizzie J.
Beach, Hattie J.	Hochkins, Julia L.	Spaeth, Florence L.
Bedford, E. Jennie	Horn, Tillie	Squire, M. Irene
Beebe, May E.	Hovey, Laura F.	Stapff, Julia L.
Berry, Estelle V.	Jerolemon, Lillian B.	Starbuck, May E.
Betts, Maggie E.	Kirk, Isabel M.	Stimus, Ella L.
Campbell, Emma V.	Klotz, E. Ella	Sutphen, Leila W.
Cone, Anna G.	Landmesser, Lizzie	Tucker, Lizzie D.
Cornish, Lydia R.	Leonard, Emma L.	Van Houten, Lizzie L.
Courtois, Trinette H.	Lyle, Corinne J.	Van Patten, Evelyn M.
Crockett, Clare B.	Mock, Katie E.	Vreeland, Eva M.
Doremus, Lyde C.	Moore, Saidee F.	Webb, Martha L.
Eagles, Annie M.	Neumann, Stella A.	Willis, Belle
Fitzgerald, Helen D.	Nichols, May W.	Wiss, Augusta A.
Garabrant, Laurilla	Osborne, Clara L.	York, Ella
Gould, Minnie D.	Putnam, Mattie D.	Young, Alice E.
Gogl, Minnie	Rawle, Anne Isabel	

Senior Class.—Gentlemen.

Franks, Joseph	Matthews, Edward E.	Rowe, Charles T. B.
Gates, Winthrop	McKenzie, William H.	Sargeant, S. Harry
Henry, Max	Pfister, Joseph C.	Scarlett, Andrew
Hood, Charles	Poole, George E., Jr.	Spence, Archie
Kalisch, Burnham	Preston, William E.	Thompson, Henry L.

Junior Class—S Division.—Ladies.

Belletaire, Annie	Goble, Hattie W.	McNary, Sarah
Bimbler, Marie	Goldsmith, Julia	Mershon, Bessie D. W.
Bingham, Cora E.	Grice, Edith E.	Provost, Annie M.
Brunner, Ella E.	Harley, Mary	Rice, E. Leonora
Bundy, Zilla A.	Harley, Josephine	Romine, Carrie L.
Cobb, Jessie	Henderson, Annie	Sayre, Lillie G.
Copley, Lillie L.	Hines, Emma L.	Soden, M. Annie
Dawson, Grace	Hopping, Fannie A.	Sonn, Lydia
Egbert, Edna C.	Jackson, Hattie	Warren, Edith H.
Eunson, Sara A.	King, Charlotte	Woodruff, Julia
Faux, Myrtle	Leary, Helen	
Felix, Mary	Looker, Antoinette	

Junior Class—N Division.—Ladies.

Amerman, S. Amelia
 Bergfels, Annie S.
 Burrage, Jennie E.
 Cain, Minnie A.
 Clark, Mabel L.
 Coates, Hattie D.
 Davies, Minnie
 Deidrick, Hortense
 Eichhorn, Grace L.
 Felts, Florence

Fine, Estella
 Fitzgerald, Jennie B.
 Gilbert, Anna H.
 Hochkins, Carrie E.
 Hunt, Eunice R.
 Iliff, C. Blanche
 Jones, Helen W.
 Joy, Hattie S.
 Layland, Alice
 Leucht, Alice

Lobdell, Lillie I.
 Mershon, Emma F.
 McIntyre, Addie
 Peters, Minnie L.
 Price, Josephine
 Seymour, Rachel M.
 Stewart, Joanna S.
 Utter, Ella D.
 Wilson, Susie M.
 White, Annie R.

Junior Class.—Gentlemen.

Anthony, Walter G.
 Bacheller, Harry
 Baldwin, Lorenzo R.
 Boyle, Frank H.
 Burnet, Edward P.
 Clark, Joseph W.
 Genung, Alfred V.

Gould, John G.
 Hazen, Aaron C., Jr.
 Lelhbach, Charles F.
 Levy, Harry C.
 McWhoode, Edward, Jr.
 Roll, J. Luther
 Russell, Fred. C.

Schieck, John A.
 Schwerin, Silas
 Straus, Lewis
 Thorn, George J.
 Webner, Fred.
 Woodhull, D. Ellis
 Ziegler, Charles T.

Second Year Class—N Division.—Ladies.

Abbe, Elizabeth
 Anderson, Anna
 Bebout, Louisa
 Biebel, Henrietta
 Boylan, Alice
 Bristol, Kate
 Carlisle, Nettie
 Crane, Minnie C.
 Daly, Nellie A.
 DeVausney, Elinor S.
 Driscoll, Beulah B.
 Ellis, Griselda
 Etheridge, Elva F.
 Fithian, Emma
 Gray, Lizzie W.
 Gray, Jessie
 Haines, Mattie B.

Haring, Florence A.
 Hendrick, May E.
 Johnson, Lyda
 Jones, Edith P.
 Kanouse, Sarah L.
 Kempe, Carrie
 King, Belle M.
 Martin, Dell L.
 McKenzie, Annie I.
 Naundorff, Minnie
 Nebinger, Tillie C.
 Parker, Emma
 Peal, Amelia E.
 Pierson, Lillian M.
 Poinier, Helen S.
 Ridler, F. Louise
 Ruckelshaus, Lillie

Seymour, Flora E.
 Sheridan, Lottie
 Smith, Mattie C.
 Snow, Mary G.
 Sode, Laura E.
 Speer, Agnes C.
 Sullivan, M. Florence
 Sutphen, Julia A.
 Sutherland, Alice M.
 Symons, Evelyn
 Taylor, Florence
 Van Houten, Sadie E.
 Westervelt, Anna A.
 Widmer, Josephine A.
 Winans, Lizzie H.
 Woodhull, Lillian E.

Second Year Class—S Division.—Ladies.

Baldwin, Josie
 Baldwin, Anne Lou
 Barnett, Edith C.
 Blewett, Willmia
 Bolton, Amy
 Boss, Minnie A.
 Brown, Maggie

Bruen, Mary
 Burnett, Cilla
 Clark, May F.
 Coleman, Emma L.
 Contrell, Lizzie
 Cook, Addie W.
 Courtois, Annie R.

Crane, Louise
 Curtis, Clara I.
 Davey, Viola
 Dickerson, Laura
 Dunn, Kittie F.
 Elder, Louise
 Fairlie, Jessie W.

Fine, Carrie H.
 Gauch, Lizzie E.
 Gay, Minnie E.
 Haines, Florence
 Haythorn, Helen
 Hedden, Edith M.
 Henchel, Juliette
 Horschel, Jennie F.
 Hymes, Sarah L.
 Izon, Minnie

Jennings, Maggie
 Kanouse, Laura
 Katz, Emma
 Lumb, Sarah
 Moore, Jennie B.
 Pruden, Ella D.
 Reeve, Jennie
 Reeve, Nellie E.
 Roberts, Grace A.
 Schwab, Clara

Smith, Emma A.
 Smith, Ida M.
 Smith, Sarah R.
 Stewart, Laura V. C.
 Stokem, Anna C.
 Tichenor, Ida
 Turner, Ada M.
 Wangner, Magdalene
 Ward, Carrie W.
 Wright, Mary Jane

Second Year Class.—Gentlemen.

Bartow, George E.
 Bird, John, Jr.
 Birt, William W.
 Blake, Edward J.
 Block, Ottomor
 Bode, William J.
 Bolton, Harry T.
 Buechlein, John E.
 Buehler, William J.
 Burtchaell, Robert L.
 Buzby, Joseph E.
 Castner, John D.
 Clark, Francis H.
 Clymer, George E.
 Cobb, Fred. L.
 Coney, Edward A.
 Crane, Frank S.
 Crane, Herbert
 Edwards, Lewis A.
 Gaiser, Samuel, Jr.
 Gillott, J. Richard
 Guile, Francis
 Hann, Louie E.
 Hart, John H.
 Heinkel, George E.
 Hobart, Richard

Hoover, Thomas H.
 Hulsebusch, John C.
 Huntington, J. Henry
 Hymes, Edward
 Issler, Alfred
 Joeck, J. Adam
 Jones, Howard P.
 Kingston, George F.
 Kinsey, Frank W.
 Klein, Cornelius
 Lang, Aaron
 Lapp, William
 Lewerenz, Charles
 Lynch, James A.
 Lutes, William
 Marley, William C.
 Mathes, Louis F.
 Maybury, John
 McKirgan, George C.
 Miller, Stephen M.
 Miller, Wesley C., Jr.
 Mendel, William
 Meeker, John L., Jr.
 Meyer, August F.
 Meyer, Joseph C.
 Mueller, Carl

Nehb, John L.
 Neuman, Bertram S.
 Nolte, Henry W.
 Oltmann, Henry A.
 Pollard, Joseph E.
 Price, Samuel D.
 Quinby, Frank E.
 Rhodes, Everett
 Roalefs, Andrew L.
 Roll, C. Edwin
 Sandford, J. Rassett
 Scales, James W.
 Schaefer, George
 Schiener, Arthur E.
 Schwarz, Samuel
 Shyers, Frank R.
 Smith, Clarence P.
 Tucker, Seymour
 Turner, John J.
 Van Name, G.
 Winans, Harry V.
 Wood, Arthur C.
 Woodruff, Randolph
 Woodruff, Robert E.

First Year Class—A Division.—Ladies.

Alston, Grace
 Ackerson, Ella
 Baxter, Annie
 Blanchard, Flora
 Bourtwieser, Maggie
 Brown, Luella
 Burkhardt, Emma
 Cannon, Mary
 Coult, Lillian

Coursen, Lillian
 Dickson, Minnie
 Downs, Clara
 Elkins, Lillian
 Estee, Anne
 Fyans, Jetta
 Gogl, Claribel
 Guyer, Anna
 Hawk, Nellie

Hegerman, Georgia
 Horschel, Minnie
 Hopper, Emma
 Jeroleman, Ray
 Jones, Harriet
 Jones, Mary A.
 Kenny, Josie A.
 Leary, Teresa
 Lee, Lulu

Luff, Marian
Lyon, Florence
Martin, Edith
Michaels, Jennie
Marvin, Amy H.
Miller, Emma
Moran, Ida B.
Morris, Florretta

Preston, Margaret
Putnam, Cora V. D.
Robins, Lula
Schloss, Bertha
Schenk, Bessie
Smith, Florence
Stieger, Emma
Strauss, Helena

Tichenor, Jennie
Van Ness, Helen
Vogt, Rachel
Vliet, Flora
Wegle, Louisa
Wilkinson, Flora
Winton, Isabel

First Year Class—B Division.—Ladies.

Battles, Ruth C.
Baylis, Matilda T.
Bourne, Mary G.
Boylan, Anna M.
Bradshaw, Mary E.
Brokaw, Laura
Christie, Emma C.
Conant, Harriet E.
Connett, A. May
Conselyea, Mary L.
Cook, Anna L.
Crilley, Mary G.
Dillingham, Abbie M.
Dillingham, Alice
Egner, Emma L.
Force, Frances C.
Freeman, Phebe J.

Fruhauf, Sadie
Hayes, Minnie
Helmstaedter, Katie M.
Hulbert, Anna A.
Hunt, M. Alice
Janes, Jennie J.
Kempe, Gussie
Landmesser, Magdalena
Larter, Anne G.
Law, Daisie M.
Lenox, Maggie M.
Lyle, Cora B.
MacCall, Mildred
Meade, Katherine W.
Miller, Mary E.
Newman, Ida
Northrop, Lillian B.

Petry, Anna
Roalefs, Mary E.
Schmidt, Rosa
Scull, Cora B.
Smith, Emeret
Sonnekalb, Clara L.
Stevens, M. Emma
Stimis, Susie E.
Suydam, Eva S.
Taylor, Sara E.
Thompson, Julia D.
Van Ness, Ida
Wardell, Lillie M.
Warring, Gertrude
Warring, Wilhelminah
Zahn, Clara

First Year Class—C Division.—Ladies.

Andrew, Amy
Bentley, Josie
Barnard, Charlotte R.
Bines, Jessie S.
Blake, Charlotte
Bonneau, Annie E.
Brainard, Helen F.
Brown, Annie M.
Bradford, Mary A.
Bryden, Evelyn G.
Chandler, Grace M.
Chapin, Rachel
Clark, Mary E.
Conroy, Louise C.
Cornish, Mary P.
Covert, Louise A.

Egbert, Fanny
Gillott, Jessie
Hays, Fannie C.
Herman, Carrie
Hicks, Amelia J.
Hill, Margaret B.
Irvin, Flora
Johnston, Hattie M.
Jones, Irene
King, Millie G.
Labiaux, Nonnou A.
Loweree, Edith
McCrea, Mary B.
Morgan, Rose
Neilass, Kate
Payne, Synthia G.

Schenck, Elizabeth T.
Spencer, Lily A.
Stout, Jennie
Sturgis, Clara L.
Tappan, Helen
Thomas, Marion
Tillard, Alhotina
Tunstead, Emma J.
Vosburgh, K. Germond
Walton, Bertie E.
Wells, Nettie
Wesler, Mary
Williams, Edith M.
Williams, Lillian
Zimmerman, Nettie

First Year Class—D Division.—Ladies.

Ayres, Emogene	Gould, Lillian R.	Miller, Nelle R.
Bebout, Mary E.	Harrison, Leonora	Mundy, Lily
Belcher, Kate F.	Hatch, Mabel W.	Nesler, Ella H.
Bennett, May E.	Hausman, Anna M.	Newman, Minnie
Bird, Julia	Hedges, Frances L.	Reeves, Bessie E.
Birrell, Mamie A.	Hogan, Kate A.	Riley, Emma
Blue, Lizzie W.	Jennings, Fanny B.	Robertson, Florence E.
Clark, Millie L.	Jeralemon, Della	Stansbury, Josie A.
Crane, Edith T.	Johnson, Minnie M.	Tunison, Madelene
Curtis, Carrie B.	Kingston, Lauraetta	Weil, Esther
Curtis, Maggie C.	Macdonald, Minnie A.	Winans, Mabel F.
Deming, E. Grace	Mahler, Carrie L.	Winser, Beatrice
Denny, Anna B.	Martin, Alvina	Wolf, Emma E.
DeVausney, Grace E.	McKee, Jennie	Wood, Kate A.
Drummond, Adelaide	Melick, Eva	Ziegler, Nellie
Fitzgerald, Laura D.	Miles, Alice H.	

First Year Class—A Division.—Gentlemen.

Barbour, James	Gibean, Joseph	Paxton, DeWitt
Bates, D. Warner	Gould, Walter	Reeves, George
Becker, Otto	Griffiths, Chauncey	Russell, Edward
Campbell, Charles	Jacobus, Fred.	Smith, Charles
Castle, Robert	Johnson, Frank K.	Terwilliger, George
Currier, William	Kocher, Charles	Tucker, Walter
Denison, Charles M.	Kraemer, Charles	Voelcker, Julius
Feder, Hiram	McWhood, Leonard	Zahn, Fred.
Fritsche, Max	Mills, Archibald	
Genung, Waldo	Osborne, Lloyd	

First Year Class—B Division.—Gentlemen.

Alexander, Clarence H.	Gardner, Frank L.	Max, David H.
Alexander, Reginald W.	Gibbs, Edward S.	Miller, Alexander A.
Allen, Andrew S.	Graham, Thomas J.	Miller, James M.
Ayres, Edward S.	Gray, Castor W.	Morizot, August
Backus, George T.	Griffin, Martin J. L.	Obergne, Henry
Bates, Samuel A.	Groel, John C.	Peter, Alfred
Boehm, William H.	Hagemann, William H.	Richardson, Edwin A.
Book, William F.	Henson, Claudius H.	Rummell, Alfred T.
Bowles, Frank A.	Hobbis, Thomas	Schaefer, Jacob J.
Brown, Alfred C.	Huff, Godfrey D.	Schunk, Fred. F.
Chambers, John S.	King, Harry B.	Sinnock, Spencer W.
Conklin, Edward D.	Knott, William J.	Teuch, Stephen W.
Eagles, Frank F.	Leary, William M.	Toering, Emil C.
Freeman, Charles	Maltbie, Louis D.	Volker, Frank

First Year Class—C Division.—Gentlemen.

Bannister, Arthur C.	Kuhn, Otto	Teeter, John W.
Betts, Edwin	Luckmeier, Louis	Terhune, Albert W.
Bornstein, Philip	Osborn, Norwood	Terrill, Charles A.
Brokaw, Fred. D.	Russell	Thompson, Leonard
Corwin, Robert L.	Rutan, Melville M.	Tunnison, Ogden W.
De Jonge, Maurice	Ruesch, Henry	Utter, Charles H. E.
Dickson, James G.	Schmauder, William	Van Nest, John
Gould, Horace	Simpson, Walter W.	Vallweiler, Herman D.
Greenhalgh, Joseph H.	Slaight, David	Walton, Howard W.
Hartman, Augustus	Smith, Oscar	Wiener, Saul
Hunt, R. Edward	Smith, Raymond W.	Wood, Eugene
Jackson, Walter H.	Stevens, William W.	Ziegler, Herman B.

First Year Class—D Division.—Gentlemen.

Adams, Horace	Johnson, Mortimer A., Jr.	Schulz, Henry T.
Apperson, Frank	Joralemon, John H.	Scull, Samuel A.
Crater, Albert	Kaltenbach, E.	Sippel, August F.
Davies, Edward H.	Kirk, R. Edgar	Sutphen, Ralph M.
Dunham, George M.	Kitchell, Roy	Thomson, Elmer
Evenden, Wilbur M.	Maybury, Albert	Thompson, William R.
Feist, Aaron	MacNabb, Geo. O.	Vanderhoof, Frank
Gale, Edwin F.	Mertz, Arthur	Vreeland, Harry L. T.
Groom, Henry C.	Moore, Harry C.	Walker, Leon A.
Harrison, Joseph E.	Morris, Albert J.	Williams, Elwood M.
Hart, Robert B.	Norris, Fred.	Wilson, George J.
Hedden, J. Lyman	Palmer, Herbert S.	Winans, Arthur C.
Heller, Paul E.	Robertson, George H.	
Hurd, Wallace T. O.	Russell, Alexander	



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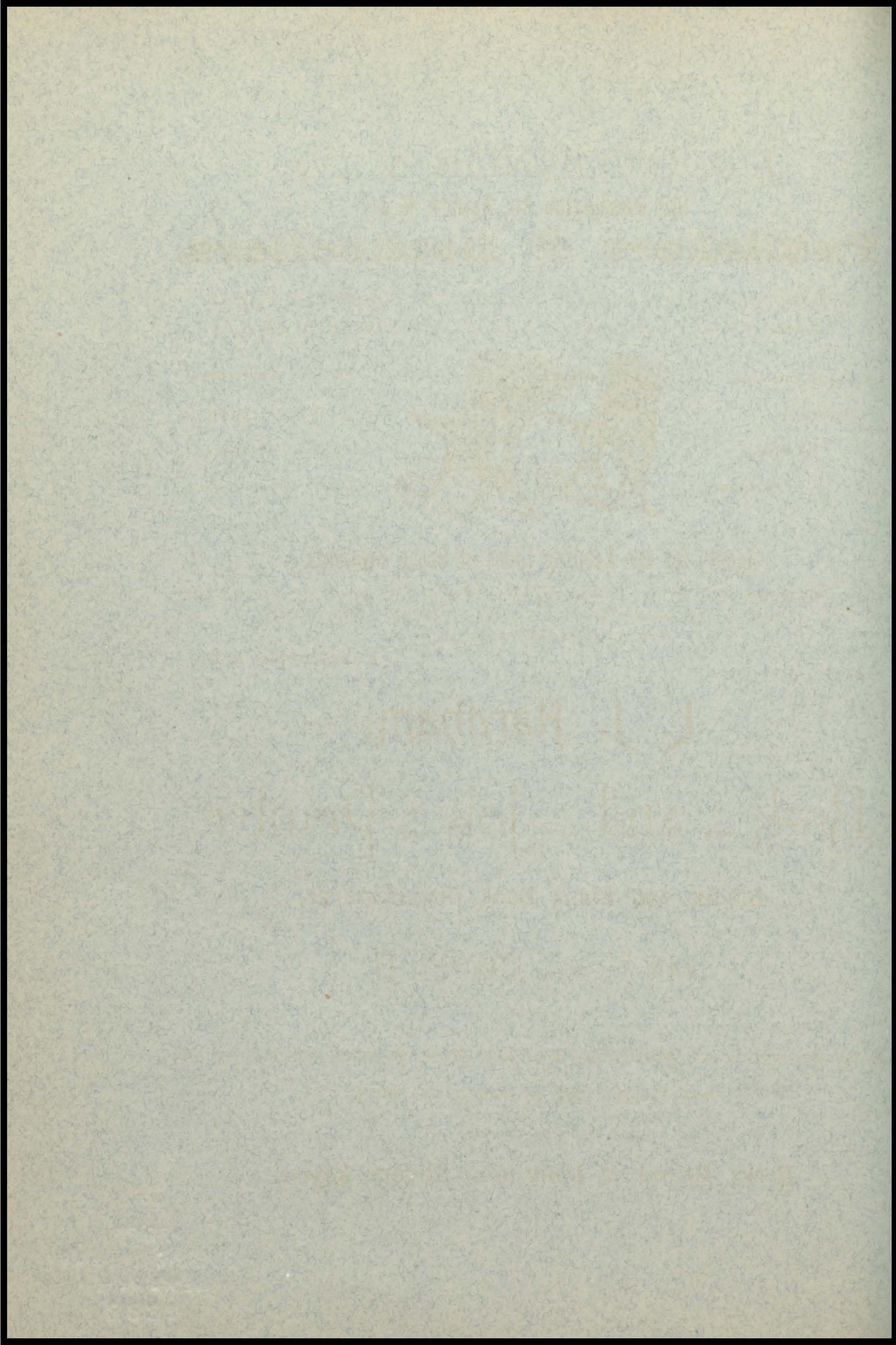
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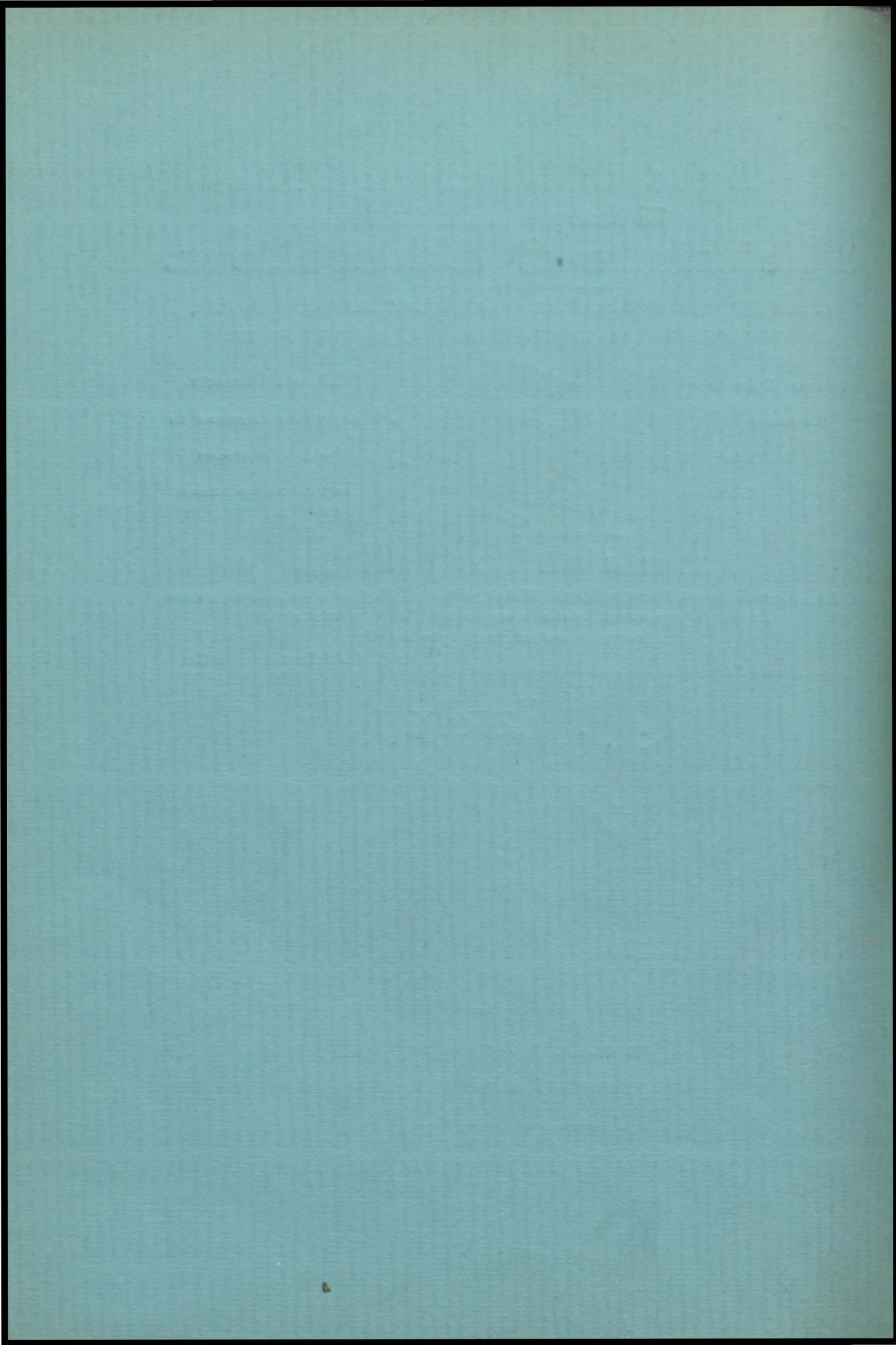
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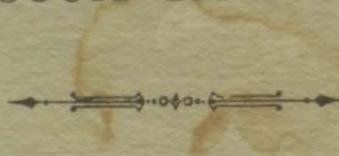
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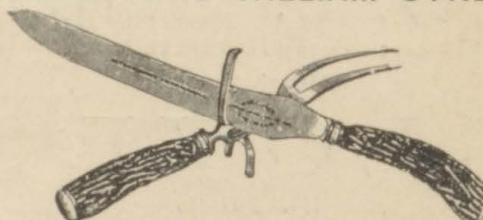
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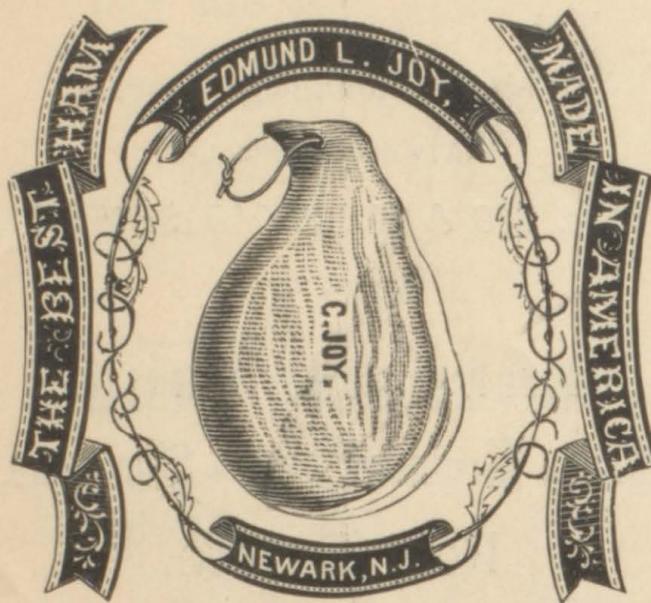
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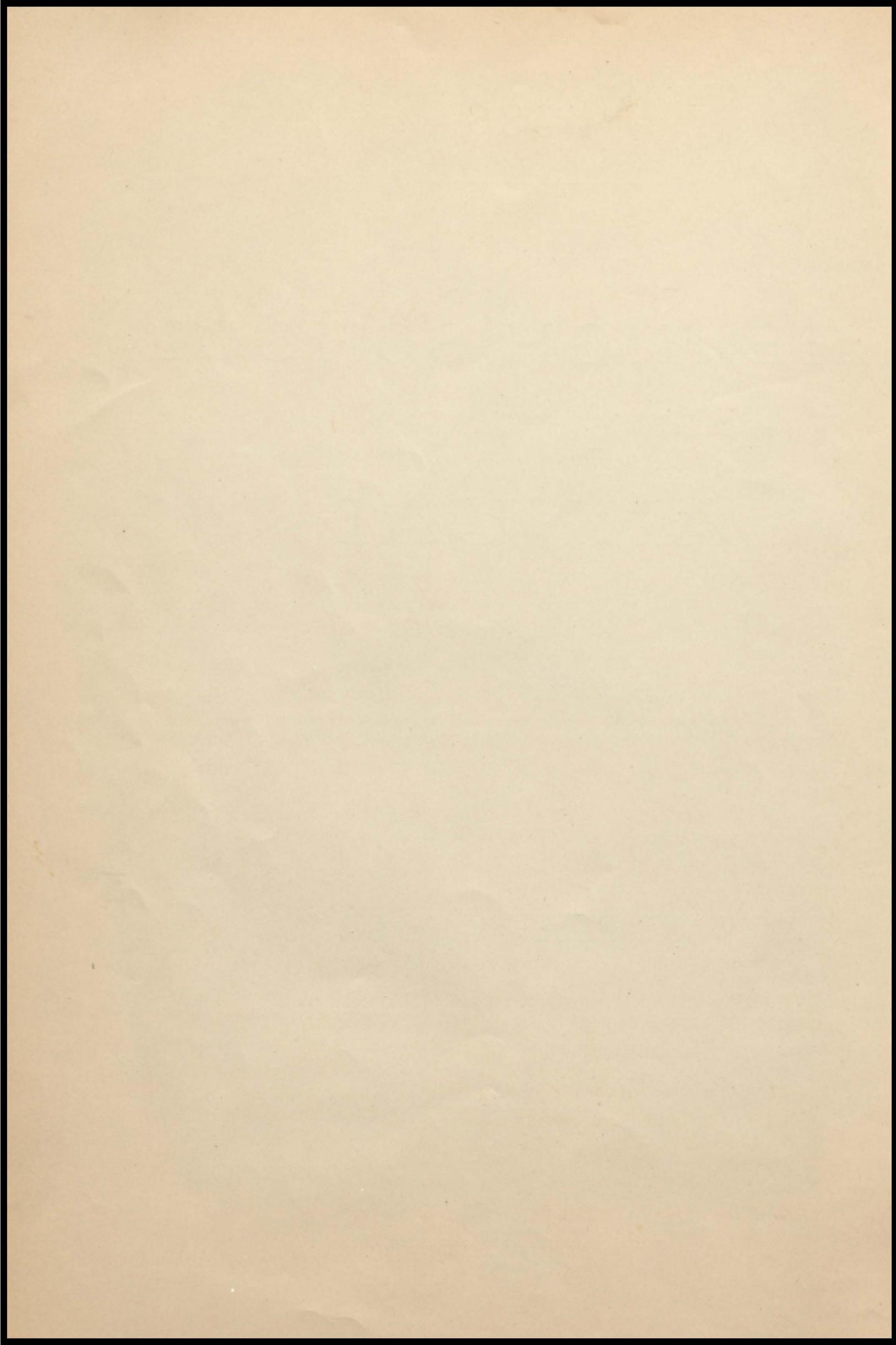
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THE ADVERTISER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
NEWARK, N. J.



HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. X.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH, 1886.

NO. I.

"FIDA SILENTIA SACRIS."

BY SADIE McNARY, '86.

THE sun's last glories light the winter sky;
Afar, low-lying, level lines of cloud
Athwart that golden sea are lightly drawn;
Faint purple mists the distant mountain shroud,
To wait the summons of the rosy dawn.
And now all earth-sounds die,
Each lingering cadence melting into air;
And through the gracious stillness vast, sublime,
The mystic revelations of the time
To higher outlooks souls expectant bear.

Full soon the stars, with points of pale, pure light,
Accent the dark; adown the vaulted sky,
That tender silence reaches earthward still:
Enfolded in it Nature's secrets lie,
Or valley-cradled or enthroned on hill.
Through all the solemn night,
A Spirit dwell amid these dusky shades,
Awakening in men the power of song,
And with their listening hearts communing long;
But when the day-born sounds arise, swift fades.

Prize Essay, '86.

HOWELLS'S HEROINES.

MAY W. NICHOLS.

THE nineteenth century is without doubt an analytical age. In all departments, religious, political, scientific and literary, the influence of close reasoning and of keen observation is felt, and the results, while most clearly shown in scientific departments, are not wanting in the literary.

Our recent writers have developed a marked tendency in this respect. To analyze character and motive, show us a real rather than ideal life, seems to be their aim. Some one has said that it is the people who do not at once betray themselves, and have no superficial marks, that test the novelist's power. If this be true, we have a writer of worth in W. D. Howells. His power of portraying real life, and of painting men and women as they are is unusual. He seems to comprehend the springs of action. He notices the minute points of character, without which no portrayal of human nature is complete, and he balances the good and the evil, the false and the true. We admit that he is in a measure satirical, but not so satirical as a slight consideration of his works would indicate.

In no class of his impersonations, however, is the extent of his power better shown than in his women. He seems to have studied the feminine character very closely, and the results show that he understands the American girl both in her lovely and unlovely characteristics. It cannot be denied that, in some cases, he gives us no very flattering pictures of our sex, yet in this we think his reality partly consists. Look about you. How many of your young lady acquaintances are without flaw? Howells shows us our follies, and laughs at them

unsparingly, but in so doing we think he has a moral purpose.

He seems to have an aversion to conventionality in young women, for some of his most attractive heroines are without this quality. In one of his earlier works, "A Chance Acquaintance," he has a most winning girl. Her quaint naturalness is as refreshing as the odor of a wild rose. Her bright ways, unmarred by a narrow sense of propriety, charm us immediately, and we are made to feel how much more attractive she is in her simplicity than the hero, Arbuton, who, to use Kitty's words, is all gloves and slim umbrella, seeming to go about with a little standard of propriety, and chiefly interested in things to see whether they fit it or not. The Lady of the Aroostook, Lydia, is entirely ignorant of the world, and yet, by the mere force of her truth and simplicity, she exerts a more powerful influence over men than the most ravishing society girl could hope to attain.

In his earlier works, Howells seems rather to illustrate a theory than to remain perfectly true to nature, but as he has advanced in the literary field, his characters become more and more realistic, and upon laying down one of his books, we feel as if we had actually been talking with the people represented. "A Modern Instance" is so vivid, so true to life, that we shrink from its unlovely characters as from actual people whom we dislike. What can be more real than the pictures of Bartley Hubbard and his wife, Marcia? Hundreds of tragedies like the one here shown are going on about us every day. Marcia, bold, passionate, jealous and unreasoning, repulsive

as she is to refined tastes, is but a type of hundreds of women and girls in our land to-day. We regret to say this, but it is only too true. Cannot our girls take warning from this unlovely woman?

"A Woman's Reason," gives us a fair example of the American girl who has been brought up in idle luxury, and shows how essential it is that young women should be trained with the idea of helping themselves. Helen is not uncultivated, neither has she been spoiled by her wealth or her contact with the world of society. Adversity brings out her sterling qualities, and shows her thoroughly independent. She is true to her conscience, and her ideas of loyalty throughout her many trials; she is intensely proud and her descent from a high to a humble position is accomplished with many a hard wrench; she paints vases which do not sell; she writes literary criticisms which are ridiculed; she tries to make fashionable millinery, which is not appreciated; and at last in despair, she humbles herself to trimming hats for servant girls and working-women. The fact that she is a girl, and a very human one, cannot be overlooked, and for this reason her humility is the more to be admired. We are proud to acknowledge that she is so thoroughly American.

"The Rise of Silas Lapham," now being published in the *Century Magazine*, promises, in some respects, to be Howells's best work. From its incomplete state, its characters cannot be correctly judged, yet the difference between the two girls, Penelope and Irene, is most apparent. As first introduced to us Irene was a beautiful, thoughtless child, whom, while we could not admire, we did not dislike. We saw that behind her lighter qualities were a warm heart and womanly sense which would develop as she grew older.

Penelope was a bright, happy girl with a keen sense of the ridiculous and a touch of satire in her nature, taking life easily, and finding amusement wherever it could be found. In her utter uncon-

sciousness of herself we saw her charm.

But now a trial has come to both which is serving to mould their characters. We submit to the young ladies of the audience the question, "What would you do if you were suddenly called upon to regard the man whom you supposed to be your lover in the light of a brother-in-law?" Do you not think Irene's solution of the difficulty the best that could be made?

The situation is equally puzzling to Penelope, and at present she is so tossed about by conflicting emotions that it is impossible to tell what qualities she will develop.

The characters of Mrs. Lapham and Mrs. Corey are well contrasted, and we think it is Mrs. Corey, and not Mrs. Lapham, who suffers by that comparison. Mrs. Corey notwithstanding her elegance of manner is not truly refined. Refinement, in the highest sense of the word, never willingly causes the discomfort of others as we find Mrs. Corey doing, and we cannot help feeling how superficial and unworthy is the gloss of society, unless the gentle spirit of love is innate. It is in contrast with this that the true worth of Mrs. Lapham's character is shown. She is grossly uncultivated, but is at heart a true woman.

In speaking of this work, while we cannot make Silas Lapham a heroine, we cannot pass him without a word of comment. How your refined, delicate tastes and your sense of propriety protest against him! How you laugh over his ignorance and follies! How you shudder at his braggadocio, and yet how your heart warms toward him! Were you in trouble, you would never give a thought to Bromfield Corey, but you know that Silas Lapham would give you his last penny rather than see you want. The refinement, the grace is wanting, but the *heart* is there! You cannot help liking him in spite of his grossness, and we venture to say, that if there were more Silas Laphams in the world, there would be less misery.

TO MY PUPIL, H. S. J.,

In reply to her "Lament" in the Annual of '85, this is most respectfully dedicated by her teacher,

F. E. DRAKE, '73.

O MUSE! inspire my rusty pen,
And help me proper words employ;
I would a joyous ode indite,
Therefore my thoughts must be of joy.

I hope I may be quite forgiven,
If with my joy is mixed some sadness;
A music pupil, please remember,
Is not a subject raising gladness.

My pupil—how my spirit sinks
As in her house I go,
To teach her—if I can—
To play the Pi-an-o.

I'm ushered in the parlor,
A room well kept and neat;
Here, I await her coming,
And find myself a seat.

Adown the carved oak stairway,
A form soon doth emerge,
And now within the parlor
My pupil 'gins to splurge.

Her fingers stand before me
All in a pretty row,
But somehow all her efforts
Do fail to make them go.

In matter of the time,
She sinneth very bad;
Plays eighths and quarters both alike,
While I feel sad and mad.

A query now arises
As from her house I turn,
Oh! why will people study
What they never care to learn?

A disquisition follows
On eighth and quarter notes,
But still they butt each other
Like two belligerent goats.

The minutes drag on slowly;
Will the lesson ne'er be done?
Upon the last page now we start,
And here begins a run.

This run it is peculiar;
It starts, but never goes
To end up as it ought.
Can you conceive my woes?

One day I told my pupil
She lacked somewhat in power,
I asked how long she practised?
She answered, half an hour.

Can you wonder that she's lacking
In some important points,
And that despite my teaching,
She fails of limber joints?

But now the lesson 's done;
My agony is o'er.
Good day! my joyous pupil;
I'll come next week, at four.

With "quick elastic step,"
I take myself away,
And wonder if I'll e'er succeed
To make my pupil play.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

HATTIE S. JOY, '86.

FROM the earliest time to the present woman has been the theme of the pen, the chisel and the brush. Juno, Minerva and Venus, though goddesses, were typical women. Perhaps if we trace these women of history, song and story, we may find our ideal. Is it the *beautiful* woman? For beautiful women blaze and sparkle through the pages of history and poetry, as thickly as stars in the firmament. They endure in marble and live on canvas. Homer painted the immortal Helen as only a Homer could paint a Helen; and he also depicted for us another wondrous woman who comes nearer to the ideal one, the lovely Andromache. We step a little farther down the ages, and meet Virgil's creation of beauty and persuasiveness, the famous Dido, "who gave her life for love, and thought it cheaply bought." The ideal women of romance are always beautiful. What would be thought of an author who should furnish his heroine with a dower of ugliness. Only a Charlotte Bronté might attempt it. But one of the first maxims which is given to us (girls) to digest is the homely one, "Handsome is as handsome does." If we believe this then, we must look deeper than mere beauty for our ideal; for we know by thinking of celebrated examples of beautiful women, that beauty is oftentimes a fatal gift, fatal alike to its possessor and to all who come under the spell of its bewitching charm. What prevented Mark Antony from ruling the world instead of allowing his rival, Augustus Cæsar, to rule it?—the beautiful Cleopatra.

Let us then glance for a moment at notable examples of *ambitious* women, and see if here we can cry "Eureka." I do not mean such terrible examples of boundless

ambition as make even men seem fiends, and which we see embodied by Shakespeare in his Lady Macbeth, but I mean examples of women who have carved for themselves a name, and achieved for themselves fame, who have ruled nations wisely and well, and out of confusion and disaster have brought order and victory. Notable examples of these we find in the almost legendary accounts of the first female ruler, Semiramis, the Assyrian queen; the Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa; the Russian one, Catherine the Great; Isabella of Castile; and England's Margaret of Anjou, Elizabeth and Victoria. Characters illustrious as these we often admire and even revere. Others equally renowned are stained with cruelty and crime, so that we turn from the great and mighty women of earth and exclaim, "Not there is our ideal."

We arrive at the same conclusion if we consider women of rare *mental* endowments; sometimes these characters lack symmetry. The head is often developed at the expense of the heart and moral nature, so that even here in the realm of intellect we cannot find our ideal woman, where she might be supposed to sit enthroned.

Are we then to seek for her among the women who can sacrifice life, if need be, for a heroic purpose, as illustrated in the exalted action of the unfortunate Charlotte Corday? Alas, no! For the principle that evil can be done in order that good may come of it, is subversive of all good.

The masterly hand of Shakespeare has drawn for us some incomparable women; foremost among whom stands Cordelia, King Lear's daughter. We pause and say, It is well, we will look no farther. We

have found our ideal. But we are arrested by the unrivalled words of Solomon, where he tells of the "wise woman in whom the heart of her husband reposeth; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and stretcheth out her hand to the poor; she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness; she seeketh wool and flax, and layeth her hand to the spindle; she maketh fine linen and selleth it; her price is far above rubies." In the *New Testament*

story of the woman who was "careful about many things," we find one in *contrast* to her, who chose the "better part." Here we find at last what we seek. In the woman who allowed the beauty, power, grandeur, intellect, the "flax and wool," the "care about many things," to pass her by, and who sat at the feet of Jesus to learn of Him, in the Mary whom He loved, we see the embodiment of the ideal woman.

A SUMMER SCENE.

S. SCHWERIN, '86.

AS we gaze from our window and see the bare arms of mighty trees waving to and fro in the wind, and see the dull, leaden sky with its interminable waste of lowering clouds, as we hear the wind shrieking dismally through the tree-tops, our minds involuntarily revert to the gay, pleasing scenes of summer. We remember with regret, and sigh for the return of the pleasant summer weather, with the blue sky overhead and the green sward underneath, and the balmy air coming gently to us laden with perfume.

Sitting at my window, day-dreaming as it were, one scene rises in my memory which will be long remembered. The sun is just setting and as his last rays peep over the brow of the mountain, they bathe in golden sunshine the surrounding scenery. As I look before me, I see first a magnificent stretch of green, then fields of ripe grain gently waving in the breeze that steals so quietly by, and still further in the

distance rise the Blue Ridge Mountains, behind which the sun is just disappearing as he gives his good-night kiss to the surrounding objects. Looking to the right I see an orchard and near by the cattle just preparing to take their nightly rest.

Standing thus and gazing at the glorious sunset, the sound of a rivulet tumbling noisily down an adjacent hillside, comes musically to my ears. With eye and ears open I drink in the glories of nature, as almost imperceptibly twilight steals on; then one by one the stars come out as night throws "her mantle o'er the earth and pins it with a star." Silently I retrace my steps to the farm-house, with some of that peace in my heart that the Almighty had put in this beautiful place. Winding my steps homeward, my mind unconsciously turns to thoughts of Him, who is the author of all this beauty and loveliness, and silently give thanks that He has seen fit to shower such benefits upon me.

AN INVESTMENT.

EDITH P. JONES, '87.

"TICKETS to Fairyland, Dreamland or Heaven," said my little brother coming to me with bits of pink cardboard which he called tickets.

"Well," I said, a bright thought striking me, "if you will play as quietly as you can and let me study, I will give you real money for a ticket." For it was Saturday, and I was vainly trying to study amid the exclamations of a very noisy little conductor who wanted to take his passengers to heaven by lightning with no stops by the way.

The promise was given and the ticket purchased. I took up my history and tried to study.

"O dear!" I thought, "only two more weeks before the examinations, and I don't know a *thing*."

I rested my head on the table by which I was sitting with my history for a pillow. I tried to think. The children had become very quiet and I thought with a smile what a good investment I had made.

"Let me see," I thought, "Menes was the first king of Egypt, Thotmes IV caused the Great Sphinx to be built, and—O I wish those kings had never lived!"

Suddenly the room was filled with a bright light, and a creature in bright array stepped from the leaves of a large history on the table near me.

"I am Menes," it said authoritatively. "What you have to say of me say to my face, not when I am closely pressed between the leaves of a book." I had hardly recovered from my surprise at these words before I found myself surrounded by a host of creatures, all of which seemed to come from the aforesaid book. They solemnly

joined hands, forming a circle. After walking around me three times, one of the number came towards me.

"You are about to be tried," he said, "for all the things you have spoken against these great people," pointing to the company around me, which I noticed with surprise to be made up of all the noted people in history.

I had hardly time to understand the meaning of his words, before I was hurried along with the crowd to a little gate through which we passed.

When I found myself seated with all my accusers around me, I began to tremble with fear, and I tried to recall some of the things I had said against these historical personages, but in vain! There was Xenophan who had in his hand a book, entitled, "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand;" Julius Cæsar carried his "Commentaries;" Homer was singing his poems; Peter the Hermit rode his mule; Martin Luther carried the Bible, and many others were distinguished by like symbols.

When all had become quiet, Cæsar, "the greatest man of antiquity," who seemed to be the leader, arose, and casting his "black eyes, full of expression," on me, began to speak. He said that I was accused by him of wishing that he was at the bottom of the sea, in Halifax, or had never been born; that Pisistratus accused me of not knowing who collected the poems of Homer; Nero of not knowing who was the cruellest emperor of Rome; Cleopatra, of not giving her the honor due her station; and so he went on, telling of every mistake I had made in history. When he finished he asked me what I could say in self-defense,

but before I could answer he appealed to his companions to know what punishment I deserved.

Brutus, who "was an honorable man," said that I ought to fall "pierced with twenty-three wounds;" Nero, that I ought to be trained as a gladiator; but Cleopatra said "that I ought to be killed by the sting of an asp."

When I saw Joan of Arc approaching me with her consecrated sword in her hand, I began to tremble notwithstanding I had heard she never used it. What had I done to offend her. But hark! Hamlet is speaking :

"To be, or not to be, that is the question"—

"All the way to Mother Earth in one second," called out a voice in the distance. "No explosions and no stops by the way."

"You were always good to me," said Joan, who was quite near me now; and, if you let this experience be a lesson to you, I will tell you how to escape."

I promised.

"Put on this belt," she continued, "and screw that knob until you are out of sight of these people. Propel yourself along for

a time by your arms, and then unscrew the knob when you will descend near the machine which you have just heard advertised."

I did as I was told—landed just in time to be pulled on the end of the machine by the Man in the Moon, who seemed to have general charge of affairs.

"It is lucky you had that ticket in your hand or you would not have been pulled on," he said. I looked at the said member. Yes, there in my hand was my investment, the pink ticket ; it had helped me out of a land where all sorts of things were going to happen to me.

"Mother Earth," called out the conductor.

What was the matter with me? Had I been dreaming? Even now I could see the Man in the Moon who came down too soon, with his jolly red face all aglow.

I still held in my hand my investment, and I thought, with a smile, that the conductor had not taken up his tickets.

What an investment that was ! I thought, as I gathered up my books and went to tell the rest of the family of my adventures.

FRIENDSHIP.

EDWARD HYMES, JR., '87.

FRENDSHIP is an attachment between those who are drawn together by some indefinable impulse of the soul. It arises through the necessity of man's having some one with whom he may condole in regard to his griefs and sorrows, and to rejoice with him in his joys and successes in life, because man is a creature who naturally wishes to find some one in whom he may put his confidences. What, indeed, would this world be, if as regards the affections it were a blank! Then, truly,

life would not be worth living. It would be utterly empty.

Famous examples of friendship have existed in times past, for instance, that of Damon and Pythias, which although it may be a myth in part, shows, to a great extent, what true friendship is.

At the present, friendship, as a general thing, exists not as a high-minded, generous sentiment, but mainly as a source of profit to him who may bestow this "worthy gift" upon some unsuspecting person. This

"mock" friendship. As has been said, there are exceptions, which mainly arise between those of the same class of society, having similar lots on this mundane sphere, who, on account of their congeniality, which is necessarily wrought by the above-mentioned similarity, are mutually drawn toward each other. One seldom sees a rich

man deign to "honor" a poorer one with his friendship, but occasionally it happens that a noble man of the higher class will make this so-called condescension.

By friendship we mean to inculcate the idea of a pure sentiment, untainted by the breath of selfishness which so seldom happens in modern times.

ILLUSTRIOS DEAD OF NOVEMBER.

AGNES C. SPEER, '87.

"GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN, born December 3, 1826; died October 29, 1885." This was inscribed upon a casket which was consigned to the earth November 3, 1885, at Trenton, New Jersey. On the twenty-ninth of October a messenger knocked at Gen. McClellan's door with a message, telling him that his life-work was ended. He had done great service for his country; had stood for it in the thickest conflicts; he had also fought in the army of the Great King and had followed his Captain faithfully. When the messenger came he looked up and smiled, took his hand and passed away.

"King Alfonso, the twelfth king of Spain, died in Madrid, November 25th." He was born November 28, 1857; and thus was within three days of completing his twenty-eight year. He was proclaimed King on the last day of the year 1874. Alfonso was the only son of Isabella II., who after a reign of thirty-five years was driven from the throne by a revolution, headed by Marshals Prim and Serrano. She lived in Paris in exile for many years, but was with her son when he died. It is a curious fact that Marshal Serrano died the day following Alfonso's death. The reign of this young monarch has been peaceful and uneventful. He desired sincerely to give a wise and lenient rule to his subjects. He

endeared himself to them in many ways, and won their respect by his mild and just disposition.

Thomas A. Hendricks died suddenly at his home in Indiana on the afternoon of November 25th. No citizen has been more prominently before the people of his State and the entire country. He was a statesman of great ability. His official and personal life was pure, and his courteous manner won the good will of all his associates and friends.

Tuesday afternoon, December 8th, William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in America, was called to give an account of his stewardship. He had been as well as usual during the day, and toward its close had gone down to his library with a friend to transact some business. Shortly after he departed this life. All that made him great in this life survives him. He has gone, and like other names his too will be dropped from the pages of memory.

Each of these men attained a high position in life, and yet how different. What constitutes greatness, is a subject in which men greatly differ. To become master of one's profession, and to stand at the head, when compared with others, is to some men the standard, and he that has attained this, is great.

Such a man was Gen. McClellan. At his

death he was said to be the best civil engineer in the United States. He was a graduate of West Point, and had the best military education his country afforded. Although his military career is still a subject of discussion, yet he has held several political offices given him by the Democratic party, the most important of which was that of Governor of New Jersey.

Many take wealth as their goal; such find that Vanderbilt was the greatest man in America. His money brought him an income of ten millions a year, but not solely because he was the possessor of such wealth was he great, but on account of the knowledge how to keep and use well what he had. Let us not censure the man for not using his money as we might plan. The development of our railroad system is due to him, and in this he has done great service for his country. It is to William H. Vanderbilt that the American owes his comfort in travel.

Again, we find those whose idea of greatness is to become a statesman. To him who at last has reached such a goal they look with honor. Ye who abound in praises for such, let them exist for our departed Vice-President. He is worthy of them. They who differ with him in the great political questions will tell you this. The expressions that followed the death of Mr. Hendricks, from the press and leaders

of the great political parties, were of the kindest and most appreciative nature. He was a great statesman; and all acknowledged him well qualified for his position.

If one death can be more sad than another, I think that of Alfonso is the saddest of all mentioned. It was not alone his kingship that endeared him to his people; if this was so, why were they not as fond of former rulers? How clearly do we see in this reign the truth of the saying, "Love begets love." Alfonso loved his people, and was ever anxious for their welfare. He had a kind, affectionate nature, full of sympathy for the poor. After the death of his beautiful wife Mercedes, his health failed and he was unable to cope with all his enemies without over-taxation. In spite of all his misfortunes he was one of the best rulers Spain ever had.

In one respect these men share a common fate. Death claimed them all. Money could not stay his hand. One commanded armies, but he was compelled to yield to the great conqueror. One governed a nation, but the sceptre of death was omnipotent.

As we reflect upon the sadness connected with the November just passed, we recall these lines:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

THE name of what great poet would be a fitting epitaph for Col. Ingersoll. *Ans.*—“Robert Burns.”

TEACHER, who has just given out a subject in composition—Young man, what are *you* writing on? *Ans.*—On paper.

ONE classical girl meeting another, makes the remark, “You are odd I see” (*Odyssey*), to which she replies, “I am ill, I add” (*Illiad*).

DID Chaucer see Dante while on his European tour. *Ans.*—No. Dante died before he was born.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. X.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH, 1886.

NO. I.

EDITORS:

JOS. W. CLARK,
JOHN G. GOULD,
LEWIS STRAUS.

HATTIE S. JOY,
SADIE McNARY.

EDITORIAL.

IT is with a feeling of great satisfaction that we again send out our ANNUAL, which has heretofore been received with such favor by our many friends.

Glancing over the records and events of the past year, we feel justified in congratulating ourselves upon the results which have been achieved. Progress has been made in all branches of the school work. Let us notice the advancement made in the several departments:

During the past few years, German has been taught to the scholars by what is known as the "Conversational Method." All questions, answers and conversations during recitation are in German. The results of this method have been very successful, and especially so during the past year. The same steady advancement continues to be made in the Commercial Department as heretofore. Young men who graduate from this course, readily find good and steady employment.

With the means the new laboratory offered us to promote the study of the sciences, came increased interest in that department of school work. To meet this growing demand for insight into some of the most important and prominent branches taught in the school, we should have more

apparatus. All of the instruments we now use are not of the most improved pattern, and do not in some cases fulfill the objects for which they were intended.

Scarcely time enough has elapsed since Mr. Mathews took charge of the Classical Department to observe any especial change. The favor with which he has been received by the scholars gives great promise of success.

The Mathematical Department has long felt the need of a set of surveying instruments to demonstrate practically the surveying which is taught theoretically in the Senior Year. We feel that the small amount of money necessary to purchase these instruments could not be more profitably spent. While we have the help of a teacher who has had valuable experience in this line of work, and who is always willing to help us, why not avail ourselves of the opportunity? There are several in the present Senior Class who propose to pursue an engineering course at some other school, and we feel that for these it would be a special benefit.

Notwithstanding the increased facilities obtained by the erection of the long desired addition, we feel that we are called upon, like Oliver, to cry "More, more." We have

pupils enough to occupy the entire time of three or four more teachers if we had the rooms for them. In 1871, the year that the present principal first took charge, there were but 239 pupils all told in the school; there are now 725.

While the inside of our building has received so many improvements, the outside has also undergone a change. At the close of the December term the new addition received a substantial coat of paint that makes it conform in color to the old part, thus rendering to the whole a neat and attractive appearance.

While the building is thus being improved, might we not suggest that the large brick wall which encloses the boys' court be removed, and a neat iron fence be erected in its stead? In our opinion this wall has always been an objectionable feature in the school surroundings.

But we do not wish to burden our patrons with expressions of our wants. From this it may be seen how great are our desires for advancement, our hopes of what the school may become in the future.

Although we have a High School Committee who are much interested in our progress, we do not attempt to lay the full burden upon them. We think that each citizen should bear his part, and remember

what great responsibilities rest upon them with regard to the succeeding generation, in this age of monopolies, labor organizations and political turmoils, for all of which he is in a great measure responsible. The darkness of the ignorant classes can only be dispelled by the light of education, mentally and morally.

During the past year a great political change has taken place in our country. After being ruled by one party for twenty years, the reins of government have been entrusted to different hands; and after the excitement of the past election the nation settles down to work, and the wheels of business begin again to roll smoothly on.

During the past year we notice but one change in our Faculty. This is the absence of Mr. Merwin, Professor of Latin and Greek, who labored so long and faithfully with us, being appointed April 1, 1866. We sincerely wish him joy in whatever path his duties may call him. His place has been filled by B. C. Mathews, A. M., a graduate of Syracuse University, and a former Professor in Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. He has received hearty welcome from the scholars, and already we begin to feel his influence.

SHOULD you ask us whence this paper, Whence these sonnets and conundrums, Whence these lengthy compositions, Whence these sweet, soul-stirring epics, Whence these quaint and tender ballads, Whence these wild and thrilling lyrics, Whence these pithy advertisements, Whence this wisdom and this pathos, Whence this wealth of wit and humor, With the odor of the school-room, With their slight exaggerations, With their frequent repetitions, With their wild ejaculations,

Like far off reverberations, As of thunder in an ant-hill— We should answer, we should tell you 'Tis the gleanings of the High School, 'Tis their gleanings 'midst their riches, Riches from the Firsts and Seconds, Riches from the budding Juniors, Riches from the gifted Seniors. They transcribe them as they get them, And they get them as they beg them. They implore them of their classmates, Classmates called the Rush-o-gushers, And the Wild-a-goose-o-quackers,

Classmates from the city Newark,
From the mighty city Newark,
Newark called the miasmatic,
Newark called the hydrophobic,
On the banks of wild Passaic,
With its fearful, rushing torrent,
Full of docks of rugged grandeur,
Jutting out into the water.

Should you ask us whence these classmates
Found these lyrics and these ballads,
Found these brilliant compositions,
Found these very rare conundrums,
Found these classic advertisements,
Found this overwhelming pathos,
Making long the shortest visage,
Found this wreath of wit and humor,
Making short the longest visage—
We should answer, we should tell you,
Answer, tell you, of these schoolmates.
They came up all through the Prim'ries,
They rushed through the schools called
Grammar,
They belong to those called First Years,

First Years in the famous High School,
First Years Teeble-toddle-to-tums ;
Second Years the Know-it-all-ums ;
Juniors, called the Jam-o-cram-mers ;
Seniors, Jack-o-lantern-light-ums—
They have been manipulated
By instructors without number
Till they do excel in knowledge
Solomon, the "man of wisdom."
They can write like unto Shakespeare,
They can write in any manner ;
They can charm you with their paper,
And they do all this great kindness
For the love they bear their fellows,
For they all "love one another."
And they give from out their wisdom
Just a trifle for the paper.
If still farther you should ask us,
We should answer, we should tell you,
That we know of nothing further—
That our knowledge is not boundless,
That we grope in opaque vagueness—
That's the point we have arrived at,
When we answer nought to questions.

PRIZES OF 1885.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the Class in German during the year—Edward Goeller Prize—
J. B. SANDFORD.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-nine—JOHN L. NEHB.

For the best Declamation (June 12, 1885)—Gift of the Society of Seventy-Seven—
BURNHAM KALISCH.

For the best Recitation by the Ladies (June 12, 1885)—Gift of the Alumni—
BELLE WILLIS.

For the Best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—ARCHIBALD SPENCE.

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics during the year—J. L. Johnson Medal—
JULIA L. HOCHKINS.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship of the entire class, as shown by the final examination—George B. Swain Medal—
W.M. E. PRESTON.

For the best Rhetorical work during the year by the young ladies—Tichenor Medal—
ANNA G. CONE.

For the best final Essay of the young ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—MARY W. NICHOLS.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the entire class during the year—Hovey Medal—
KATE E. MOCK.

Prize Oration of '85.

DYNAMITE AND CIVILIZATION.

ARCHIBALD SPENCE.

CIVILIZATION is progressive. As time advances, barbarism recedes. Whenever barbaric methods are resorted to, the progress of civilization is retarded. The advancement of society in civilization is dependent upon the co-operation of its members. The use of dynamite, then, against society is opposed to the first principles of civilization; and as a means of underhand warfare, is barbarous; and the classes who so use it, while they may not be called barbarians, are the enemies of civilization and advancement.

Our nineteenth century civilization, upon which we so pride ourselves, is beset with dangers; and it comes not, as it came to the civilized nations of antiquity, from barbaric hordes without, but it comes from within the present organization of society. What, then, is this great danger?

There exist, to-day, in every country in Europe, and to a limited extent in America, dangerous revolutionary classes. Under the names of Socialists, Communists, Nihilists, they promulgate the most deadly doctrines, advocate the most terrible methods, and champion the wildest principles that have ever been proclaimed to the world. Destruction is their mission and universal chaos their avowed object. Religion, morality, all the safeguards and attributes of civilization, are hated and despised by them. Listen to the words of their greatest leader, Bakunin, the "Father of Nihilism:" "And when you have freed your minds," he says, "from the fear of a God and from that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality and justice, will snap asunder like threads." And again,

"Let your own happiness be your only law. Destroy everything which exists in the shape of State and social organization." It is by the teaching of such pernicious doctrines, that society is being undermined and civilization endangered.

But our civilization must be preserved, for on its maintenance depends our happiness and welfare. The principles of morality, justice and mutual dependence by which it is maintained must *not* be cast ruthlessly aside. What would be the state of the world if our social institutions were destroyed? Self-interests would clash, education would be discontinued and murder and rapine would reign supreme. Anarchy would result; the work of ages, improved upon by each succeeding generation, would be undone; and from the wreck of our social system would we not drift back into barbarism? How can such fallacious theories as those of the Nihilists and Socialists exist? With all our modern enlightenment and knowledge, how happens it that there are men who contradict all the principles of political economy; who contradict the principles of brotherly love incalculable by the Divine Teacher? Did I say with our modern enlightenment and knowledge? Would that knowledge were universal! We congratulate ourselves on our advanced and cultured state, on our material and intellectual progress, and yet how often do we overlook the fact that ignorance and vice prevail among us!

In *ignorance* is found the mainspring of the trouble. Ignorance induces indolence, and indolence induces crime. Ignorance prevents a man from reasoning correctly. An ignorant man is more apt to act on his first impulse than to arrive at any logical

conclusion. He sees the vast inequality existing between himself and the rich. He sees that while he toils for bread his rich neighbor lives in luxury ; and he thinks that all men should be equal ; and that, under the existing state of affairs, he is the victim of injustice. But he considers not the mental qualities, the perseverance and the economy which are necessary to the legitimate acquirement of wealth.

But ignorance is not alone responsible. Despotism and tyranny, by reason of their illiberal principles are powerful promoters of socialism. Despotic governments, which crush the spirit of their people and designedly keep them in ignorance, must never

hope to eradicate socialistic tendencies by force. Socialism demands a remedy that will strike at the root and not at the branches of the evil. It demands a higher and more intelligent remedy than force. In *education under liberal government* is found the great remedy. Experience has shown that in despotic countries is ignorance most prevalent, while under free and liberal governments are the masses most enlightened. Therefore, it is imperative that if Socialism is to be abolished and civilization preserved, education must supplant ignorance and free government must give the death blow to despotism.

INGENIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOUISE A. COVERT, '88.

A DVERTISEMENTS, advertisements ! here, there and everywhere ! On whichever side we turn, they stare us in the face.

If we glance at a newspaper, fully one-fourth of its columns are taken up by advertisements. Do we travel in the country for pleasure, on our way we are sure to see here and there a conspicuous announcement that So and So's firm is the largest in the world ; or a stern caution to beware and get the pure article, as certain unprincipled persons have been selling a counterfeit as the original, etc. If we turn our eyes skyward to watch a flock of birds in the heavens, we see instead on some high precipice, in startling letters, the words: "St. Jacob's Oil," or "The Rising Sun Stove Polish," which to our astonished gaze, seems to have risen quite high enough in the world.

Again, if one takes a stroll in the city, he observes the fences literally covered with posters, while now and then he sees a soli-

tary "Post No Bills;" perhaps some small boy, wishing to make his mark in the world in his own way, has scratched out the lower portion of the B, making the sign read "Post No Pills."

Many advertisements are couched in such interesting terms, that one is immediately attracted towards them. Who does not like a laugh in these days ? And who has not heard of the Niagara Falls ? If you have not, here is some information written expressly for you. "The Niagrara Falls is a sheet of water with a fall of 175 feet. The nearest approach to this fall is the fall in prices on goods at the Bee Hive."

As for medicines, there seems to be no end to them, every one of which is the best. "Yes, I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant. "It is really too much trouble to converse with him ; he's as deaf as a post, and talks as though he had a mouthful of cotton." "Don't break the engagement for that ; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy; it

will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

In reading these quaint advertisements, how many people ever think of the time, money and brain work expended on just such articles? One little knows the long hours a man may have spent in thinking just what would most please the public, and at the same time would pay him for his pains; yet it may be his work will be tossed on the sidewalks, or thrown to the winds by the careless recipient.

Here is a new version of the old song, "John Anderson, My Jo."

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When first I was your wife,
On every washing-day John,
I wearied of my life.
It made you cross to see, John,
Your shirts not white as snow;
I washed them with our home-made soap,
John Anderson, my jo."

"Ah, many a quarrel then, John,
Had you and I thegither;
But now all that is changed, John,
We'll never have another.
For washed with Ivory Soap, John,
Your shirts are white as snow;
And now I smile on washing-day,
John Anderson, my jo."

This is a soap which is very much advertised, and in many ingenious ways.

Here is another advertisement in which we recognize "Bluebeard Revised." "Sister Anne—'Don't cry, Fatima; we must try Sapolio. There, what did I tell you. The spots are all gone.' Bluebeard—'Well, none of my other wives returned it like this. I will never doubt Fatima again.' Tableau."

A great number of advertisements are illustrated in such an absurd fashion that one can scarcely pass them by unnoticed. Most people have heard of "The Gates Ajar," but possibly not of "The Gates of Pearl.—Smiles are becoming only when the lips display pretty teeth. The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable dentifrice, Fragrant Sozodont," etc.

Here is some excellent advice to "Begin the new year aright by a resolution to use none of the worthless porous plasters, and to stick hereafter to Benson's, as they will stick to you."

I could quote many others equally good, but think it fully time to close with the new old nursery rhyme :

"Ding, dong bell,
Watch is going well.
Who made it go?
The Waterbury Co.
Who keeps it going?
Little Freddy Owen."

THE DECLINE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

THOS. BAILY, '88.

OCUPYING the fairest and most favored portion of Europe, the pride and beauty of the old Eastern Empire, is a people whose proper place is among the simoons of Arabia or the deserts of Persia. It is melancholy to think that this fair portion of Europe is in the hands of infidels; that, instead of the joyous peal of church bells ringing their praises to the Maker of

all things, should be heard the melancholy voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. And yet Turkey still remains, upheld by the greatest nation upon the earth.

From the time when Mohammed II. massacred three thousand Christians in the Church of St. Sophia, until now, the Turks have carried on a policy of oppression against those subjects who do not acknowl-

edge Islam as the true religion, or the Koran as the word of God. Witness the massacre of the inhabitants of the island of Scio in 1822; the massacre of the Christians at Damascus and Lebanon in 1860; the terrible slaughter in Bulgaria in 1876. And yet, after all these terrible actions, England, the most enlightened nation upon the earth, upholds and protects this vast personification of fanaticism, oppression and tyranny.

But, although upheld by European power, there are unmistakable signs of dissolution in this empire. Turkey has sown to the wind and has already begun to reap the whirlwind.

In the year 1829, through the efforts of Russia, Greece was recognized by Turkey as independent, and Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and Bulgaria would have been as fortunate had not the western powers interfered. A short time after an insurrection broke out in Egypt, under Mehemet Ali. The victorious Egyptian army advanced to the gates of Constantinople, but were prevented from entering the city, by Russia.

By the aid of Russia, Moldavia and Wallachia were united and erected into an independent state under the name of Roumania. Poor suffering Servia and Bulgaria had their hopes of independence dashed to the ground, through the *kind* offices of England and France.

In 1878, when a victorious Russian army was at the gates of Constantinople, it was England which anchored her war vessels in the Bosphorus and prevented the victorious troops from entering the humiliated city. After the treaty of San Stefano, which stipulated that Roumelia and a portion of ancient Macedonia should be joined to Bulgaria and the whole made independent of Turkey, had been signed by the contending parties, it was England which caused the powers to set aside this solemn contract and to negotiate another one, by the terms of which Bulgaria was stripped of Roumelia and Macedonia, and made to pay tribute to the Porte.

Thus we see that, were it not for Great Britain, the Sublime Porte would now be relegated to the delightful repose of an Asiatic city, while in the fairest country of Europe would now be heard the joyous carols of glad Christians instead of the dismal wailing of a Moslem chant.

Compare a map of the Turkish empire as it was thirty years ago with a map of the Turkish Empire of to-day. Thirty years ago the Barbary States acknowledged the supremacy of the Porte; Moldavia and Wallachia bowed before his august presence; Greece trembled before him; Crete and Cyprus were appendages of his immense empire. Examine the map of the Turkish empire of to-day. Most of the Barbary States acknowledge the supremacy of France; Moldavia, Wallachia, Montenegro and Servia are independent; Bulgaria is practically so; Greece has obtained a portion of Macedonia and several of the islands of the Ægean; and on the island of Cyprus is now heard the national anthem of Great Britain and the shout of "God save the Queen."

Bulgaria is in a fair way to become independent in a few years, and Egypt belongs practically to England. Since the last war with Russia, the provinces of Roumelia and Adrianople have become nearly depopulated.

During that war thousands of the inhabitants fled before the victorious Russian army into Asia Minor, and the government was prepared, at any moment, to cross the Bosphorus and leave Europe in the hands of Christians.

Why is it that during all these years, Turkey has been upheld by the European powers. Simply because of the jealousy of those powers. They know that if the Turks are driven from Europe, one of them, probably Russia, will obtain Constantinople. For years has Greece been looking, with longing eyes, at that fair haven of rest; for years has Russia been ogling this fair domain. England would much rather have

this portion of Europe in the hands of the weak Turks which she can control, than in the possession of her powerful rival, the Russians.

But can this state of affairs long continue? Turkey is like a person with an incurable disease, and who, although sustained for years by medicine, must succumb at last to the disease. The government of Turkey is weak; corruption abounds; the sovereign is afraid even to leave the royal residence,

and when he goes to the mosque, once a week, has half the Turkish army out to protect him from fancied danger.

Decide for yourself how long this state of affairs can continue. These are evident signs of dissolution. The wisest men of the age are shaking their heads and saying that they fear the beginning of the end for the Turkish empire draws near. Let us so hope and trust.

A FAMILY FEUD.

RAY JORALEMON, '88.

DAME NATURE was evidently much disturbed.

Her usually calm and serene brow was contracted into frowns so numerous and deep that even the jovial sun hardly dared raise his beaming face above the snow-capped mountains lest the Dame, in her displeasure, should chance to notice how undeniably lazy he had been for some time past.

No sooner did his ruddy countenance shed its warming rays upon the still, white earth, than the good mother's brow began to clear.

But the sun, still dreading his well deserved censure, caught a passing cloud, filmy and white, and partially veiled his face, until that of the good old Dame had resumed its wonted cheerfulness.

But what was the cause of her agitation?

Ah! we can easily divine, for there she stands, shaking her stick half warningly, half relentlessly, at the delinquent, Spring.

Covered with snow, and with icicles still clinging to his garments, he stood before his mother and explained the cause of his delay.

"Mother, I know I am too often tardy, but this time I am certain that thou wilt

forgive me. Ugh! How sternly thy son, Winter, is wielding his sceptre. Hast thou a fire burning, at which I may warm my frozen fingers?"

At that moment the sun, beaming upon the little cloud, sent it rejoicing onward and shone down upon the earth, Dame Nature, and her truant son, with such a flood of glory, that the stern, cold Winter trembled in anticipation of the fast-coming time, when he would be called to give his power into the hands of his gentle sister, Summer.

In his anger he stamped his foot and let loose the winds from their hiding places, causing such a commotion among the snow-filled clouds that a storm came falling down; and the people, just rejoicing over the return of Spring, were forced to confess that Winter still held sway.

But the time was not far distant when fierce would be the struggle between the brother and sister, Winter and Summer.

"My son," quoth the Dame, "explain thy tardiness. Methinks thou hast been interfering in the affairs of thy brother and sister. Have I guessed correctly?"

"Yes, mother; but thou knowest full well that Spring ne'er yet came anywhere unwelcomed. And thou knowest also, that

while my brother and sister are engaged in conflict, I shall rule the earth. Ah! Long will be my reign this year, although gladly would I step from yonder throne and deliver my position into the hands of the victor."

As he spoke, Spring pointed to the throne of the seasons, where still sat stern Winter, ruling his subjects, as they thought, with a heart as iron as his will.

But, under his haughty, icy exterior, as warm a heart beat in Winter's breast as in that of his gentler brother and sister.

And, although he dearly loved to reign, and refused to relinquish his sovereignty unless overpowered in the conflict, right royally would he conduct the champion to the throne and establish her upon it.

Now his brow was as creased as his mother's had been, while he thought of the oncoming contest, in which he would surely be worsted.

The next morning Spring mounted the throne, there to remain until the victory should be decided.

The sun would not show himself on this, the first day of the conflict, and Dame Nature's tears rained down upon the cold, sunless earth, making it still more dreary and cheerless, as she sorrowed o'er the warfare of her children.

Thus for three months brother and sister contended for the dominion, and Spring, trying to smile through his sorrow, made April weather indeed.

Now, at last the contest is ended, and Winter, having yielded, and helped to establish gentle Summer on her throne, marches off subdued, leaving Summer to rule, amid budding foliage, sparkling waters, opening flowers, and the genial smiles of the sun.

THE ERECTION OF MONUMENTS IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT.

GEORGE N. REEVES, '88.

If by a monument is meant a marble pillar or column rising high into the air, with a record of the events of the life of the individual tabulated thereon, or an embodiment of the hero's person, such as we see ornamenting many of our public squares, so far as perpetuating their memory is concerned, I think something better might be erected.

Select the most lasting material for a monument, let the most cunning workmen operate upon it, and how long will it last? But a short time at best. As long as it does last, does it fully perpetuate the memory of the hero to be honored? Let us consider it carefully for a moment.

A monument is to be erected in honor of a great man. A prominent site in a great city is chosen. How many will appreciate the event and remember who the man

was and what he did for his country? How many, not having read or heard of its erection, will ever have occasion to go where it is and behold it? Or, how many, on beholding the statue, unless, indeed, it be such as to startle them by its grandeur, will give it more than a passing glance?

On the other hand, let us look at the monument which, I think the most proper to erect to the memory of great men. Let us take the case of Washington, as that most familiar to us. How have we erected monuments to him? "There are monuments of bronze and marble erected to his memory in almost every city of the United States." True, but is there nothing more lasting than this? If we measured the respect of the people of the United States for Washington by the amount of bronze and

and marble expended in erecting statues and monuments to his memory, we should find, I think, that we might exhaust mines and quarries and still we should not have a large enough unit.

How, then, shall we erect a suitable monument? Has not one already been erected? If so, what is it? Is there an American citizen who does not know?

Parents, since his time, have taught their children to honor his name, and, in turn, the children have told the story to their children; until now, it is

with a feeling of deepest reverence that the people speak his name. Have we not now a monument more enduring than metal and stone? We keep the anniversary of his birth-day, and what American would tolerate any aspersion upon his name, any detraction from his fame?

So it is with all great men; perhaps not in such a great degree, but, in my opinion, the fittest and most lasting monument which we can erect to the memory of the great, is the love and honor offered them in the hearts of their countrymen.

DRIFTINGS FROM THE SECOND YEAR CLASS OF GIRLS.

ONE day lately, as we were beginning to wade through the Helvetic War, we were suddenly asked by the teacher of Latin the name of the large body of water south of Ancient Gaul. A solemn silence pervaded the room, dismay and consternation were depicted on the faces of the young ladies. At last one brave spirit rallied, and the answer, "Mediterranean Ocean," broke the stillness. MORAL.—The study of geography is a waste of time.

The aforesaid teacher, on the same day, asked another young lady for a Latin translation. The young lady being, of course,

very much frightened, hurriedly ejaculated: "Oh! that's all the further I've got!" MORAL.—Latin language twists the American tongue.

As another instance, illustrating the advanced ideas of the young ladies, one of them, while explaining the workings of a clock, gravely asserted that a certain wheel was driven by a scape-goat. We hope that will be exhibited, as we should like to see it.

The latest discovery is that a tornado is one of the physical effects of galvanic electricity—that is, according to one of our young ladies.

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

JENNIE B. HARVEY, '89.

WHAT are you good for, boys and girls?
I wonder who can tell?
'Tis a question for all to answer,
For each to ponder well.
Are you striving to gather knowledge,
To fill your place aright?
Whatever may be your duty,
Are you doing it with your might?

Are you fitting yourself for your life-work,
Whatever that task may be?
Are you making the most of each talent,
Of each opportunity
For helping yourselves and others?
To your heart the truth confess:
Ah! what would you not be good for
Could the answer only be "Yes."

You are good to be true and noble :
 To be cheerful, loving, meek ;
 To do your best at all times,
 Though there's no reward to seek.
 To do naught you should blush to make
 known,
 Have no thought you would hide with
 care,
 To build up an earnest purpose,
 Not castles in the air.
 You are good to denounce injustice :
 To ever uphold the right ;
 To help to crush the evil,
 That is striving the world to blight.
 Have you wronged or injured another
 In a weak, unguarded hour ?
 Have courage enough to admit it ;
 And amend if in your power.
 To value your heart's approval
 Beyond the praise of men ;
 To esteem an unsullied conscience
 Your most precious diadem ;
 To do your duty bravely,
 Though it bring you frowns and sneers
 To smile at another's gladness,

To sigh for another's tears ;
 Good to be patient, unselfish,
 Even if misunderstood ;
 In helping and cheering others,
 To find your highest good ;
 To live that your life may proffer
 A lesson to all mankind ;
 That the world may be better, aye ! purer,
 For your record left behind.

Yes, good to make the earth fairer,
 To help in her onward march :
 That your name may be written forever,
 Not on Fame's triumphal arch,
 But inscribed on that roll of honor
 That is kept by an Angel's hand :
 Which shall prove a certain passport
 Through the gates of the heavenly land.
 Better be faithful than famous,
 Whether you're young or old,
 To be rich in noble actions,
 Than in ill-got silver and gold.
 Better to fail in doing good,
 Than succeed in doing ill,
 To shine as a bright example,
 Than a monarch's throne to fill.

SELECTED FROM IMPROMPTU WORK.

SADIE S. FRANCISCO, '89.

ONE day while I was standing at the corner waiting for a car, my attention was drawn to two girls. The first was poorly but neatly clad. Some people would have failed to see anything attractive about her; but as soon as I caught a glimpse of her face I was interested. It was one of those bright, kindly faces that the fairies pencil with lines that show the tenderness and gentleness of the heart.

She tripped along with her basket on her arm, looking smiling and happy, until just beyond me she noticed a poor cripple who was trying to cross the street. A look of intense pity overspread her face, and after setting her basket down, she hastened to lend a helping hand.

Just then another girl came along. She had perfect features, curling hair, and all that one would think could make a face beautiful; but a closer examination revealed numerous lines of ill-temper and selfishness.

As soon as this girl saw the other helping the lame man, she said, "Oh, Mary! how can you touch that old man!"

"Hush, Florence!" replied Mary; "he will hear you."

If the man heard Florence's foolish exclamation he paid no attention, but thanking Mary with a grateful smile, passed on.

As I entered the car I lost sight of the girls; but I carried in my memory a bright picture of a face made beautiful by a kind, helpful spirit.

AUTUMN.

CHARLES A. SMITH, '89.

SEPTEMBER has come. The extreme heat of summer is gone. Men are at work in the field cutting down the yellow grains, and building up into sheaves. The fields of corn stand in thick ranks, heavy with ears; and, with their tassels and broad leaves in the wind, they seem to whisper of plenty.

The boughs of the orchard hang low with the red and golden fruit. Laughing boys are picking up the purple plums and the red cheeked peaches that have fallen in the high grass. Large rich melons are on the garden vines, and sweet grapes hang in cluster by the wall.

The larks with their black and yellow breasts stand watching you on the close mown meadow. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that long ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and soft-eyed pigeons are with them to claim their share. The lazy black-birds follow the cows and pick up the crickets and other insects which they start up with their hoofs.

The leaves fade. The ash trees grow crimson. The twigs of the birch turn yellow, and the leaves of the chestnuts are brown. The maple in the valley has lost its bright

green, and the leaves are of the hue of gold.

At noon, the air is still mild and soft, you see blue smoke off by the distant wood and hills. The brook is almost dry. The water runs over the pebbles with a soft, low murmur. The golden rod is on the hill, the aster by the brook, and the sun-flower in the garden.

The twitter of the birds is still heard. The sheep bleat up on the brown hill side, and the soft tinkle of their bell floats up on the air. The merry whistle of the plow boy comes up from the field, and the cow lows in the distant pasture.

As the sun sinks in the October smoke, the low south-wind creeps over the dry tree tops, and the leaves fall in showers upon the ground. The sun sinks lower and lower, and is gone; but his bright beams still linger in the west. Then the evening star is seen shining with a soft mellow light, and the moon's red rises slowly in the still and hazy air.

November comes. The flowers are all dead. The grass is pale and white. The wind has blown the dry leaves. The sound of dropping nuts is heard in the wood. Children go out morning and evening to gather them for winter. The busy little squirrels will be sure to get their share.

CÆSAR'S GHOST.

MINNIE M. RENTER, '89.

IT was during the Latin recitation one day that I was startled by the sound of some one walking behind me, but on looking round I saw no one. "It is nothing but fancy," I thought to myself.

A few moments after I was thrilled with

horror, for I beheld a shadowy, white-robed figure standing in one corner of the room.

There was a strange fascination about this figure, for it looked at me, with eyes that went through and through me.

This figure strongly resembled the pic-

tures I had seen of Cæsar, there was the same flowing robe, the same nose, the same noble figure.

The way he faced the class, showed he knew how to command armies, and that his commands were to be obeyed.

While I was making these observations, a girl was called upon to inflect bonus. She began "bonus, a, um, i, ae, i," and so on.

Strong agitation was visible in the ghost, and surely I heard these words come from his lips: "There, just hear that! If that is not an intelligent way of inflecting an adjective. These barbarians treat our language as if it were as senseless as their own."

Another girl was called upon to conjugate the verb sum. She began, "fuerám, fuerás, fuerát," and so on. The ghost put his hands up to his ears as if to shut out the sounds which seemed to pain him so, and when the girl had finished he muttered to himself again, "It is just the same wherever I go! They even go so far as to call it a dead language—as if our language could ever die, when the immortal gods speak it!"

The ghost's ejaculations were interrupted by another girl's being called upon to translate, "Time flies," "Tempus, tempus—"

What is the use of lingering here? "Is there no place on our earth where my language is spoken. The language of the beasts is more intelligible than this." And the ghost shook his head and wrung his hands in agitation.

He roused himself again and said, "And there are my commentaries, and the works of the immortal Virgil—they are daily murdered by those who call themselves Juniors and Seniors! What are we coming to?" And the ghost groaned again.

Just then a rule was given, which seemed to meet the ghost's approbation. "But why do they do just the opposite of what it says," he very justly remarked. He then fell into a stupor and seemed oblivious of everything going on around him.

Just as he was going to speak again, some one touched my arm and I saw Mr. Hovey leave the room. "Was it only a dream?"

A LETTER OF 2886.

MARY H. WATSON, '89.

THEOPOLIS, New Jersey, Feb. 1, 2886.

MY DEAR HYPATIA:—Of course, you know of the intense excitement prevailing here, over the discovery of the ancient city, Newark, destroyed in 1886, and buried beneath our own for a thousand years. Doubtless you have heard how it was discovered and all the theories of its destruction, so I will not repeat them.

Our whole city is astir and in a state of excitement hard to describe. One of our prominent citizens began excavations, and discovered, what is most interesting to me, the ruins of an ancient High School. I think that art in any form received but little

attention in those days, for the building is extremely plain, the lower courts modeled after the famed Catacombs of Rome and the upper floors are without decoration of any kind.

Partitions of glass and dark wood, on which old English words are inscribed, separate the small rooms. One obsolete word, *p-a-s-s*, is found in so many places that its meaning must have been of the greatest importance to the scholars. It seems to have been the ruling spirit of the place. What can it mean? Could it have been a school-room deity?

The skeletons of the scholars are ar-

ranged in rows, as though when the terrible disaster came, there had been neither time nor chance for escape. But, O! what cramped and distorted bodies those poor creatures must have had! I found myself softly crying as I stood among them. Shoulders drawn together, heads resting on the hands, arms on the desk in front of them—the positions of these scholars would call forth wondrous indignation from the instructors of the present day.

From petrified bits of something in the mouths of the skeletons, scientists have been led to believe that this primitive

people belonged to the order Ruminantia. Old Latin, Greek and anatomy books were found. These last aver that the mind is located in the cerebrum, and these benighted people did not know the use of the spleen! How astonished they would have been could they have known that in a thousand years one might buy any desired quantity or quality of mind of a chemist.

There is so much of interest to tell you, that I fear I must reserve it for my next letter, which, however, shall soon follow this. Your friend,

MINERVA.

NOTES FROM THE FIRST YEAR CLASS.

Emulsion is the act of emulsifying, that is, when milk gets sour the emulsion gets on it. It is not always due to sourness, it is sometimes caused by a pupuation made from the cow's stomach.

Teacher.—Give Conj. and meaning of *Amo*? Pupil.—*Amo* means love, but it isn't found in any congregation. So young and yet so wise.

Teacher.—You may give synopsis of *esse*? Bright pupil.—I only know *sum* of it. Teacher.—*Sis, sit.*

The principal parts of *duco*:

"Duco, ducere," said the maid,
"I can't go on," and I'm afraid
I never can think what the perfect should be,
But the *supine*, I'm sure, is, *du kiss me*.

How many of our readers know the use of perspiration, and why, when the mercury is gliding among the nineties, instead of an "insensible perspiration, evaporated in the form of an insensible vapor," there arises a "contra-distinguishable perspiration called sensible?" If by chance they should ask a school girl and have her reply, "The func-

tion of the perspiratory glands is to eliminate the debris of used-up tissues, and by a well-balanced exudation of watery fluid, to keep the body comfortable in the varying temperature and conditions to which it is exposed," let them not think she is suddenly bereft of her reason. She is only a First Year pupil of the High School, showing how accurately she can quote her physiology. Let them rejoice with us that the rising generation is learning to express its discomfort in such Johnsonian phraseology, and that the summer months and rising temperature are yet in the distant future.

Virginia was named for the husband of Queen Elizabeth.

Solon was accused of teaching the morality of the Gospel, and died professing to the last the immorality of the soul beyond the grave.

Socrates was an ancient philosopher and taught Alfred the Great.

Young ladies beware! The inquisition was established at Tu Lu.

MARRIED.

- Miss Sadie M. Coyne, to Dr. S. Wellman Clark, '74.
Miss Jennie C. Ritchie, '79, to Mr. H. G. Currier, '74.
Miss Theodora Fellows, to Mr. Charles G. Ritchie, '74.
Miss Agnes Spellmeyer, '77, to Rev. Charles Jones.
Miss M. Melissa Harrison, '79, to Mr. Frank F. Gibson.
Miss Jennie E. Johnson, '79, to Mr. Jos. K. Hazen.
Miss Mary Hays, '80, to Mr. Christopher Gregory.
Miss Annie M. Stohl, '80, to Mr. Charles W. Beaman.
Miss Hettie V. Toppin, '83, to Mr. H. W. Coursen, '81.
-

DEATHS.

MISS MINNIE L. LYON, died April 10th, 1885.

At a meeting of the Teachers' Institute the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our associate, Miss Minnie L. Lyon, has been removed from us by death, therefore be it

Resolved, That we have lost a dear and valued friend, one whose words and ways were always gentle and pleasant, one to whose loveliness of character we would give sincere tribute.

That to those who miss her in the home she blessed by her presence we give a sympathy which our own sense of loss makes keen and heartfelt.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family and to the daily papers.

"Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet."

MISS MINNIE I. GOGL, Class of '85, died March 24, 1885.

HARRY W. KENT, Class of '89, died January 26, 1886.

GROVER E. BALDWIN, Class of '89, died February 14th, 1886.

DR. ROBERT N. STAELIN, Class of '70, died Feb. 27th, 1886.

"A FEW OF OUR BOYS."

E. D. Lyon, '71, is principal of a flourishing boys' school in New York.

Rev. George E. Horr, Jr., '72, is the successful pastor of a large church in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

James W. Tucker, '73, is the managing man of the Newark *Register*.

Max J. Britenbach, '74, is the proprietor of a large drug store in New York.

Fred. C. Bowers, '75, is assistant engineer on board U. S. ship Hartford, on the Pacific coast. The Hartford is the flag-ship of the Pacific squadron.

F. C. Landmesser, '76, is Assistant Secretary of the Mutual Benefit Life Association, of New York.

Henry Hamilton, '77, has a fine position in the Actuary Department of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

D. G. Maclay, '78, graduated from Columbia Law School, taking second prize in a class of 131, and is now located in Castalia, Dakota.

William L. Hazen, '79, is making a success of his private school in Harlem.

G. W. Dodd, '80, is in Kansas City looking after the interests of the Goodyear Rubber Company.

John B. Scarlett, '81, in connection with his brother, William Scarlett, '77, is doing a flourishing business as engineer and surveyor.

Arthur V. Taylor, '82, took the Latin Prize at end of Junior year, at Williams'

College, last June. He has also taken, since, the "Phi Beta Kappa Key," there.

Miss Annie I. Willis, '82, took one of the highest prizes at Wellesley College last year.

Edward Staehlin, '83, is honoring his Alma Mater at Yale.

William Wiener, '84, and A. Weiner, '84, are at Columbia College.

Miss Nellie Hill, '85, is representing our school at Vassar.

Winthrop Gates, '85, is at New York University.

Joseph Pfister, '85, is at Columbia College School of Arts.

William E. Preston, '85, is at Columbia College School of Mines.

E. E. Mathews, '85, is at Williams' College.

William H. McKenzie, '85, is at Syracuse University.

Of our Graduates, at Columbia College, George F. Warren, '84, leads the Sophomore class in mathematics; B. Kalish, '85, leads the Freshman class, School of Arts, in mathematics; and Piez, '84, leads Freshman class, School of Mines, same. William E. Preston, '85, entered Columbia School of Mines, with a general average in his examination in mathematics of *perfect*.

The above are but a few of the names of our many graduates who are filling positions of trust, honor and influence, and are doing credit to their Alma Mater. We are always glad to learn of their success, and to hear from them directly.

MONTAGU NOTES.

The Montagu Society reports itself in a very prosperous condition. "The Montagu Review" has been resumed after a suspension of several years. This paper, which claims to be "devoted to science, agriculture, literature and the fine arts," with a special view to "the improvement of the youthful mind" is not yet a formidable rival of "The Tattler," or "The Spectator;" yet the numbers already issued have been very promising, and even greater things may be accomplished by the combined genius of the N. Juniors, who next take the editorial chair. The library numbers six hundred and thirty books; it rejoices in the dignity of a bank account, and it is no longer obliged to give public entertainments to defray expenses. Complimentary ones, however, are given from time to time, and the following is an account of the last one by our special reporter.

The members of the Montagu Society have long been noted for their brilliant and varied accomplishments, but not until a short time ago did the dazzled public recognize the remarkable histrionic talent possessed by some of these ornaments of society.

With a thoughtfulness truly commendable, and inspired by a humane desire to enable their long suffering sisters to forget for a brief period the agonies endured during the examinations, a number of the Seniors performed Mr. Howell's farce, "the Garroters," before a large and appreciative audience, on the 24th of December, 1885. It mattered little to these energetic young ladies that the stage properties were rather limited—indeed, it was remarked among the listeners that the absence of such auxiliaries only tended to produce a deeper admiration for the abilities of the actors.

The plot is intensely interesting. Mrs.

Roberts, about to give a small dinner-party, has despatched her husband for some flowers with which to grace her table. The first scene beholds him staggering into the room, in an exhausted and dishevelled state. After his distracted wife has revived him, in a novel and effective manner, she learns that his watch has been stolen, and that he, with desperate courage, has pursued the garroter and secured his property. Her emotions, during this scene, and her admiration of his bravery, are touching in the extreme. Her aunt and brother enter and are apprised of the startling occurrence. One of the expected guests, Mr. Bemis, now arrives, in the same condition as his host, having passed through a like experience, except that he has not recaptured his watch. Great indignation is felt against the thief, and Mr. Bemis utters awful threats. Mr. Roberts suddenly feels faint, and retires to his dressing-room, there to find his own watch, and to realize that he has garroted somebody else, and that somebody Mr. Bemis. His distress is pitiable to witness. Urged by Willis, he agrees to practice a little deception, and to reveal the truth by degrees. In the meantime the other guests have come, heard the story, and one of their number, Dr. Lawton, surmising the truth of the matter, has informed the rest. Mr. Roberts now enters, nervously dreading the disclosure. He is assisted by Willis, and at last everybody understands everybody else, and peace reigns.

The characters of the gentlemen were interpreted in a realistic manner. One rarely has the good fortune to see male attire worn so gracefully, even by the "lords of creation" themselves. Miss Lobdell, as Mr. Roberts, made a lasting impression. Her groans were beautiful to hear. She has singular power in that direction. Miss

McClelland brought tears to the eyes of that vast assemblage by her portrayal of Mr. Bemis. The part of Willis Campbell was taken admirably by Miss Henderson. Miss Iliff comported herself as Dr. Lawton with becoming dignity and eyeglasses. None but a favorable criticism could be accorded to any performer. The editors also did their humble best, but modesty forbids a further revelation of their efforts.

While the young ladies were enacting these scenes, delineating so clearly the evils attendant upon the perpetration of crime, an atrocious robbery had been committed within our very walls. When the gentlemen, in lightsome mood, prepared to don their out-door habiliments, that they might leave the halls of learning for one short, blissful week, five luckless youths found that their garments had vanished from the accustomed places. The wildest

excitement prevailed for a time, for were not these noble Seniors among the number of the garroted? The indignant young men vowed vengeance, as they ordered each trembling first-year to give up the spoil. Failing to regain their property in this way, they held a conference to devise new plans. It was decided that Mr. Johnson, of the class of '88, should go for the chief of police, and that his colleague, Mr. Hobart, should accompany him as a body-guard. The Seniors, Mr. Clark, Mr. Gould and Mr. Woodhull, could not tear themselves away from their classic retreat. As they waited in dignified silence, a sound of gentle footsteps greeted their "uplifted" ears, and a procession of maidens filed in, deposited the missing coats and hats, and, smiling sweetly, withdrew. Sadder and wiser, the students wended their way to their own abodes, meditating upon the inconsistencies of the fair sex.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been manifested in athletics during the year among the scholars. A short time after the opening of school in the Fall, an association was formed, when the following officers were elected: J. G. Gould, '86, President; L. A. Osborne, '89, Treasurer and Secretary; R. Hobart, '88, Captain of Field Sports.

Owing to the lateness of the season, nothing of importance was accomplished, except the organization of a Foot-Ball Team. Considering the light weight of the team, it did remarkably well. When the Spring opens, we hope to show a little more energy in this direction, and towards the end of the last term set apart one day for competitive games. The public will be specially invited.

OUR thanks are due to the Rev. H. H.

Barbour, for his popular lecture on the "Story of the War," delivered in the Hall of the Y. M. C. A., partly for the benefit of the Newark High School Foot-Ball Team. We regret that we did not take greater advantage of the golden opportunity.

UNDER the management of our able Professor of Music, W. N. Ellis, of Brooklyn, the school has made considerable progress in singing. The piano in the chapel in the boys' department is rather old, having been there ever since the school was established, we presume. For this reason it is difficult to keep it in tune; if we continue to make the same advance in music as heretofore, we shall, before long, need a new instrument.

FORMERLY, one of the professors were required to announce to the scholars the

beginning of school sessions by ringing a huge dinner-bell in the lower courts, or by violently shaking the latch of the gate (the latter was frequently indulged in as a pastime by some of the more fun-loving boys). One morning the Seniors were re-called from their usual occupation of holding up the wall by a supposed alarm of fire sounding just over their heads. Looking up, they discovered a large gong under one of the top windows, and operated from the inside. We consider this a great improvement upon the old method.

ON the evening of December 14th, a large and appreciative audience gathered in the chapel of our school to listen to a lecture by Dr. E. O. Hovey, on "Microscopic Gems." This lecture was so successful that it was shortly followed by a second, by Prof. J. M. Quinlan, on January 18th; subject, "A Trip Through Britain." A third lecture was also delivered on February 2d, by Prof. George C. Sonn; subject, "Physiology." This was also very successful. The fourth lecture of the course was delivered on Friday evening, February 19th, by Prof. B. C. Mathews, and was fully up to the standard of the preceding ones. It is the purpose, we understand, to have several more following each other at short intervals. Most of the views for all of these lectures were obtained from a leading New York optician. The stereopticon belongs to the school.

THE present Senior Class, boys, form a social club, which meets once in two weeks. The president is W. G. Anthony. It would be well if succeeding senior classes would follow our example, as it brings the members into closer contact with each other, which association is pleasant to keep up in after years. Although, not exactly following out the idea of our esteemed predecessors, yet we feel our course at present to be the best.

WE commenced this term marking by a different standard, to conform with the re-

quirements of a new card, which has thus far been used exclusively by the High School. We think the new card a great improvement on the old one, as now the standing of every student in each separate study is shown, instead of being taken collectively, as in the old style.

A SHORT time since, under the management of Mr. Mathews, the Hall of the Y. M. C. A. was hired for an evening, and the celebrated lecturer, Hon. William Parsons, of Dublin, Ireland, delivered an address on "The Story of the Golden Age and Dr. Schlieman's late Discoveries." It is the first time, we presume, in the history of the school, that such an entertainment has taken place. It was prophesied by many that it would be a failure, and its success in spite of these discouragements, reflects greatly to the credit of the Classical Department.

IN looking over old files of our HIGH SCHOOL ANNUALS, we find that the issues of 1861, '62, and as far as '78 and '79, were small eight-page editions, printed on poor paper, without any cover. Now, our ANNUAL consists of twenty-five or thirty pages of matter, arranged and printed in the best manner possible, and we feel that we can say with pride that it will compare favorably with the publications of any similar school in the country.

ONE thing that has conduced to the already-noticed steady advancement of our school is the fact that we have had comparatively few changes in our High School Committee, instead of a new one each year. One of the members, the chairman of the present committee, has served continuously for ten years.

MR. SONN, assisted by some of the pupils from his class in physics, has, from time to time, put up electric bells in different parts of the building, until, at last, there is one in every room in the building, and a large electric gong in the girls' court.

WE notice a great change in the Science Department within the year. With the in-

creased facilities offered us by the erection of the addition, came increased interest in this necessary branch of school work.

OUR Senior Class, this year, is light in avoirdupois. "We are Twelve," the average height is five feet six inches, and their ages sixteen years.

IN a letter received recently from one of our boys who left school, he says: "Experience is a school in which tuition is free, but the incidental expenses are *enormous*."

OUR ANNUAL is late in appearing this year on account of the inability of the editors to receive and arrange matter properly during the first term of school, and before January first, as it would then cause much interference with the regular examinations.

IN view of the great progress made in electricity recently, we venture to prophecy that, one hundred years hence, the *lighting*, *heating*, and *motive* power of the world

will be derived from that vast, mysterious force called electricity.

SINCE passage of law regarding Arbor Day, in 1883, it has been customary for the Seniors to plant a tree on the school premises on the day set apart for this object. In conformity with this usage, the class of '85 followed the example of its immediate predecesors and *planted* a maple on Linden street.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—This live institution, with two fine buildings on Clinton street, near Broad, offers to young men, in their receptions, concerts, entertainments, gymnasiums, baths, reading-room, library, evening classes, and many other social and religious features, such attractions that between one and two thousand have joined. Their aim is to give young men strong bodies with clean hearts, clear minds with good friends, social hours spent with profit, and this with so small a cost to the members that all can afford the annual dues.



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MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION—HIGH SCHOOL.

COMMERCIAL COURSE—(TWO YEARS).

FIRST YEAR.—Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship and Commercial Correspondence, German.

SECOND YEAR.—Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Commercial Law and Correspondence and Civil Government, German.

Language Lessons, Composition and Declamation through the course.

ENGLISH COURSE—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR.—*First Term.*—Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship and Commercial Correspondence, Physiology. *Second and Third Terms.*—Algebra, Book-keeping, Penmanship and Commercial Correspondence, Physical Geography.

SECOND YEAR.—Algebra, Book-keeping, Commercial Law and Correspondence and Civil Government, Natural Philosophy.

THIRD YEAR.—*First Term.*—Algebra, Rhetoric, General History. *Second and Third Terms.*—Geometry, Rhetoric, Political Economy.

FOURTH YEAR.—*First Term.*—Geometry, English Literature, Chemistry. *Second Term.*—Trigonometry, English Literature, Chemistry. *Third Term.*—Review, English Literature, Geology.

Language Lessons, Drawing, Composition and Declamation through the course.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR.—*First Term.*—Arithmetic, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Physiology, German. *Second and Third Terms.*—Algebra, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Physical Geography, German.

SECOND YEAR.—Algebra, Cæsar, Latin Prose, Natural Philosophy.

THIRD YEAR.—*First Term.*—Algebra, Cicero, General History. *Second Term.*—Geometry, Cicero, Political Economy. *Third Term.*—Geometry, Virgil's *Æneid*, Latin Prose, Political Economy.

FOURTH YEAR.—*First Term.*—Geometry, Virgil's *Æneid*, Chemistry. *Second Term.*—Trigonometry, Georgics, Bucolics, Roman History and Chemistry, Review. *Third Term.*—Review, Geology.

Language Lessons, Drawing, Composition and Declamation through the year.

CLASSICAL COURSE—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR.—*First Term.*—Arithmetic, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Physiology. *Second and Third Terms.*—Algebra, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Physical Geography, German.

SECOND YEAR.—Algebra, Cæsar Latin Prose, Greek Grammar and Lessons.

THIRD YEAR.—*First Term.*—Algebra, Cicero, Anabasis. *Second Term.*—Geometry, Cicero, Anabasis. *Third Term.*—Geometry, Virgil's *Æneid*, Latin Prose, Anabasis, Greek Prose and History.

FOURTH YEAR.—*First Term.*—Geometry, Virgil's *Æneid*, Iliad. *Second Term.*—Trigonometry, Georgics, Bucolics, Roman History and Review, Iliad. *Third Term.*—Review.

Language Lessons, Composition and Declamation through the course.

COURSE FOR FEMALE DEPARTMENT—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR.—*First and Second Terms.*—Arithmetic, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Physiology. *Third Term.*—Arithmetic, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Botany.

SECOND YEAR.—*First Term.*—Algebra, Latin Grammar, Lessons, Physical Geography. *Second Term.*—Algebra, Cæsar, Physical Geography. *Third Term.*—Algebra, Cæsar, Natural Philosophy.

THIRD YEAR.—*First Term.*—Algebra, Cæsar, History. *Second Term.*—Geometry, Cæsar, History. *Third Term.*—Geometry, Cæsar, Rhetoric.

FOURTH YEAR.—*First and Second Terms.*—Geometry, Virgil, English Literature. *Third Term.*—Review, Astronomy, English Literature.

Language Lessons, Penmanship, Drawing, Composition and Recitations through the course.

LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class.—Ladies.

Barnett, Joanna G.	Fitzgerald, Jennie B.	McIntyre, Adelina
Belltaire, Annie L.	Gilbert, Anna H.	McNary, Sarah
Bimbler, Marie	Goble, Hattie W. R.	Mershon, Bessie D. W.
Bingham, Cora E.	Goldsmith, Julia	Peters, Minnie L.
Bundy, Zilla A.	Grice, Edith E.	Price, F. M. Josephine
Clark, Mabel L.	Harley, Mary	Provost, Annie M.
Coates, Hattie S.	Healy, Julie W.	Rawle, Anne Isabel
Cobb, Jessie	Henderson, Annie	Rice, E. Leonora
Copley, Lillie L.	Hines, Emma L.	Romine, Carrie L.
Crockett, Clare B.	Hochkins, Carrie E.	Sayre, Lillie G.
Dawson, Grace	Hopping, Fannie A.	Seymour, Rachel M.
Deidrich, Hortense	Hunt, Eunice R.	Sonn, Lydia
Egbert, Edna C.	Iliff, Blanche C.	Stewart, Joanna S.
Eichhorn, Grace L.	Jackson, Hattie	Utter, Ella D.
Eunson, Sara A.	Joy, Harriet S.	Van Houten, Lizzie L.
Faux, Myrtle	Layland, Alice	Warren, Edith
Felix, Mary	Leary, Helen J.	White, Annie R.
Felts, Florence	Leucht, Alice	Willis, Belle B.
Fine, Estella	Lobdell, Lillie I.	Wilson, Susie M.
	McClelland, Annie H.	

Senior Class.—Gentlemen.

Anthony, Walter G.	Hazen, Aaron C., Jr.	Terbell, A. N.
Bacheller, Harry	Russell, Fred. C.	Webner, Fred.
Baldwin, Lorenzo R.	Schwerin, Silas	Woodhull, D. Ellis
Clark, Joseph W.	Straus, Lewis	Ziegler, Charles T.
Gould, John G.	Thorn, George J.	

Junior Class—N Division.—Ladies.

Ahbe, Elizabeth	Haines, Mattie B.	Peal, Amelia E.
Barnett, Edith C.	Hendrick, Mary E.	Pierson, Lillian M.
Bolton, Amy L.	Hymes, Sarah L.	Reeve, Helen E.
Bristol, Kate	Izon, Minnie	Sheridan, Charlotte
Brown, Margaret	Jones, Edith P.	Smith, Emma A.
Burnett, Priscilla	Kanouse, Laura E.	Smith, Martha C.
Clark, May F.	Martin, C. Dell	Seymour, Flora E.
Coleman, Emma L.	McKenzie, Annie I.	Snow, Mary G.
Dickerson, Laura	Mershon, Emma T.	Schwab, Clara
Driscoll, Beulah B.	Moore, Jennie B.	Van Houten, Sadie
Ellis, Griselda	Naundorff, Minnie	Westervelt, Anna A.
Gay, Mary E.	Nebinger, Matilda C.	

Junior Class—S Division.—Ladies.

Anderson, Anna	Carlisle, Nettie	Etheridge, Elva
Baldwin, A. Low	Contrell, Lizzie	Fairlie, Jessie
Baldwin, Josephine M.	Courtois, Annie	Fine, Carrie
Biebel, Henrietta	Crane, Louise	Gauch, Lizzie
Blewett, Willmia	Curtis, Clara	Haring, Florence A.
Boss, Minnie	Dunn, Kittie	Harley, Josephine
Boylan, Alice	Elder, Louise	Hedden, Edith M.

Horschel, Jennie F.
Kanouse, Sarah
Johnson, Lydia
King, Isabel M.
Roberts, Grace A.

Ruckelshaus, Lillie
Speer, Agnes C.
Sullivan, M. Florence
Sutherland, Alice
Sutphen, Julia A.

Symons, Evelyn,
Taylor, Florence
Widmer, Josephine A.
Winans, Lizzie H.
Woodruff, Julia T.

Junior Class.—Gentlemen.

Block, Ottomor
Bolton, Harry T.
Castner, John D.
Crane, Frank S.
Crane, Herbert

Guile, Francis
Hymes, Edward
Jones, Howard P.
Kraemer, Charles
Marley, William C.
Mueller, Carl

Pollard, Joseph E.
Schaefer, George
Schiener, Arthur E.
Wood, Arthur C.
Woodruff, Robert E.

Second Year Class—N Division.—Ladies.

Bebout, Mamie E.
Belcher, Kate F.
Bennett, Mary E.
Bonneau, Annie
Boylan, Anna M.
Bradford, May
Breitweiser, Maggie
Bryden, Evelyn G.
Chandler, Grace M.
Christie, Emma C.
Clark, Millie L.
Conant, Hattie E.
Conselyea, Mamie L.
Cook, Addie W.
Cornish, Mary P.
Davey, Viola
Deming, Grace E.
Drummond, Adelaide

Fithian, Emma I.
Force, Fannie C.
Gillot, Jessie
Haines, Florence L.
Heays, Minnie J.
Hedges, Frances L.
Hicks, Amelia J.
Hill, Maggie B.
Horschel, Minnie
Hunt, Alice M.
Jerolemon, Della
Landmesser, Linnie
Law, Daisie M.
Lenox, Maggie
Loweree, Edith
Martin, Edith O.
McCrea, Mamie B.
McKee, Jennie

Northrop, Lillian B.
Preston, Margaret M.
Putnam, Cora V.
Reeves, Bessie E.
Sonnekalb, Clara L.
Spencer, Lilly A.
Stansbury, Josephine
Tappen, Helen A.
Thompson, Julia D.
Tunison, —adelene
Williams, Edith M.
Ziegler, Nellie
Zimmerman, Nettie

CLASSICAL.

Blake, Charlotte R.
Riley, Emma

Second Year Class—S Division.—Ladies.

Ackerson, Ella
Barnard, Lottie R.
Baylis, Matilda T.
Birrell, Mary A.
Bourne, Mary
Bradshaw, Mary E.
Coulter, Lilian M.
Courses, Lilian
Covert, L. Adaline
Denny, Annie B.
Freeman, Phebe J.
Gogl, Claribel
Gould, Lillian R.
Hays, Fannie C.
Hegeman, Georgia
Hulbert, Anna A.
Jennings, Maggie
Joralemon, Rachel

Kempe, Augusta
Labiaux, Nonnon
Leary, E. Teresa
Luff, Miriam L.
Lyon, Florence L.
Marvin, Amy H.
Melick, Eva
Meade, Kate W.
Miller, Mary E.
Mundy, S. Lily
Newman, Ida L.
Robertson, Florence E.
Schenck, Bessie C.
Smith, Emeret A.
Smith, Florence
Smith, Ida
Steiger, Emma
Stewart, Laura V. C.

Stokem, Anna C.
Straus, Helene
Sturgis, Clara L.
Thomas, Marion
Tichenor, Ida
Tillard, Gertrude
Turner, Ada
Van Ness, Helen M.
Van Ness, Ida
Vliet, Flora A.
Vogt, Rachel
Warring, Gertrude
Warring, Wilhelminah
Weil, Esther
Williams, Lilian B.
Winans, Mabel F.
Wolf, Emma E.
Zahn, Clara

Second Year Class—Gentlemen.

Alexander, Clarence H.
 Alexander, Reginald W.
 Backus, George T.
 Barbour, James
 Bates, D. Warner
 Bates, Samuel A.
 Book, William F.
 Bornstein, Philip
 Brokaw, Frederick D.
 Conklin, Edward D.
 Corwin, Robert L.
 Crater, Albert
 Currier, William
 Feder, Hiram
 Feist, Aaron
 Genung, Waldo C.
 Gould, Walter
 Griffiths, Chauncey
 Hagemann, William H.
 Hartman, Augustus,
 Heller, Paul E.
 Henson, Claudius H.
 Hobart, Richard
 Hunt, R. Edward

Hurd, Wallace T. O.
 Jacobus, Fred.
 Jackson, Walter H.
 Johnson, Frank K.
 Johnson, Mortimer A., Jr.
 Joralemon, John H.
 Kirk, R. Edgar
 Kitchell, Roy
 Leary, William M.
 Luckmeier, Louis
 MacNabb, George O.
 Max, David H.
 McWhoood, Leonard
 Meyer, Joseph C.
 Mills, Archibald
 Miller, Alexander A.
 Miller, James M.
 Morizot, August
 Moore, Harry C.
 Morris, Albert J.
 Norris, Frederick
 Overgne, Henry
 Palmer, Herbert S.
 Peter, Alfred
 Reeves, George

Ruesch, Henry
 Russel, Alexander
 Schulz, Henry T.
 Schunk, Frederick F.
 Scull, Samuel A.
 Sinnock, Spencer W.
 Sippel, August F.
 Smith, Charles
 Smith, Raymond W.
 Sutphen, Ralph M.
 Teeter, John W.
 Terhune, Albert W.
 Terrill, Charles A.
 Terwilliger, George
 Thomson, Elmer
 Thompson, William R.
 Toering, Emil C.
 Tunison, Ogden W.
 Utter, Charles H. E.
 Vanderhoof, Frank
 Voelcker, Julius
 Walker, Leon A.
 Wilson, George J.
 Ziegler, Herman B.

First Year Class—A Division.—Ladies.

Ackerman, Alberta M.
 Arbuckle, Jennie M.
 Bennett, Annie E.
 Brinkerhoff, Edith M.
 Brown, M. Florence
 Cashion, Lily I.
 Chapin, Ray
 Chisholm, Maggie M.
 Christl, Josie
 Congar, Mamie F.
 Donnington, Daisy,
 Doremus, Sarah B.
 Dunfree, Mamie
 Fletcher, Carrie
 Gates, Helen A.
 Graham, Lucy
 Harris, Rose, M.

Harvey, Jennie B.
 Hinkle, Amelia W.
 Hoover, Addie
 Holmes, May
 Johnson, Sadie M.
 Johnston, Hattie G.
 Knauss, Helen L.
 Koehler, Lulu
 Lang, Jennie
 Lent, Susie
 Loeser, Ida
 March, Sadie E.
 Marvin, Edith
 MacDonald, Lizzie B.
 Myers, Gussie M.
 Myrick, Emily
 Navatier, Theresa

Ortmann, Amelia
 Palmer, Florence A.
 Perpente, Emma L.
 Platt, Grace N.
 Price, Jennie C.
 Riker, Mamie A.
 Scarlett, Anna
 Shackelton, Adelaide
 Snyder, Lizzie
 Thorp, Minnie
 Tobey, Carrie
 Van Ness, E. May
 Weil, Lizzie E.
 Wheeler, Sarah A.
 Wambold, Jessie
 Wrigley, Jennie

First Year Class—B Division.—Ladies.

Adams, Sarah F.
 Alden, Emily L.
 Allen, Georgeanna
 Alston, Grace I.
 Andrews, Maude P.
 Baker, Adelaide M.
 Beardsley, Grace S.
 Bird, Beatrice
 Bornstein, Rosa
 Brown, May L.

Campbell, Agnes E.
 Chapman, Addie U.
 Conroy, Louise C.
 Dean, Hester B.
 Donack, Lillian
 Estee, Annie A.
 Fitzgerald, Laura D.
 Francisco, Sadie S.
 Hausmann, Margaret S.
 Healey, Ruth

Henry Elizabeth A.
 Hobbes, Martha T.
 Hobson, Amelia B.
 Jeydel, Minnie M.
 Kay, Maggie
 Kiesewetter, Tillie
 Kingston, Dollie
 Koch, Dela H.
 Lunger, Augusta
 Miller, Cora V.

More, Anna
Morris, Floretta
Oliver, Hattie L.
Plummer, Maud E.
Plunkett, Jennie
Reinhard, Ottilda T.
Rhodes, Marietta
Rickett, Annie C.

Robertson, Jessie N.
Rodamor, Laura B.
Ruckelshaus, Bertha L.
Rummell, Minnie K.
Schlosser, Isabel
Shepard, Carrie A.
Stout, Jessie M.
Sparkes, Laura M.

Thomas, Julia H.
Thompson, Clara M.
Thorn, Caroline A.
Van Ness, Ella L.
Weber, Catherine J.
Widmer, M. Evelyn
Wilson, Kate N.
Zulick, L. Carlotta

First Year Class—C Division.—Ladies.

Andrew, Mary E.
Battles, Ruth C.
Baxter, Anna W.
Beach, Della W.
Bines, Jessie T.
Blanchard, Floretta B.
Brown, Martha A.
Brown, Lydia M.
Burnett, Edith M.
Clark, M. Emma
Conger, Alice M.
Dickerson, Ada K.
Donaldson, Gussie
Douglas, L. Estella,
Doremus, Alletta M.
Eastwick, Lydia
Farrington, Minnie

Feldman, Eva
Garner, Harriet L.
Guerin, Carrie L.
Haberle, Mamie S.
Harris, L. Jennie
Hartley, Letitia
Hatch, Mabel W.
Hawley, Jennie B.
Hawk, Nellie
Huff, Julia E.
Johnson, Annie M.
Klein, Emma
MacDonald, Ellenor
Mills, Marion A.
Mulchay, Florence
Mackinnon, Maud A.
Putnam, Addie
Roaleffs, Grace

Roaleffs, May
Rudd, Kate E.
Schenck, Lizzie
Schaub, Emelie
Sparks, Maggie L.
Steeple, May H.
Straus, Amelia
Suydam, Eva L.
Tappen, Olive L.
Taylor, Georginana
Ulwick, Ella A.
Ward, Jessie E.
Watson, Mary
Wendover, Jessie M.
Westwood, Louise
Williams, Laura B.
Wilson, Lilian B.

First Year Class—D Division.—Ladies.

Armstrong, Aimé
Blakeslee, Ida May
Bond, Emma G.
Bradley, Fanny S.
Brainard, Helen
Brooks, Grace A.
Brown, Luella
Budd, Mamie E.
Conger, Kate E.
Conley, Madge C.
Connett, A. May
Crane, Edith T.
Crane, Kittie V. N.
Dearie, Jennie A.
Dey, Jennie E.
DeMund, Sadie R.
Donnington, M. Belle
Egbert, Fanny

Elwell, Phebe
Evans, Francis M.
Ferris, Jessie E.
Freeman, Eliza H.
Freeman, Lizzie E.
Gogl, Emma L.
Grork, Daisy G.
Hadley, Bert. A.
Heinkel, Minnie
Hewson, Annie S.
Hopper, Emmie
Huff, Emilie A.
Kerris, Minnie L.
Leary, Grace M.
Levy, Flora
Littell, Clara S.
Long, Clara A.
Martin, Clara F.

McDonald, Katie R.
McElhose, Hattie
Meeker, May S.
Mix, M. Emma
Osborne, Grace A.
Pell, Lottie
Renter, Minnie M.
Rodamor, Annie
Roe, L. Florence
Schieck, Carrie D.
Scott, Maud P.
Smith, Cora A.
Stanford, Emma
Tillard, Sallie G.
Tucker, Jennie S.
Wightman, Martha
Winser, Beatrice
Wolff, Minnie F.

First Year Class—A Division.—Gentlemen.

Baldwin, Edward H.
Ball, Arthur D.
Becker, Otto G. H.
Campbell, Charles W.
Clark, George W.
Cook, Irving J.
Crane, Frank M.
Crone, Arthur E.

Currier, William L.
Davey, Joseph T.
Feder, David L.
Finnigan, William A.
Fritsche, Max F.
Gasser, Charles A.
Geiger, Frederick V.
Gibean, Joseph

Goessel, Conrad A.
Goldsmith, Martin
Grotta, James L.
Larter, Henry C.
Lehlbach, Herman B.
Leucht, Harry
Mandeville, John D.
Miller, Stephen M.

Miller, Wesley C., Jr.
 Osborn, Loyall A.
 Pionnie, Adolph J.
 Poinier, John
 Reed, Harry D.
 Robertson, Robert A.

Russell, Edward W.
 Slater, Samuel S.
 Smith, Charles A.
 Stoepel, George F.
 Sutphen, Carlyle E.
 Tindall, Frank J.
 Toppin, Robert M.

Van Gisson, Wickliffe B.
 Voelker, Julius R.
 Wright, William C.
 Wrigley, Henry R.
 Zimmerman, Edwin
 Zimmerman, Horace

Bannister, Arthur
 Beers, Clarence
 Betts, Edwin
 Bicking, Louis J.
 Brookfield, Baker A.
 Clark, Thomas F.
 Collard, Charles E.
 Corwin, Joseph W.
 Dunbach, John P.
 Darling, Frank B.
 Davis, Hubert E.
 Durand, Nelson C.
 Gould, Horace P.

First Year Class—B Division.—Gentlemen.

Gregory, Luther E.
 Hedges, Edward G.
 Hopper, Edmund K.
 Jager, George J.
 Honness, George
 Kent, Harry W.
 Kiersted, George H.
 Kuhn, Otto
 McKirgan, Van M.
 Morgan, George
 Nichols, Edward
 Price, William B.
 Rutan, Melville M.
 Sanderson, Charles F.

Schmauder, William J.
 Simpson, Walter A.
 Smith, Edgar E.
 Stewart, Wilson C.
 Teeter, Charles E.
 Thompson, George N.
 Van Arsdale, Charles D.
 Van Ness, Jacob
 Van Ness, William H.
 Van Nest, John
 Walton, Howard W.
 Weingartner, William
 Wiener, Bennie

First Year Class—C Division.—Gentlemen.

Adams, Horace
 Alfke, Henry
 Baldwin, Arthur L.
 Bartow, George C.
 Bates, Charles A.
 Benrider, Richard
 Birkenbaum, Ernest
 Blauvelt, Frederick C.
 Boeger, George
 Brewer, Charles E.
 Bruen, Gus
 Brooks, Percy L.
 Brundage, Frederick N.
 Burgesser, Louis J.
 Burnett, Curtis R.

Canmon, Frank
 Cosgrove, Robert
 Daniels, Frank
 Demerest, Samuel
 Denny, George M.
 Dennis, W. A.
 Driscoll, Herman G.
 Eagels, Frank T.
 Eagels, Israel C.
 Fenner, Adolph
 Fritts, Atwood D.
 Gardner, Perry
 Goetz, John P.
 Goldsmith, Edwin
 Goldsticker, Moses

Gruber, Robert
 Gray, Castor W.
 Green, Lewis
 Griffin, Martin J.
 Hampton, Charles H.
 Hanhauser, George
 Hart, Robert
 Hasselmayer, John G.
 Hadden, Jessie L.
 Hoagland, William H.
 Hobbis, Thomas
 Russell, Charles P.
 Williams, Elwood M.
 Young, Robert

First Year Class—D Division.—Gentlemen.

Baldwin, Grover E.
 Bruen, W.
 Burnett, William H.
 Hodsen, Frederick J.
 Hopper, Leslie C.
 Hopper, Lewis
 Hopkins, Joseph D.
 Jackson, Joseph
 Jacobus, Warren
 Jaehing, Paul
 Jeydel, Solomon A.
 Johnson, William F.
 Kinne, Elihu B.
 Kinsey, Warren R.
 Larter, Arthur E.

Leonard, William S., Jr.
 Madison, Frank E.
 Mahr, George M.
 Manners, Frederick
 Mayberry, Albert
 Mesler, Benjamin
 Morehead, William G.
 Miller, James
 Osborne, Robert S.
 Otto, Charles G.
 Peckham, Edmund D.
 Perry, George
 Price, Charles Z.
 Pryor, W. W.
 Potter, William

Randolph, Leonard M.
 Richardson, Ed. A.
 Roberts, William H.
 Robertson, George H.
 Russ, George S.
 Russell, Henry
 Schaeffer, Jacob J.
 Sherman, John
 Sonnekalb, William
 Tucker, Warner
 Verpillier, Henry
 Voelker, Herman
 Walker, William
 Williams, Robert B.
 Young, Lewis

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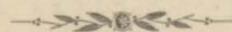
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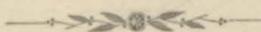
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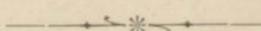
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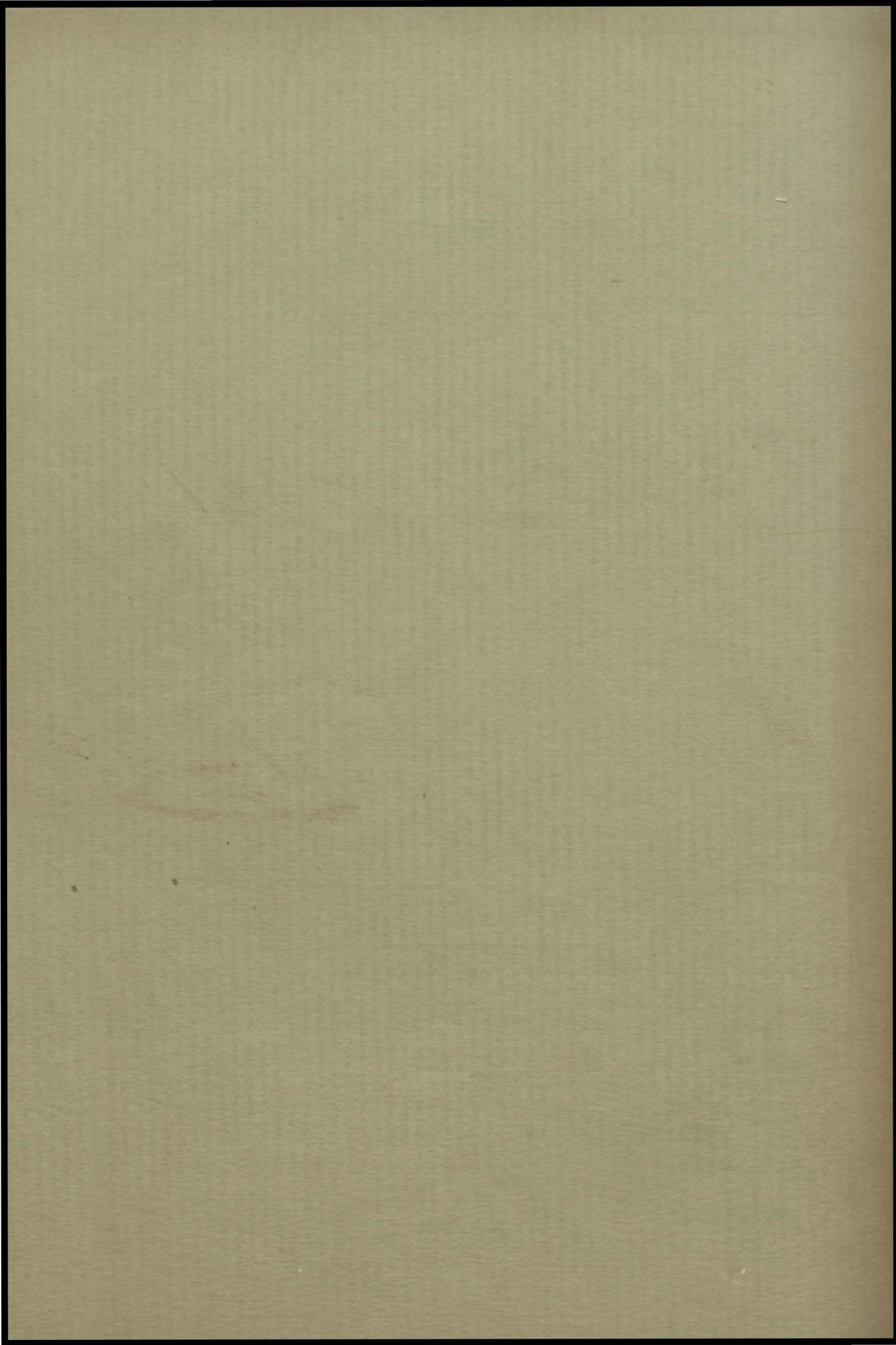
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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL



* 1887 *

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THE HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL



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ДЕЯТЕЛЬНОСТЬ СОЛДАТА ПОДОБНА

ДОКУМЕНТ СОЛДАТ

10

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. XI.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH, 1887.

NO. I.

THE SUMMER IS OVER.

EMMA L. COLEMAN, '87.

THE Summer is over and dead,
And its beautiful story
Of golden glory
Is touched with orange and red.

The flowers are browned by the frost,
And the dahlia gay
Growtheth sadly gray,
And the leaves from the trees are lost.

The brooklets hurry along,
Bearing onward the leaves
While the forest grieves,
And "On to the Sea" is its song.

The autumn cometh around,
And the leaves turn red,
Then brown; and drop dead
On the damp and mouldy ground.

The tale is over and told,
And the winds whistle
Through briar and thistle,
For on comes winter cold.

Prize Essay, 1886.

"H. H."

SADIE MC NARY.

THE children of genius are in soul-life removed from other men. "On star-crowned heights they stand afar," sending forth their messages to the dwellers in the valley beneath. Of the multitude below some listen reverently, and now and then one bolder than the others attempts the ascent; but the rest, intent upon the petty trifles of an hour, do not pause even to glance upward. So far away are the singers, and so mystical are their words, that only the few apprehend their meaning. But not all gifted souls thus deliver their teachings. There are those who, descending from the height with flower-laden hands and shining eyes, bring to the humblest of mankind what they themselves have found only after patient toil and suffering. Their melodies are treasured in many hearts. The world is richer for their living. Often they come, like the Great Teacher from the Mount of Transfiguration, to help and suffer with the ignorant and wretched. Such ministry was her's of whom I write. She claimed—

"The right like Him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap her joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep."

The keynote of her life and labors is her strong sympathy—sympathy which was not merely sentimental, ready to "weep with those who weep;" but it was the more rare quality which rejoices heartily in another's joy, and spends itself to relieve another's anguish. She availed herself of art not only for art's sake, but for love's sake; and that is art's grandest use. Of

her literary works it is impossible to write without looking beyond them at her own personality. This is always true of the writings of women in contrast to those of men, for a woman will lavish her heart's blood where a man but exerts his brain.

"H. H." greeted the world first with a song, with whose harmonious strains mingled the plaintive minor notes of sorrow. The message that she uttered had been imprinted deeply upon her own soul—how deeply only mother's bereaved as she was can know. Through pain she learned to say :

"Mother I see you with your nursery light,
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best."

Her verses, as she pronounced another's, were "simple and went to people's hearts. They were also of a fine and subtle flavor, and gave pleasure to the intellect." In graceful measures she chanted of her "friends in the fields and the woods;" and her spirit could understand and interpret for others mountain

"Oracles, mystic with words
Which men lose if they speak."

Passionately she wrote of love; and her voice gained a loftier and more solemn tone in her sonnets, and in odes like the "Funeral March."

The "Bits of Travel" are like glimpses through mountain clefts of a land and sky just beyond. In her own delightful way she gives her impressions, lingering over what has pleased her most, be it Roman ruin, mountain pass, or a field thick-grown with blossoms. Her most skillful touches

are displayed in character sketches. Who does not remember the "German Landlady," with her quaint, broken English, her simplicity, her shrewdness, her humor?

In Mrs. Jackson were united the poetic temperament and the quick-sighted common sense which can give utterance to a demand for reform in the most forcible and effectual way. The logic and eloquence of her unpretentious "Bits of Talk," in which she made her earnest plea for the more just treatment of children, appealed both to the reason and to the emotions.

In her first novel, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," she has drawn largely from her own character in delineating the heroine. The same rare combination of an ardent, poetic nature with a reserved, practical one, the same cheery spirit, the same sensitive moral tone, appear in Mercy as in herself; but she has not painted her own portrait. Every phase of her unique individuality could not be brought out in a single picture.

The crowning work of this, the most beloved and gifted of American women writers, the amaranthine blossom in her chaplet of fame, was her effort to bring to public discussion the Indian question, with all the disgrace heaped upon it by a hundred years of crime; and to awaken the sympathies of the people for the red men by a recital of the wrongs inflicted upon them by the Government. Oh, shame to America that the first century of the Republic must be called "A Century of Dishonor!" Oh, glorious progress of liberal thought, that a woman's voice, clear and strong and eloquent for right, can rouse slow-thinking statesmen to their duty! Woman's influence was potent in creating public sentiment against slavery. God grant that she may avail as much in wip-

ing this stain from the State's escutcheon. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" wrought for the slaves by "setting the world a-weeping" at the storied woes of the negroes, that will "Ramona" accomplish for the worse than enslaved Indians. "A Century of Dishonor," giving the hard, bare facts of history in relation to this question, reached the more thoughtful; "Ramona," by its skillful character painting and varying action, riveted the attention of a more general class of readers. It was written when the author was at a white heat of zeal and indignation, yet upon it was lavished all her care and ability. Was a heroine ever conceived more sunny, simple, lovable and loving, or more noble and heroic, than Romona, daughter of an Indian mother? But Alessandro, the Indian, high-souled and brave, was not unworthy of her love. Well defined are all the personages of the story. The Senora Moreno stands darkly out from among them, vindictive and cunning, yet refined and soft-spoken withal—a very snake of a woman.

Very different from this artistically constructed novel is the last book that "H. H." wrote. "Zeph" is touching in its simplicity. Broken off abruptly because the time had come for the busy hands to cease their labors, it has for us a double meaning. When almost at Heaven's gate she gave as her last message no meditations upon death or the future life, no word about herself—only the lesson of forgiveness "until seventy times seven." With a prayer-song upon her lips she went away from us; and above her grave, there among the mountains which she loved so dearly,

"Nowhere more sacred grasses wave;
All human hearts to whom she gave
Grieved like friends' hearts when she was dead."

THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

MARTHA B. HAINES, '88.

HURRIEDLY through the books we sped,
 Pencils we tried to borrow,
 And we thought, as with dates each crammed her head,
 “The final exam.’s to-morrow.”

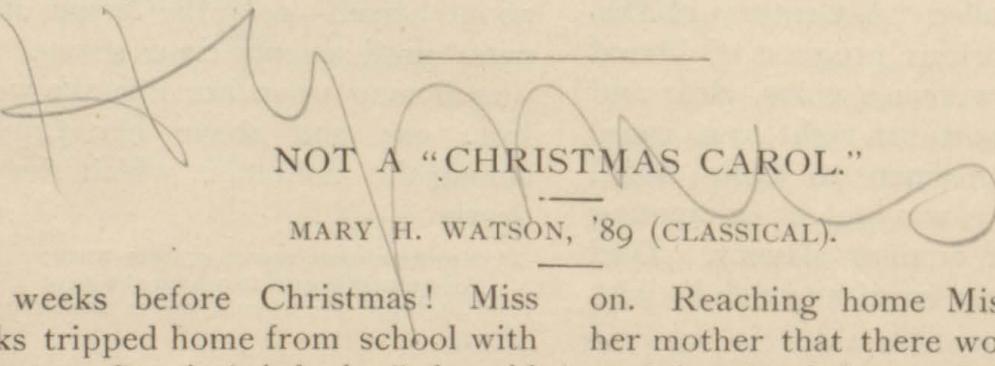
Not a sound was heard, we passed not a note,
 As our thoughts on the paper we hurried ;
 Not a girl was there, but wished she were not,
 For we all felt dreadfully worried.

We struggled bravely, we strove to write,
 With cold hands, and heads that were burning,
 While we felt each dimly remembered fact,
 In our minds to chaos turning.

Kings and Commons, we mixed them up,
 B. C. and A. D. confounding ;
 Worn out we handed our papers in,
 Mistakes in each answer abounding.

We thought, as we pillow'd our aching heads,
 And rested the brains that were weary,
 “How the teachers our work will criticise !”
 And the future looked black and dreary.

Lightly they'll speak of the Juniors when gone,
 And o'er our soiled papers upbraid us,
 But little we'll care, if they'll let us pass on
 Where the honors of Seniors are paid us.



NOT A “CHRISTMAS CAROL.”

MARY H. WATSON, '89 (CLASSICAL).

TWO weeks before Christmas! Miss Jinks tripped home from school with joyful news. “Say, isn’t it lucky,” she said to a friend whom she met, “we have no examination ’till February, for I have’n’t studied a bit and don’t know a thing.” Her friend replied, “Awfully nice,” and passed

on. Reaching home Miss Jinks informed her mother that there would be no use of studying hard for a whole month yet, so she had planned to go skating with the girls that afternoon and to the carnival at the slide in the evening.

She translated a few lines of Latin after

dinner, while waiting for her friends, trusting to good luck to carry her through the next day's lessons. When just preparing to retire she heard a sound. Burglars! Miss Jinks paused in her operations upon a curl to listen. Nobody under the table, nobody under the bed, all as it should be, nobody behind the door. Quite satisfied she closed the door and went to bed. Suddenly the gong at the front door resounded through the house. No one answered it, but slowly through the hall and over the stairs came somebody—clank, clank—and entered her room through the unopened door. A ghost! Too terrified to scream she lay there, her eyes riveted upon this spectre. He was wrapped about with a long, white garment, which fell in classic folds, and round and round him was wound a heavy chain that dragged behind like a tail and was made, she noticed, of radicals, brackets, minuses, plusses, infinity signs and zeros. He was transparent, so that she, looking through him, could see the buttons on his coat behind. At length Miss Jinks had the courage to ask—

"What do you want here?"

"Much," he replied.

"But who are you and why do you come to me?"

"It is required of everyone," he answered, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and if that spirit goes not forth in life it is condemned to do so after death. I am the spirit of your own life and have sat unseen many a day at your elbow. Oh, if you but knew how you treat me! For whenever you fail to do what is right or neglect a lesson a link is added to this heavy chain." And as if to prove this he caught up one end, then dropped it with a deafening crash. Miss Jinks needed no further assurance of its weight. "You will be haunted tonight," he continued, "by three phantoms. Expect the first immediately after my departure, the second and third after him. I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere.

Look to see me no more, and look, that for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us."

Miss Jinks listened until the last echo of his clanking chain had died away, when she noticed that the little fairy lamp which she had extinguished was now burning brightly. As she watched, the candle grew longer, the pink and blue globe became smaller until, after various steps of evolution, the first of her three promised visitors sat upon the corner of the dressing table, confronting her with a vari-colored toboggan hood, perched like a jester's cap upon his head.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Miss Jinks.

"I am."

"Who and what are you?" she demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Examinations Past. Rise and come with me."

She followed in some surprise, as he sped away to a distant city which had at one time been her home. There he led her to the old school house, which she remembered so well, and showed her herself among her former playmates, many of whom she had forgotten or were far away now. She recalled what delight she had taken in her studies then; what pleasure it had given her to do the best work of her class and to pass through her examinations well. Miss Jinks wished to speak to a very dear friend whom she saw there, but the Spirit hurried her away to her old home. There he showed her a scene which caused her to smile as she recalled it. She saw herself grieving, her heart almost broken, for her loveliest doll which a friend had carelessly broken. It seemed a mere trifle now, yet she knew it had been a severer test than any school examination. She remembered with pleasure that she had done her duty and forgiven her friend, although no one, save herself, would ever know how much moral courage it had taken.

While returning the Ghost said, "If we

could only prepare for these more important examinations as we do for those of school, how few there would be lamenting their own weak wills, the burden of whose song is, 'If I only had.' You, in your past, have succeeded in passing through all your examinations, but of late have neglected both your home duties and studies, so that your friends fear that you are not growing into the woman they expected. But my time for speaking to you has expired, and it is another's duty to show you your present life." With that he began to shut himself up like a telescope. When he had regained his former proportion the halo of light which had surrounded him during this intercourse died out suddenly, leaving her in darkness.

In a few moments the curtains at her window were drawn aside by a hand and someone entered. It was the second Spirit; but how he ever climbed up there was more than Miss Jinks could conceive. It must have been a perilous ascent, but he said very composedly, "I am the Ghost of Examinations Present; rise and walk with me."

Miss Jinks wondered whether he would force her to use the window as a place of exit, but followed him obediently out upon the sill. "Now," said he, "catch hold." What about him there was to grasp she could not see, but extending her hand felt herself pulled gently along and swung down into the street below. He conducted her to school, where she saw herself seated among a number of girls, an examination paper before her, repeating broken passages of Caesar, and trying in vain to recall rule number two thousand and seventy-four. Oh, how hard that examination was! But did she not know why? Had she not been taking precious time from her lessons and sacrificing it to pleasure? The Spirit then led her to the skating pond and the slide. From there to numerous theatre parties and receptions which Miss Jinks knew she had attended that winter. She

tried to conceal herself behind her airy companion, but seeing through him without any difficulty she erroneously supposed that her friends would observe her, which was far from being a pleasing idea.

As they returned the Ghost said to her, "If you could without neglecting your studies indulge in all these pleasures my mission would not be here, but as this is impossible you ought to know that one or the other should be given up, which, is for you to decide, but I earnestly hope you will choose rightly, for, believe me, study is a pleasure to be enjoyed now or never, while these others may be resumed when your school days are over."

"Only one more to come," thought Miss Jinks, when, lifting her eyes, she beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist toward her. It slowly, silently advanced. When it came near, Miss Jinks bent down upon her knee, for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery. It was shrouded in a deep black garment which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. She felt that it was tall and stately; she knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Examinations Yet to Come," said she. "You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us. Is this so, Spirit?"

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"Ghost of the Future!" she exclaimed, "I fear you more than any spectre I have seen, but as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to be a different girl from what I have been, I am prepared to bear you company and do it with a thankful heart. Lead on, Spirit."

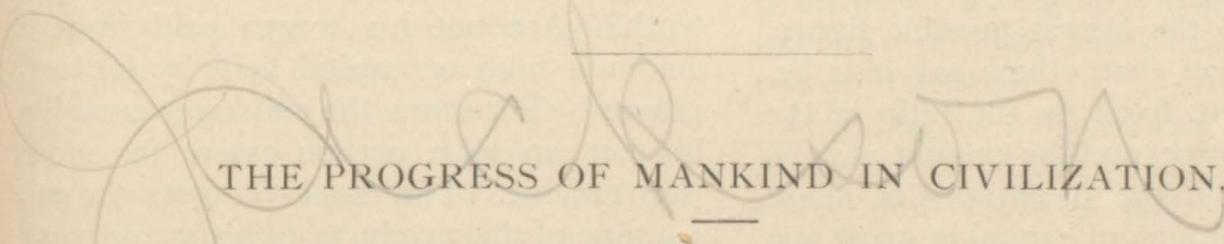
He led her to school where, standing behind a group of girls, Miss Jinks heard her own name mentioned.

"Yes," said one, "she has been very ill for a long time. Her mother took her out of school because she was studying so hard, but we all know that it was not study that ruined her health, but going out into society so much. She is a hopeless invalid now and her doctor says that she may die at any moment. Her family intended taking her to Bermuda this winter, but she is not able to bear the journey. I wish I had the chance to go."

"O, Spirit," cried Miss Jinks, "before you show me more answer me one question: Are these shadows of the things that will be or things that may be?" The Spirit was unmovable. "Good Spirit," she pursued, as down upon the floor she fell before it, "hear me! I am not the girl I was. I will not be the girl I must have been but for this intercourse. You pity me. Assure me that I shall not die thus. Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, but if the courses be departed from will not the ends change?"

The ghost's hand trembled. In a vain attempt to clutch it, Miss Jinks found herself in her own bed. Yes, and the room was her own and everything in it. Had she been dreaming or had it all happened? Dreaming? No. "There's the door," she exclaimed, "by which the first ghost entered; there's the lamp with the globe which the Ghost of Examinations Past used for a cap; there's the window out of which I climbed with the Spirit of Examinations Present. It's all true! It all happened!"

Miss Jinks had no further intercourse with spirits, but her friends were glad to see the change in her. Some people laughed to note the alteration, but she little heeded them, for she was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe at which some persons did not have their fill of laughter at the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, she let them laugh while she carried out her good resolutions.



THE PROGRESS OF MANKIND IN CIVILIZATION.

F. K. JOHNSON, '88.

WHAT wonderful changes in the growth of mankind, towards civilization, we have witnessed. They have been so great that we can scarcely realize them. Yet there has been a change nevertheless, and a great one at that. For we know that only a few years ago, persons, in order to travel from one place to another, were compelled to take long and tedious journeys, in conveyances somewhat like our stages of to-day; and those desiring to go from New York to San Francisco or California, traveled in large covered wagons across trackless plains, accomplishing but a few miles daily.

When the first railroad train was introduced there was great rejoicing, and I have no doubt but that the people thought it perfection itself, but improvements have been going on ever since, until we have finally arrived at our grand and beautiful engines of to-day, seeming almost like human beings and standing forth in their majesty and power symbols of mechanical ingenuity.

Again, what had they in the ancient times to compare with our modern telephone, through which a person can be heard by another a thousand miles distant; also our telegraph, electric lights, etc.? I say nothing can come within a hundredth part of

their greatness. And yet the inventor's mind is not yet at rest, for we see evidences of his existence in our every day life.

And so the work of civilization goes on, increasing in greatness day by day, until the last great day, when everything shall

be consumed by fire, and we shall pass into a land far greater and more beautiful than this world can ever be, "where the gates of the city are of pearls and the streets thereof pure gold."

HENRY GEORGE ON WAGES.

FRED. S. TITSWORTH, '89.

OUR country to-day is in a state of great commotion, resulting from the action of the so-called "Knights of Labor." This union has organized and introduced a new party into the political field, called the "Labor Party." In New York city they placed Henry George at their head as candidate for Mayor. In this country especially, the question is often brought up, "Why is it that poverty produces itself in the midst of advancing wealth and increase of manufacturing power?" Henry George says it is evidently the cause which shows itself in the inclination everywhere to reduce wages to the lowest possible figure. But further than that, others say it is because wages are fixed by the ratio of the number of laborers and the amount of capital employed in the production of labor. Thus, if the amount of capital is great and laborers are few, then wages will eventually rise; but on the other hand, if the number of laborers is great and there is little capital, then wages will fall. But what is this universal tendency of wages to a minimum? It is probably the cause of this ratio between wages and capital, but Henry George says

this doctrine is based upon an entire misapprehension: "That wages instead of being drawn from capital are in reality drawn from the product of the labor for which they are paid."

Let us look for a moment as to the truth of this last statement. For example, a man is given a certain number of boards in the rough state; after instructions he makes a handsome cabinet valued and sold at two hundred dollars; the wages, so Henry George says, are paid out of the two hundred dollars, the more valuable his work the greater his wages. But is this the truth? Are not his wages paid from a common fund or capital held by his employer? The more the employer can give his men up to a certain extent the more they receive. The employer gets the advantage of the products of his men's work not the employees. From these points we would draw our conclusions, that wages are paid from capital and the rate of wages depend on the rate of the number of laborers seeking employment, and the amount of capital employed in the production of labor.

THE FATE OF A VALENTINE.

KATE F. DUNN, '87.

THE calm, æsthetic brow of Mr. Algernon De Smythe is clouded on this bright February morning, and he impatiently pulls his blonde moustache while deeply buried in thought. Various conje-

tures as to what has occurred to disturb the usual equanimity of his countenance crowd thick and fast upon us. Is he a disciple of Henry George, revolving in his mind the social problem? or do we behold in him an

embryo Disraeli or Gladstone? or taking into account the undeniable sleek arrangement of his blonde locks and his thoughtful expression of countenance, shall we conclude that he is planning a new pose for his next set of photographs? He himself undeceives us; for, rising from his chair, he paces up and down, the room muttering to himself, "Valentine—val-en-tine—tine-tine. O, what can I get to rhyme with tine? Sign? No! (In a disgusted tone.) Kine? (Shades of Rosa Bonheur defend us.) Pine? Pine! Yes, pine, that will do;" and we hear the first two couplets of his poetical (?) effusion, delivered tragically—

" Malvina Jones, for thee I pine,
O, will you be my valentine!"

Evidently this wording is not suited to our poet, for he attempts to re-arrange thus:

" Malvina Jones, my valentine'
For thee I pine—for thee I pine!"

Really, this is getting to be very pathetic. The heart-breaking sigh drawn after each "pine" betokens the truth of his statement, and we shake our heads mournfully, as we become convinced how cruelly cupid has plied this heart with his arrows.

We soon see that these repressive words act as an inspiration to Algenon, for he now proceeds to paint in pale colors the valentine suggested by the lines above quoted, and which is to make glad the heart of the maiden who has so certainly conquered the heart of De Smythe. He pauses before his easel, brush in hand, to rehearse once more the scene which, although indelibly painted on his mind, he yearns to put on the card-board before him. He sees it all! 'Twill be in a leafy wood, fine back ground of waving trees. Malvina, attired in a gauzy costume, forms a striking figure against the dark foliage. Two pine trees to the right, each with a capital I on it. Malvina gazing at these with a tender smile stealing over her countenance. How plainly is conveyed the sentiment,

" Malvina Jones, my valentine.
For thee I pine—for thee I pine!"

Certain missgivings as to the eternal fitness of things, to wit, the leafy wood, gauzy costumes, etcetera, for the chilly month of February, cross our friend's mind, but are cast aside as disloyal to Malvina, who will surely see the sentiment intended to be conveyed.

With renewed spirits our artist-poet goes to work, and in a short time has completed something — anything, but which looks to our eyes like very little. Trees no botanist could classify; grass which would give the cholera (*infantum*) to the best regulated "kine;" while Malvina, as to her attire, looks as if she had come to grief against a newly painted house, and the expression on her countenance is like that of a peasant girl viewing for the first time the "Wild West" at Madison Square Garden. The two pine trees are conspicuous by the large *I* on each of them. With a look of Heavenly contentment Algenon views this product of his brush, feeling sure that the adamantine heart of Miss Jones cannot resist this powerful weapon.

Dreading to let even the plebian hands of the postman carry his valentine, Algenon dons his coat and hat and sallies forth to post his love token to his "layde faire." He determines to send it by a messenger boy, and goes up town in the car with the bearer of the missive.

Scarcely is the package delivered when Algy trips lightly up the steps to make quite an accidental call on the young lady. He is ushered into the reception room, but in crossing the hall his steps are arrested by the sound of girlish laughter. He hears Malvina, who he fondly hopes will be *his* Malvina, laugh merrily as she remarks to her brother Tom, "Who could have sent that daub? Who, but that idiot De Smythe!"

Exit Algy in haste.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

HATTIE JOHNSTONE, '89.

THE wit of one and the wisdom of many have given us the saying, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them." It is quite possible for one looking with backward glance over the world's great men and deeds, to see running through them all the blind results of circumstances.

To the cynical mind it has ever been a subject of melancholy reflection, that the development of science, as well as the turning points of the world's history, can be largely traced to fortuitous chances. A rain storm defeated Napoleon at Waterloo; a falling apple gave us the law of gravity; a teakettle the power of steam; a swinging lamp in a cathedral, the use of the pendulum; a cold water bath the principle of specific gravity. The pulling up of a shrub disclosed the presence of gold in Australia, and if we may believe Charles Lamb, the burning of a house gave to the world the glories of "roast pig."

But taking a broader view, it may be said that the difference between the races of the earth has been the result of the different circumstances by which they have been surrounded.

The descendants of our parents in the Garden of Eden wandered widely. They went to the tropics of Africa, to the plateau of Asia, to the forests of America, to the balmy shores of the Mediterranean, and up into the cold and rugged parts of Europe. Centuries passed. The descendant of Adam, who went to the West, is building the Parthenon at Athens, while he in the East is living in a hut in one of the isles of the sea. The nineteenth century comes round. The European is surrounded with all the comforts of civilization and all the

benign results of literature, science, art and religion, while his kinsman in Africa is worshiping an idol, painting his face, blacking his teeth, and subsisting on fish. All this is the result of altered circumstances.

We may look with contempt upon the sensuous inhabitants of the Orient, but we would be lazy and dark complexioned too, if our ancestors had undergone a long course of rice and one hundred degrees in the shade.

But there seems to be an underlying principle in all this work of circumstances. It is the divine expression of the truth, that great things are made up of small. The world placed at man's disposal contains many varying conditions and different capabilities, but he was left to discover and improve them. Through all the growth of civilization, with its accidents of discovery, its unforeseen failures, its blind gropings after truth, its battlings with superstitions, we may hear the steady tramp of a mighty army of progress, which no obstacle can swerve and no circumstances stop.

It is in the lives of individuals, however, that the force of circumstances is seen most clearly. The career of a great general, discoverer, or scientist has in it a large element of chance. In private life the unsuccessful mourn the lack of opportunity, and say that adverse circumstances keep them from rising. But it is evident from the biographies of great men that the cause of their advancement lay, not so much in the circumstances themselves as in the making use of them. It is not that the circumstances make the man, but they develop the man. If he has no good in him, circumstances, however favorable, can bring no good developments. Herein lies

the value of *education*. It is sometimes hard for the student to think that he is spending years in study, while others are engaged in business. It is just this that the objectors to the higher education put forth. Neither they, nor such a student himself, takes into account that the object of education is to prepare one for seizing the opportunities of life. The daily round

of study, the slowly accumulating knowledge, the constant habit of mental concentration, the uniform growth of the intellect in breadth, grasp and acuteness, slowly but surely paves the way for the exercise of all the mental powers, which the crisis may demand. When circumstances call, it is the trained mind that answers.

MARRIED.

- Miss A. Kate Scheerer, '80, to Mr. Charles C. Merkel.
Miss Helen L. Tuttle, '79, to Mr. Chas. S. Coulton.
Miss Florence Crane, to Mr. Richard Stringer, '80.
Miss Emma Gwinnell, '81, to Dr. H. L. Coit.
Miss Alice R. Cornwell, '81, to Mr. George Davis.
Miss Eva Jennings, '81, to Mr. Alfred Davies.
Miss Bertha Prieth, to Mr. Chas Feick, '74.
Miss Lizzie B. Dingwell, '82, to Mr. Wm. H. Stillwell.
Miss Abbie C. Baylis, to Mr. Fred. B. Faitoute, '81.

Our list of marriages is not complete, as some of our pupils have married without sending us word. They ought not so to do.

DEATHS.

- Miss Emma L. Coleman, Class of '87.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. XI.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH, 1886.

NO. I.

EDITORS:

OTTOMAR BLOCK,
H. QUINCY CRANE,
HARRY T. BOLTON.

KATE L. DUNN,
ANNIE COURTOIS.

EDITORIAL.

A GAIN comes our ANNUAL with kind greetings to all, and should there be any faults in the paper please attribute it to the lack of experience in this line of work. We take some pride in thinking that our ANNUAL compares favorably with the papers of similar institutions in this country.

Almost every year we have to notice improvements made in our surroundings. We have a vigorous High School Committee; they are ever on the alert and are always ready to do anything that will make our school more efficient. The three principal changes that we note, are: our new entrance on Washington street; semi-annual examinations instead of term, and monthly cards instead of weekly ones. Every Monday morning (in the male department) at chapel we have a declamation or an oration by a Senior, and every Tuesday morning by a Junior.

It was our intention to present to our friends, in glowing colors, the events of the past year, but as the awfulness of our position as editors burst upon us the paint box of our imagination fell to pieces, and, as has been the case with many editors before us, perspective views of weighty discus-

sions, criticisms, etc., faded away and perforce we were left with nothing to talk of but the weather, which, as Marion Crawford says, "Is a very good subject—if there's enough of it." Not wishing, however, to encroach upon the duties of the new Weather Bureau official, we hasten to leave this uncertain topic and turn to one nearer home—the changes in our school.

Mention has been made of the improvements in the building, and if the Board of Education could hear even a part of the praise showered upon them they would not hesitate to make any further changes which the High School may need.

In this connection it may be well to state that we now have five first year classes, which cannot by any possibility dwindle down in time to less than two Senior classes. As it is the present Junior classes more than fill the Senior room. The question naturally arises, "What is to be done with all these pupils?" A slight consideration of the matter will make it evident that what we would now hail with joy will in a short time become a necessity—a new High School building.

We are very thankful for what has already been done for us, but must contin-

ually cry, “More, more,” as new needs present themselves.

Only one change has been noticed in the faculty this year—Miss Wilcox succeeds Miss Remick as teacher of the Junior Class. In the severe affliction Miss Remick has suffered in the death of her mother she has had the warmest sympathy and kindest remembrances of the entire school.

But sorrow has come to us, too, and we have felt the presence of that “Reaper whose name is Death” in our midst. We can scarcely realize yet that our dear friend

and schoolmate has left us, but her vacant seat in the classroom is a daily reminder of what we have lost in the pure-hearted, unselfish girl, who by her kindly manner made herself beloved by the entire class. We miss her greatly and our hearts go out in sympathy to those at home who are left to mourn.

“ Rest thee, lost one! rest thee calmly,
Glad to go where pain is o'er,
Where they say not through the night time
‘I am weary’ any more.”

PRIZES OF 1886.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the Class in German during the year—Edward Goeller Prize—
WALLACE T. O. HURD.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-Nine—HENRY T. SCHULZ.

For the best Declamation (June 11, 1886)—Gift of the Society of Seventy-Seven—
ALLAN N. TERBELL.

For best Recitation by the Ladies (June 11, 1886)—Gift of the Alumni—JOANNA S. STEWART.

For the best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—
FRED. C. RUSSELL.

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics during the past four years—J. L. Johnson Medal—CARRIE L. ROMINE.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship of the entire Class, as shown by the final examination—George B. Swain Medal—
ALICE M. LAYLAND.

For the best Rhetorical work during the year by the young ladies—Tichenor Medal—
ANNIE H. McCLELLAND.

For the best final Essay of the young ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—SARAH MCNARY.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the entire Class during the year—Hovey Medal—
ANNA M. PROVOST.

“A FEW OF OUR BOYS.”

Edmund S. Joy, '82, is in Columbia Law School.

Our boys of '84 are still among the leaders in college.

Obi Kitchell, '80, is making a success as

principal of a private school in Plainfield.

H. C. Hedden, '76, is principal of a school in Morristown.

William A. Howell, '75, is supervisor on the Pennsylvania railroad.

T. F. Burgdorff, '71, is engineer on the best man of war in our navy.

E. J. Ill, M. D., '72, is in the front rank of our physicians and surgeons.

Rev. J. H. Darlington, Ph.D., '73, is rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn.

In our notes we go back only to 1871, as the records for previous years are not complete.

Albert L. Mershon, '83, is a senior at Princeton, standing No. 5 in a class of over one hundred.

W. B. Gwinnell, '81, is taking a post graduate course in Philosophy in Johns Hopkins University.

Louis R. Menagh, '79, is the buyer for one of the large Sixth avenue dry goods stores in New York.

A. C. Dougherty, M.D., '77, is a member of the Board of Education. The boys of this class have kept up a class organization with regular meetings and an annual reception, since their graduation.

The class of '86 have held semi-monthly meetings since they graduated, and the meetings are so pleasant and profitable that they propose to continue them for an indefinite period.

The class of '78 was the largest ever graduated from the High School, and among its members we find to-day printers, bookkeepers, clerks, farmers, lawyers, manufacturers, teachers, druggists, doctors, and dentists.

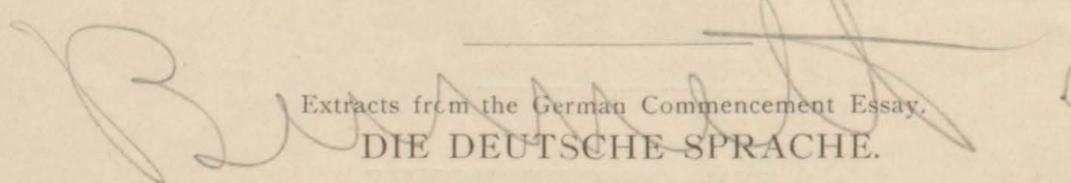
Of the young ladies graduating in 1886, Miss Sarah McNary and Miss Edith H. Warren are taking very high rank in Wellesley College, and Miss Harriet S. Joy is at Laselle Seminary, and of course is editor of the Seminary paper.

Of the class of '85, Winthrop Gates is in New York University; Burnham Kalisch, J. C. Pfister, Wm. E. Preston and C. T. B. Rowe, are in Columbia College; Ernest Mathews is in Wesleyan University, and W. H. McKenzie is in Syracuse University.

In 1878 our first class graduated from the Commercial Department. The results show the organizing of that class was a good thing. The Prudential Life Insurance Company absorbs a large number of these graduates, and all the others readily find good places.

Somebody may ask where are "Some of our Girls." Well, there are teaching in our city schools of the class of 1871, 6; 1872, 10; 1873, 7; 1874, 10; 1875, 7; 1876, 15; 1877, 16; 1878, 19; 1879, 13; 1880, 21; 1881, 24; 1882, 23; 1883, 35; 1884, 26; 1885, 27. Total, 259. And many others are keeping house for a family of two, three or four.

The class of '74 is represented by a large number of prominent men in our city, as Willis Bristol, R. L. Burrage, M.D.; Chas. A. Feick, Esq., school commissioner; Harry C. Hines, of the firm of J. H. Hines & Son; Louis Hood, Esq., ex-judge; Charles G. Ritchie, noted, not only as manager of a large business, but as a man of musical ability.



WALLACE HURD, '86 (COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT).

SPRACHE ist der Ausdruck unsrer Ideen in ihren vielen Beziehungen. Die Natur hat jedem Thiere eine Macht gegeben, seinen Mitgeschöpfen seine Wünsche mitzutheilen. Die Lautorgane der Thiere

sind so gemacht, dass sie nach Wunsch Töne hervorbringen können, welche unwillkürlich von Anderen derselben Geschlechts-Gattung verstanden werden. Das Glucken der Henne wird augenblicklich

von der ganzen Huhn-Familie verstanden. Die Stimmen der Thiere scheinen jedoch, von Natur, nicht besondere Ideen und moralische Empfindungen ausdrücken zu wollen, sondern nur solche Dinge, welche für die Geschlechts-Gattung von besonderem Interesse sind. Ein Unterschied zwischen der menschlichen Sprache und der thierischen Sprache besteht darin dass, wenn ein Mensch spricht, jede Silbe gehört werden kann; aber in der Thiersprache giebt es keine abgesonderten Artikulation.

* * * * *

Nun zur deutschen Sprache. Das Wort „Germanen“ wird von einigen Leuten vom hochdentschen Worte „ger“ abgeleitet, welches „Speer“ bedentet, und „Germanen“ als Leute die Speere trugen. Andere sagen, es komme von dem keltischen Worte „gairm“ d. h. Lärm, weil die Deutschen mit grossem Lärm und unter Jauchzen in den Krieg zogen. Wir finden, dass das jetzige deutsche Wort „Deutsch“ von dem alten Worte „Teut“ kommt. Fünf Sprachen giebt es heute, welche aus dem Teutonischen abstammen Deutsch, Holländisch, Englisch, Dänisch und Schwedisch. In dem elften Jahrhundert . . .

* * * * *

Die Sprache der Deutschen ist für Ausländer nicht so leicht zu lernen als die englische. Im Deutschen haben wir Artikel, Deklinationen, Umlaute und Geschlechter; im Englischen haben wir nur einen Artikel und die drei Geschlechter. Aber das Geschlecht verändert den Artikel nicht. Das Schwierigste, das die Fremden erfahren, wenn sie englisch lernen wollen, ist die Aussprache. Im Deutschen giebt es eine Regel für dieses, die heisst „sprich wie du schreibst.“ Die englische Sprache giebt dafür keine Regel. * * * Wenn ein Jüngling zwei Sprachen kennt, so hat er ein doppeltes Kapital in seiner Hand. Ich entsinne mich einiger Linien, die ich einmal hörte:

„Wer fremde Sprachen nicht kennt“
Weiss nichts von seiner eignen.“

Oft, als ich an meiner Lektion studierte, musste ich an die Wahrheit dieses Sprichwortes denken, denn ich habe viele Fehler in meiner eignen Sprache gefunden. Die deutsche Sprache, hat drei besondere Eigenschaften, welche sie in ihrer Anwendbarkeit sehr biegsam macht. Erstens,—die Feinheit des Ausdruckes, zweitens,—Leichtigkeit der Wortzusammensetzung, welche längere Sätze in anderen Sprachen verlangt, drittens die Macht, die ganze Bedeutung eines Wortes zu verändern, wenn wir eine Vorsilbe brauchen, z. B., gehen und begehen.

* * * * *

Die Deutsche Litteratur empfing ihren ersten Antrieb durch die Neigung des Volkes, die fabelhaften und heroischen Combinationen ihrer Sagen und ihrer Geschichte im Gesang zu feiern. Das Niebelungen Lied ist ein solches Beispiel der Litteratur in jenen frühen Zeiten. Sein Inhalt ist zum grossen Theile mythologisch. Von besonderem Einflusse auf die Entwicklung der Litteratur war die Erfindung der Buchdruckerei durch Gutenberg. Luther übersetzte die Bibel so wunderbar schön, dass die Leute heute noch sagen, es sei ein Muster von feinem Ausdruck, und sie war das este Buch, das gedruckt wurde.

* * * * *

Italien ist das Land der Blumen, England des Geldes, Amerika der Freiheit, aber das traute Deutschland ist das Land der Poesie und des Gesanges. Italien hat seinen Dante und Petrarca, England seinen Dickens und Shakespeare, Amerika seinen Longfellow und Whittier, aber wenn wir an das Vaterland denken, wie können wir unsere geliebten Dichter und Sänger vergessen? Sie scheinen aus der Finsterniss wie der Abendstern. Wahrlich die Namen Göthe und Schiller, Wagner und Mozart werden nie vergessen werden, so lange Poesie und Musik in den deutschen Herzen lebt, und bis an's Ende der Zeit. Welch ein süßes Behagen empfinden wir, ein Buch Göthe's zu lesen, wenn wir Kummer und Sorgen haben, besonders seine „Iphige-

nia.' Es macht die Sorgen leicht, wir vergessen unseren Kummer, eine neue Kraft wächst in uns, und wir sagen dem Dichter Lob und Dank für sein herrliches Gedicht. Auch Schiller hält einen nicht weniger liebe-und ehrenvollen Platzin den deutschen Herzen. Viele seiner Werke sind Ergüsse der Freiheit. Er liebte das Wort „Freiheit“ und hasste alle Tyrannie, denn er

hatte selbst die Hand eines Tyrannen gefühlt. * * * *

Zum Schlusse rufe ich Euch die Worte des Dichters zu :

Jetzt müsst ihr mich auch recht verstehn,
Ja recht verstehn.
Wenn Menschen auseinander gehn.
So sagen sie „Auf's Wiedersehn.“
 Auf's Wiedersehn.

DER NUTZEN UND SCHADEN DER ZEITUNGSLEKTÜRE.

ARTHUR BALDWIN, '87.

IN unseren Zeiten giebt es wohl wenige Familien, in denen ein täglich erscheinendes Blatt fehlt. Oft wird die Frage aufgeworfen, ob dies es allgemeine Zeitungslesen für die Menschen vortheilhaft oder schädlich sei. Ich will versuchen beide Seiten der Frage etwas zu beleuchten. Zuerst kann behauptet werden, dass das Zeitungslesen eine Verschwendug von Zeit sei, die zu etwas Besserem angewandt werden könnte. Ferner lenkt es die Aufmerksamkeit des Lesers auf Gegenstände, deren Kenntniss von sehr geringem Nutzen für uns ist.

Auch sind die Zeitungen nicht immer zuverlässig; sie tadeln oder loben, nicht immer aus Ueberzeugung, sondern um ihren Lesern zu gefallen und sie zu amüsieren, z. B. durch falsche und fürchterlich übertriebene Geschichten, und andere Zeitungsenten. Ein anderer Nachtheil ist, dass sie selten etwas gründlich besprechen,

so dass man trotz des Lesens nicht Meister der Situation wird. Auch machen sie ihre Leser zu Anhängern einer bestimmten Partei, einfach weil sie nur die *guten* Eigenschaften derselben, und von der anderen entgegengesetzten nur die *schlechten* Seiten hervorheben, anstatt offen und aufrichtig zu sein.

Doch auch von Nutzen können die Zeitungen sein. Sie machen uns mit dem bekannt, was in unserem ungeheueren Lande, und was im Auslande vorgeht, in Bezug auf das gesellschaftliche, gewerbliche und politische Leben auf Personen, Kunst, Wissenschaft und auf andere Sachen, die von grosser Bedeutung sind. Fernerhin bringen sie uns in Verbindung mit neuen Ideen und Gedanken, die wir vorher noch nicht überlegt hatten, und wodurch unser Intellekt gestärkt, und unser Sprachschatz durch neue Wörter bereichert wird.

CHANGE.

JENNIE B. HARVEY, '89.

CHANGE is a monarch stern, whose sway
Can boast a universal range.
Tell me, in nature's vast array,
In works which human skill display,
If aught there is that knows no change?

Each budding leaf, each blooming flower,
Will fade as seasons come and go.
Thus change is busy every hour.
All nature owns her mighty power;
The world doth to her sceptre bow.

Behold! her magic wand she waves,
And golden locks are turned to gray.
The rose on blooming cheek soon fades ;
And empty hearths and new-made graves,
Witness that naught her power can stay.

She dwells within affection's bower,
And hearts, like thoughts and seasons,
change.
Friendship she withers like a flower ;
And loved ones 'neath her chilling power
Will oft grow cold, and hard, and strange.

O'er joys grim sorrow casts her pall,
And fickle pleasures turn and flee ;
Virtue to vice will sadly fall,
Innocence fly beyond recall,
While bending to her stern decree.

We bend above the infant brow,
And dream of future wealth and fame ;
A few short weeks or months, and lo !
We lay him where the violets blow,
And home is never more the same.

Behold, our merchandise is wrecked,
Our fair fields blighted by the storm !
How quickly through some slight neglect,
Our mansions in their splendor decked,
Into a heap of ashes turn !

At morn we count our hoarded store,
And pride ourselves upon our thrift ;
At eve we stand at beggary's door ;
Our riches with their pomp and power,
Have vanished like a spring snow drift.

At morn we boast in healthful pride,
At eve we toss on beds of pain ;
Thus Change stands ever by our side ;
Each wind and current doth she ride ;
All times and seasons are her claim.

But hark ! I hear the vesper chimes
Steal softly through the fading light ;
And find, mute emblem of the times,
E'en while I write these changeful rhymes,
Day is fast changing into night.

THE MISSION OF POLITICAL PARTIES THE MAINTENANCE OF LIBERTY.

FRED. C. RUSSELL.

LIBERTY is man's birthright. He values it above his life. Millions have died in its defence. How great a blessing, therefore, must be every instrument which tends to confer this boon upon mankind. Cannot political parties be regarded as such instruments, or must we consider them a curse and so brand them? Would not their very existence prove the contrary? Public opinion in a free nation would not countenance them if antagonistic to the principles of freedom. They arise, naturally, in a country where perfect liberty is enjoyed. For, what is a free country? It is one in which each individual has some voice in its management. It is one where the people are the sovereigns. Is it possi-

ble for all the people to agree upon the principles under which they live, and upon the individuals who administer their laws?

No! there must be differences of opinion. The people with kindred ideas will form themselves into what are called parties. These organizations cannot flourish under tyranny, because the subjects are not allowed to openly give expression to their opinions. They are simply and meekly to obey the powers that be. But often, unable to bear the oppression to which they are subjected, they unite themselves into socialistic and other secret associations with a platform of violence.

The primary functions of a government are, the maintenance of peace and the ad-

ministration of justice. But how often are these powers abused? How long could a free people retain their privileges with no check upon corrupt officials? But such a check happily exists. Political parties, by retaining oppressive governments; by urging neglectful ones to their duty; by placing responsibility upon magistrates; by acting as inquisitions, where leaders are tried for their political heresies, serve to keep alive the spirit of a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Where there are such instrumentalities, the administration is more efficient, for, while the people there are ready to resent wrong, they are as ready to support the officers of justice when in the right.

Political parties are the outgrowth of emergencies. Some crying evil or needed change enlists popular sympathy. This is shown in our own natural history. At the very dawn of the American nation party spirit rose high. An experiment was to be tried; a new form of government was to be inaugurated; a constitution was to be adopted. Two parties sprang into existence, the Federals, supporting the constitution as it stands to-day; the Republicans, opposing it. After a fierce political struggle, the Federals achieved a glorious triumph. Nurtured by the principles of this party, American institutions have become the most flourishing in the world.

Later in our national life the public mind became agitated with the slavery question. The Northern States saw the inconsistency of such an institution under our professed principles of liberty, justice and equality. But our self-interested Southern neighbors, to whom the slaves were very valuable, would not relinquish this "relic of barbarism." Consequently the nation was again divided into two bitter parties. Exciting

controversies ensued, which culminated in our great Civil War.

The result of this great sacrifice of life and property was even greater than the opponents of slavery dared to expect, namely, the emancipation of every slave in the United States. By the efforts of a political party, that great curse of America, that dark stain upon our flag of freedom, was forever blotted out.

Here we have two grand examples of the mission such agencies can accomplish. Our country is now recognized as the "Model Republic," the asylum for the oppressed, the home of universal liberty. Were it not for the work of the Federals in giving to us our present constitution; were we but a league of States, not a Union, and did our flag of freedom wave over a race of slaves, our Ship of State had never sailed the seas so proudly and so universally admired, as she now does.

Can anyone see the great work political parties have accomplished throughout history, and call them public curses? It is claimed that they too frequently become seats of corruption. This danger lies, not in parties themselves, but in the individual. We should remember, however, that in a free country, the will of the majority must rule. Individuals alone can do little or nothing. Organization is necessary to secure the advancement of principles benefiting the masses.

We would then appeal to all young men to join the ranks of a party upon whose banners are emblems of honesty, patriotism and fealty to the Creator. Enlist with the intention, not of furthering selfish ends, but of helping to plant that banner throughout the land. This loyalty to your cause will prove mutually strengthening, and property and happiness will find among the people an abiding place forever.

AN IDEAL DAY.

LEONIE A. LABIAUX, '88.

" What is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

IN THE winter months, when earth is shrouded in a winding sheet of snow and ice, when the bitter wind sweeping over the tops of the pines utters a piteous moan, at first low and imploring, then changing into a wild, despairing shriek, when days are dark and nights long, then do we think of the joyous summer season.

The ideal day belongs to dainty, rose-crowned June, with her host of blossoms and myriad songsters who trill their flute-like melody from "morn till dewy eve." How deep is the solemnity of the dawn of day! Aurora, blushing "celestial rosy red," disperses the hazy mists and tinges the east with vivid streaks of carmine and gold, while the mountain tops, reflecting her glory, take up the pictured praise to God and impress us with the unutterable sublimity of our Creator's handiwork.

After Sol has fairly started on his journey the skies are flecked with delicate cloud-tracery like a bridal veil. The air is filled with rare fragrance, and on the wings of stray zephyrs that waft the scent of new mown hay and clover adown the heaths, is borne a symphony of sounds—the humming of insects, the chirping of birds, the silvery laughter of happy children at play, and the hearty tones of men at work in the open air, all harmoniously blended.

Butterflies flit hither and thither through daisy-pied meadows, alighting now on a tuft of slender grasses, now on a nodding thistle. The roadsides are carpeted with

primroses, cowslips, and other wild flowers, while the fences are draped with eglantine and clinging vines.

The sunbeams flutter coquettishly through the foliage of the trees, throwing glints of rosy sunlight into the shadowy, mystical forest, whose silence is unbroken, save by the liquid notes of a robin, whose dulcet tones thrill the innermost soul, and by the musical cadence of a purling brook as it dashes and foams impetuously over the pebbles, bathing with spray the graceful ferns and grasses that, Narcissus-like, are striving to catch a glimpse of their reflection in the glittering waters. Ephemeral fungi couched on velvety mosses nestle among the wide-spreading roots of stately lichenized trees, whose branches, towering heavenward, seem almost to touch the ethereal dome.

Tempus fugiting forbids lingering in the dim recesses of this haunt of spirits and elves; with regret we leave it and rest at the stile as we watch the sun retire. The village, the distant hills and dales are bathed in a flood of living fire. The dazzling flame of color moving across the evening skies glows brilliantly, then trembling fades and surrenders to tender twilight. Eve, "cowled and dusky sandaled," precedes the calm, majestic night. Then fair Luna, throned upon her silver crescent, stretched forth her wand, and

" Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-not's of the angels."

THE young gentlemen have organized a chapter of the Agassiz Association, and are studying natural history vigorously.

THE latest Latin verb discovered by one of the pupils is "Henno-Hennere-Goosi-Ductum."

AMBITION.

HOWARD P. JONES, '88.

MAN was created by God to be a creature susceptible of love; but since his fall that love has become a passion. When we speak of love we do not mean that felicity which united Adam and Eve before the fall, but we mean the purest form of the corrupted type of the original. Ambition in the breast of fallen man is a passion, and sometimes an ungovernable passion.

The word ambition is derived from the Latin word *ambitio*, which means a going around, especially of candidates to solicit votes; hence a desire for office, fame, popularity or power; an eagerness, and sometimes and inordinate desire for preferment or honor.

Can there be such a thing as honorable ambition, or is it entirely a flower from the devil's own garden? Suppose there is such a thing as honorable ambition, then it can be of two classes, viz., honorable ambition, or that which is associated with all the noble attributes of man, and mean, low, selfish, cruel, debasing ambition, or that which is opposed to honorable ambition.

The motives which prompt to ambition are manifold: vain-glory, love of fame, love of praise, personal aggrandizement, love of destruction, self-love—hence, love is the primary motive at the root of ambition. It may be love of self, then there will be self-aggrandizement, and the person who is under this influence will use any or every means which Satan puts into his hands to satisfy his ambition; or it may be the love of the neighbor, and hence the love of God. Immediately the honorable desire is stirred within us, we are ambitious for the advancement of God's Kingdom on earth. This desire reigns supreme

in the hearts of the minister, philanthropists, reformers, and all those who devote their lives to the advancement of God's Kingdom, and for the elevation of the human race.

Love, when transferred to the breast of the dishonorably ambitious, becomes an ungovernable passion. A dishonorably ambitious person is selfish. He will gain, at any cost, that which he inordinately loves; he is jealous of those who are striving after the same prize as he is, and fearful lest they shall obtain it before he does; he is hated by his fellow beings, who see him arise above them by unscrupulousness, selfishness of character.

Dishonorable ambition is looking forward; honorable ambition is looking upward. Men, for the most part, are continually looking forward, and not upward. A poor man looks forward in this path of life and sees his rich neighbor ambitiously striving for more wealth; immediately envy enters his heart and also jealousy. Soon after cruel ambition enters, ambition to excel his neighbor in the amount of wealth he has. After that cold selfishness enters; he tramples his neighbors under his iron heel in his struggle for more wealth. Hatred is then engendered in the hearts of his neighbors on account of his oppressive cruelty and selfishness, and so it goes crushing out all the sweetness and felicity of life in this selfish struggle for advancement.

Why does a person want wealth, fame, honor, popularity? Is it not to gratify that passion—thirst for applause? Is it not the chief incentive to ambition? The greatest efforts of the human race have been traceable to this love of praise.

The love of fame and praise, as well as the love of money, is the root of all evil. It crushes out all the finer sensibilities of our nature, and all good, pure, holy and honorable thoughts and feelings that throb in the breast of man. Although men with great intellects have been and are subject to this weakness, yet men with truly noble minds have not been subject to this weakness. Napoleon, whose magnificent intellect virtually controlled at one time the entire continent of Europe, was such a slave to ambition that he sacrificed his purest and most devoted love, his Josephine, upon the altar erected to his god.

This question suggests itself: Can a person be devoid of ambition? First let us go back to the beginning. We said that love was at the root of all ambition; it may be selfish love or not, still it is love. Then we said that love at the root of dishonorable ambition is unreasoning passion. Now, let us follow the subject more closely and answer these questions: Can a person be destitute of love? Is his heart so hard or his feelings so cold that he is a passionless, loveless monument of flesh? If man can be that, I cannot conceive of him. In lower forms of animal life passion is exhibited. Man, "the noblest work of God," was created with pure, high, noble ambitions and desires, but after his fall dishonorable ambitions entered his heart and have remained there ever since; but honorable ambitions have held a place in his breast, and the struggle is still going on which shall gain the mastery.

Still another question suggests itself: Is contentment opposed to ambition? First let us see what contentment means—satisfaction, being satisfied with one's lot in life; having our desires limited by present enjoyment. Then contentment is opposed by definition to ambition. As in the case of a farmer's boy who, although not surrounded by advantages, yet has a desire

for learning, then contentment to him is not a jewel; he has that longing and desire for learning which will make him miserable if it is not gratified. But suppose he is the only son of an aged father and mother, you say it is his duty to be content, and ambition is but Satan appearing as an angel of light to entice our farmer's boy away from the path of duty to the path of ambition. But I tell you the noblest ambition a person can possess is that of working for the happiness and welfare of others; and the noblest of the noble is the person who strengthens and smoothes the rugged path of life for the father and the mother whose hairs are turning gray, whose steps are slow and painful, and whose emaciated forms are fast falling into decay. Then, duty, after long performance, becomes a pleasure, a loving pleasure; then, he will be ambitious to excel in his duty, and where there is love there is also ambition.

Do you suppose because God placed us in a certain sphere in life that we are always to remain in that sphere? No. He gave us noble aims and desires, higher thoughts and feelings, something to wish for, live for, yes, and to die for if need be, so as we may live not for this life alone but for that which is to come. That is why He has sown the seed of dissatisfaction with this life in our breasts; that is also why He has prepared for us a future dwelling place.

In summing up I will just say that love is a law of nature. Before the casting from Heaven of the wicked angels love reigned. Nay, before the Heavens were created and the earth formed love reigned. At the casting out of the fallen angels from Heaven love became a passion and ruled supreme in the lower world, and Satan, who had been the arch-angel of love before the rebellion in Heaven, now became the arch-fiend of passion.

THE TRADITION OF THE GENTIAN.

GRACE HANFORD, '90.

IN THE days long ago, when fairies dwelt on the earth, there passed through the forest one autumn evening a weary fay. He had journeyed since sunrise, but now his tired wings refused to bear him farther, and he sank to the ground beneath a little gentian. The kindly flower looked down with pity upon the tired elf, and forgetting her own thirst held out to him her cup of dew. The fairy drank and fell asleep beneath the leaves of the friendly gentian.

In the morning the Angel of Flowers came to the place where the generous gentian was and said, "For your kindness to the fay last night I will make you more beautiful than you have been. I can grant you no greater charm than a fringe for the

edge of your violet robe." And immediately there appeared on the gentian a fringe of the same beautiful blue as the flower itself.

A sister gentian, who was standing near, heard the Flower Angel speak, and was filled with envy of her neighbor's greater beauty. She addressed the other flower angrily, "I will not open my buds to-day." In reply came the voice of the Flower Angel, "Because of your jealous feeling you shall never open your lids again; never look up to the blue sky, nor catch the dew in your deep cup." As the Angel of Flowers ceased speaking the petals of the jealous gentian gradually closed. And so they have remained.

THE ADVENTURES OF COUNT STAFF-OF-LIFE.

LEONORA R. GAFFY, '90.

A VERY fine man was Count Staff-of-Life. His robes were white as snow, and his hair like a crown of sparkling gold, and his manners—well, a better bred person could not be found in all the kingdom; but he was discontented, and declared that he should leave his prosaic life and go to the Castle Wonderful. Now, it was rumored that this castle was haunted by strange goblins, and that no one came out from it alive. Whether they were cruelly murdered, or by some magic power transformed into servants, was a much discussed question. Count Staff-of-Life, however, paid little attention to these rumors. His friends entreated him not to enter the

dreaded place, reminding him how much he was needed at home; of his childish days in the golden sunshine on the wide plain; of his crushing misfortunes in the noise and whirl of the great city; of how in the flower of his youth he had been purified by his trials, and had now risen to be an honored member of the Staff-of-Life family.

Nevertheless, he started on his journey, and soon approached the Castle Wonderful. Looking up he caught a glimpse of two windows, beautiful with Heavenly light, like the sky of childhood's home, and through these windows he saw the King, so radiant and noble that all fear was dis-

elled. Entering the door he found himself in a spacious hall. What was his surprise to see thirty-two little white-robed maidens standing before him. Soon a formidable looking personage, clothed in a soft, reddish material, made his way over their heads and stood laughing at Count Staff-of-Life. The little maidens called him Sir Tongue, and softly told the Count that he was the King's most unruly servant, and sometimes made His Highness very unhappy. Then a voice from the rear of the hall spoke solemnly these words: "We shall crush all the pride out of him who cometh here," and the poor Count was squeezed very hard by all the maidens and the gentleman in red.

Feeling very humble after all the crushing, the Count longed to escape, but a secret trap door suddenly flew open, and he slipped down a long, dark passageway, at the end of which was another door, guarded by an active little fellow, whom the maidens called Cardie. This little servant seemed to appreciate the good qualities of Count Staff-of Life, for he was very obliging and directed him to an apartment which was presided over by a digni-

fied matron, Madam Gastric J. In an instant a cool, refreshing shower was sent over the poor Count, and glancing around, he saw a great saloon, from the walls and ceiling of which little fountains sprinkled innumerable fine, clear sprays. He doubted no more that the castle was haunted, for without any apparent reason he was tossed about from one end of the room to the other by what seemed to be invisible hands.

At last he was pushed into a narrow, winding hall. Three boisterous little servants peeped at him from behind the dark crimson curtains and made the Count very uncomfortable. "My name is Pan," said one as he stripped off the Count's jacket. "And mine is Johnny Bile," growled a surly fellow in dark green. "And mine is Intesty J." piped the third as he poured a great vial of oil over him. The poor Count was ready to faint, when suddenly hundreds of little fairies appeared and led him away, and to his great astonishment he found his white robe was changed to red. He was no longer Count Staff-of-Life, but one of the King's most important servants, a drop of blood.

OUR EXCHANGES.

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge the receipt of the principal High School papers of the country, among which are:

The Forensic, Jersey City.

The Signal, Trenton.

High School Journal, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

The Johnsonian, Andover, Mass.

The Academy Bell, Richmond, Maine.

The Academy Journal, Alexandria, Va.

The Foster Review, St. Louis, Mo.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass.

The Cadet, Reading, Pa.

The Young Idea, Gloucester, Mass.

High School Corona, Bridgeton, Maine.

Our Own, Janesville, Wis.

Some of these are very vigorous papers, and a few of them will improve by age. *The Missouri School Journal* has been placed regularly on our table for a few months. It compares favorably with other State papers. One of its enterprising iconoclastic contributors has demolished (to his satisfaction) the wave theory of sound, and boldly challenges Tyndall, Helmholtz and Meyer to reply to him. Perhaps he is right, but we are reminded of the fable of "The Fly and the Ox."

The Newark Puzzler, with two of our former High School boys as editors, has just been laid upon our table. It is a bright little sheet and we wish it success.

THE CONFLICT OF DUTIES.

A DUTY is an obligation to, or obedience of, law. These obligations differ in respect to moral, physical and social laws.

A duty, which formerly meant one thing, may now mean an entirely different thing. Whether this fact is due to the growth of language, in the formation of new words, or to the progress of man to a different moral state. However, this may be, certainly language was not given, as one has remarked, to conceal, but to express thought. In what other way could we express our thoughts than by the use of language? This could be partly done by means of the hands, and different features of the face; but even if this is pondered long enough, it will be discovered that it is a primary form of language.

The duties of men differ greatly. Some men have ten times as many duties to perform as other men have; but in each case it will be found that some of these duties clash, sometimes pushing the perplexed person into a maze. It does not require a

grown man or woman to have conflicting duties.

The most important time for conflicting duties is during war time; whether arising from political or social necessities, as may be shown by an example in the history of our own country. When President Lincoln issued the proclamation calling out 75,000 men, many responded with alacrity, but some reluctantly. There were parents who sided with the North, while their sons fought for the South. Now, which duty were parent or child to follow: that they owed to their country, or that which was due to their section.

This is only one illustration, which some may say refers only to war. But our domestic and social, no less than our moral and physical life, is none other than a state of warfare. The only way to bring about a state of peace or a truce, between conflicting duties is to use an unbiased judgment to decide which is the more important duty, and then follow it.

THE DUCHESS MAY.

BY E. H. A.

"There the castle stood up black, with the red sun at its back;
There five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall;
And the castle, seethed in blood, fourteen days and nights had stood,
And to-night was near its fall."

How appropriate a background for so fair an embodiment of beauty, womanliness and strength, so dignified a combination of noble pride and wifely humility. Vividly she stands before us, sweet Duchess May, who

"For love's sake, blind to doom, three months hence
a bride did come;
Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a front of constancies."

Bravely she battled for her right to choose her love

"—— and spake out right sovereignly,
"Tis my will as lady free not to wed a Lord of Leigh,
But Sir Guy of Linteged."

For, with a woman's quick intuition, she perceives at once that not for her person but for her gold does the Lord of Leigh desire her for his bride, and with quiet but

scathing sarcasm she answers her uncle—
 " Little hand clasps muckle gold, else it were not worth
 the hold
 Of your son, good uncle mine."

Regardless alike of threats and consequences, she asserts herself with sweet and resolute dignity; then with a determination and courage born of her great love she defies them both, and the selfsame day weds Sir Guy of Linteged. Him she loves and trusts with the whole depth of her nature; with him she flees, knowing neither fear nor regret.

Their brief three months' happiness is broken by the arrival of Leigh with his followers, who come to recapture the Duchess. Even in the extremity of danger she feels no fear, and ignorant of the battle raging in her husband's breast, ignorant of his generous resolve to sacrifice himself for those he loves, she, following a sudden fancy, decks herself royally, "blushing right womanly" at beholding her own loveliness reflected in the glass. She is disturbed by hearing Sir Guy's followers goad his horse up the steep stair, and in all her fair beauty, while "unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe," she stands before them asking—

"Tell me now what is your need," said the lady, "of this steed,

That you goad him up the stair?"

Learning of her husband's resolve to leap from the castle tower, she for a moment gives way to the great grief she feels, and now it is that all the nobility of her na-

ture leaps to its full development. Scorning the advice to make herself fair that she may find grace with Lord of Leigh, she proudly represses her tears.

"Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss and stroke.
 Soft he neighed to answer her, and then followed up the stair,
 For the love of her sweet look."

Together they climbed to the highest tower, together they stood before their Lord.

"Down she knelt at her lord's knee and he kissed her silently,—
 And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her eyes, which he could not bear to see."

In vain he reasons with her, in vain he pleads and scoffs, in vain pushes her from him; leave him she would not, saying,

"Fast I rode with new-made vows from my angry kinsman's house!
 What! and would you men should reck, that I dared more for love's sake as a bride than as a spouse?"

At last with a superhuman effort she swings herself upon the horse's back, before Sir Guy,

"And her head was on his breast, and she smiled as one at rest,"—
 Then back toppling, crashing back, a dead weight flung out to wrack,
 Horse and riders overfell!"

Bravely she fought for her love, nobly she died with him, and where is there one who would debate the question whether the act was right or wrong? Pure and beautiful was her life, sublime her death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE young ladies have organized an Audubon Society, and we trust it will be the means of saving the lives of many sweet singers.

How some of the girls think it is.—"A circle is a round thing having no sides equal." "A circle is a plane figure bounded

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by a curved line all points of which are equally distant from a point within called the *center*."

FROM some of the recitations made by the young ladies *Shaw's Literature* is made responsible for these surprising statements: "Pope translated the *Odacy*." "In the

early dramas the devil and all the rest of the company of Heaven were represented." "Shakespeare kept clear of *political illusions*." "Shakespeare was accused of pulgarisms." "Shakespeare wrote with an unferreted hand."

PROF. (instructing class)—"Well, who can tell me why Percy Shelly, the great writer, did not worship God?"

BRILLIANT YOUTH—"I know why. Because he was an atheist."

"FERNO pro sua patria dimicant Horatii" received the following original rendering at the hands of a first year girl: "The sword of Horatii fights for his hithermost father."

LAST year the Classical Department had a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, the proceeds of which were applied to purchasing classical works for reference in the department. In November last the Science Department had a lecture in the same Hall, which netted about one hundred and twenty dollars, which, with a like sum generously granted by the Board, made a handsome addition to the physical apparatus.

ARBOR DAY is becoming a fixed institution throughout the country, and it has not come too soon, for floods and blizzards and many other unpleasant results come from the denudation of our plains and hillsides. We wish our Board of Education, which is doing so many good things, would build for us a new building large enough to accommodate all our pupils, and with a yard so large that we might have class trees planted every year.

FROM a recent examination paper we learn that some of the scholars think of publishing a "New Mythology." Doubtless they have been reading all the authorities on this subject and find the statements contrary to their own convictions. The principal changes in this volume will be to speak of Juno as the *son* of Jupiter, daughter of Venus, son of *Æneas*, and the King of the Gods! These statements are slightly

contradictory, but we suppose that in the "New Mythology" a satisfactory explanation will be given.

In houses, but not in store ;
In ceiling, not in floor ;
In good, but not in bad ;
In fish, and also shad ;
In spring, but not in fall ;
In sacque, but not in shawl ;
In high, but not in low ;
In come, and also go ;
In gold, but not in brass ;
In lad, and also lass.

My whole is the name of a building.

FROM the New York Tribune: On the eighth page of the Tribune will be found the eleventh annual statement of the Prudential Insurance Company, and the facts presented to the readers are surprising, when it is known that this large volume of business has been secured from the industrial classes. It was the Prudential which first introduced industrial insurance into America, and during the eleven years that they have been doing business they have made their name a household word. The prosperous condition of this company ranks it among the leading institutions of this country.

ONE OF the teachers asked the class, a few days since, to explain the difference between *vir* and *homo*. Perhaps no better answer could be given than to give a little matter of history. Any man is a *homo*, but Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River drawbridge on the Newark and New York R. R., was a *vir*. The train was due, and he was closing the draw, when his little child fell into deep water. It would have been easy to rescue the child, but already the thundering train was at hand. The child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to the father's care. The brave man did his duty, but the child was drowned. There is not a nobler figure in history than Albert G. Drecker keeping the Passaic bridge.

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LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class—Ladies.

Ahbe, Elizabeth
 Anderson, Anna
 Baldwin, Josephine M.
 Barnett, Edith C.
 Biebel, Henrietta
 Blewett, Willmia
 Boylan, M. Alice
 Bolton, Amy L.
 Bristol, Kate
 Burnett, Priscilla
 Carlisle, Nettie
 Clark, May F.
 Coleman Emma L.
 Copley, Lillie L.
 Courtois, Annie
 Contrell, D. Lizzie
 Crane, Louise I.
 Curtis, Clara
 Diedrick, Hortense

Dickerson, Laura
 Dunn, Kittie F.
 Ellis, Griselda
 Elder, Louise
 Fairlie, Jessie
 Fine, Carrie
 Gauch, Lizzie
 Gay, Mary E.
 Haring, Florence A.
 Harley, Mary
 Hedden, Edith M.
 Horschel, Jennie T.
 Hymes, Sarah S.
 Jones, Edith P.
 Kanouse, Sarah
 Kanouse, Laura E.
 Martin, C. Dell
 McKenzie, Annie I.
 Mershon, Emma T.

Nebinger, Matilda C.
 Peal, Amelia E.
 Pierson, Lillian M.
 Reeve, Helen E.
 Roberts, Grace A.
 Ruckelshaus, Lillie
 Smith, Martha C.
 Snow, Mary G.
 Schwab, Clara
 Speer, Agnes C.
 Sullivan, M. Florence
 Sutherland, Alice
 Sutphen, Julia A.
 Symons, Evelyn
 Widmer, Josephine A.
 Winans, Lizzie H.
 Woodruff, Julia T.
 Van Houten, Sadie
 Westervelt, Anna A.

Senior Class—Gentlemen.

Block, Ottomar
 Bolton, Harry T.
 Castner, John D.
 Crane, H. Quincy

Guile, Franklin
 Hynes, Edward L.
 Mueller, Carl
 Pollard, Joseph E.

Schaefer, George J.
 Schiener, Arthur E.
 Woodruff, Robert E.

Junior Class—Ladies.

Ackerson, Ella
 Belcher, Kate F.
 Bonneau, Annie
 Bradford, May
 Breitweiser, Maggie
 Bryden, Evelyn G.
 Barnard, Lottie R.
 Birrel, Mary A.
 Bradshaw, Mary E.
 Chandler, Grace M.
 Christie, Emma C.
 Clark, Millie L.
 Conant, Hattie E.
 Conselyea, Mamie L.
 Cook, Addie W.
 Cornish, Mary P.
 Coursen, Lillian
 Covert, L. Adeline
 Davey, Viola

Drummond, Adelaide
 Fithian, Emma I.
 Force, Fannie C.
 Gillot, Jessie
 Gogl, Claribel
 Gould, Lillian R.
 Haines, Florence L.
 Haines, Mattie B.
 Hays, Fannie C.
 Hedgeman, Georgia
 Hedges, Francis L.
 Horschel, Minnie
 Jennings, Maggie
 Joralemon, Rachel
 Joralemon, Della
 Kempe, Augusta
 Landmesser, Linnie
 Law, Daisie M.
 Lenox, Maggie

Loweree, Edith
 Labiaux, Nounon
 Leary, E. Teresa
 Martin, Edith O.
 McCrea, Mamie B.
 McKee, Jennie
 Marvin, Amy H.
 Meade, Kate W.
 Miller, Mary E.
 Mundy, S. Lily
 Northrop, Lillian B.
 Putnam, Cora V.
 Reeves, Bessie E.
 Schenck, Bessie C.
 Smith, Emeret A.
 Smith, Ida
 Steiger, Emma
 Stewart, Laura V. C.
 Straus, Helene

Junior Class—Ladies.—Continued.

Sturgis, Clara L.
Tappan, Helen A.
Thompson, Julia D.
Tunison, Madelene
Thomas, Marion
Tichenor, Ida
Tillard, Gertrude
Turner, Ada

Van Ness, Helen M.
Van Ness, Ida
Vliet, Flora A.
Williams, Edith M.
Warring, Gertrude
Warring, Wilhelminah
Weil, Esther
Winans, Mabel F.

Wolf, Emma E.
Zeigler, Nellie
Zahn, Clara

CLASSICAL.

Blake, Charlotte R.
Riley, Emma

Junior Class—Gentlemen.

Corwin, Robert L.
Gould, Walter H.
Griffiths, C. B.
Jacobus, Fred. N.
Jackson, Walter H.
Jones, Howard P.

Johnson, Frank K.
Luckemeier, Lewis E.
McWhood, Leonard
Reeves, George M.
Solomon, W. J.
Terhune, A. W.

Terwilliger, George
Tunison, O. W.
Utter, Charles H. E.
Wood, Arthur E.
Ziegler, Herman B.

Second Year Class—Ladies.

Arbuckle, Jennie M.
Adams, Sarah F.
Alston, Grace I.
Andrews, Maude P.
Andrew, Mary E.
Armstrong, Aimé
Bennett, Mary E.
Brinkerhoff, Emma M.
Brown, Florence M.
Baker, Adelaide M.
Beardsley, Grace S.
Bird, Beatrice
Bornstein, Rosa
Baylis, Matilda T.
Battles, Ruth C.
Baxter, Anna W.
Beach, Della W.
Brown, Martha A.
Brown, Lydia M.
Burnett, Edith M.
Brown, Luella
Cashion, Lily I.
Conger, Alice M.
Crane, Edith T.
Crane, Kittie V. N.
Doremus, Sarah B.
Dean, Hester B.
Dearie, Jennie A.
Egbert, Fanny
Francisco, Sadie S.
Farrington, Minnie

Ferris, Jessie E.
Graham, Lucy
Garner, Harriet L.
Gogl, Emma L.
Grork, Daisy G.
Harvey, Jennie B.
Hausmann, Margaret S.
Healy, Ruth
Henry, Belle E.
Haberle, Mamie S.
Hatch, Mabel W.
Hawley, Jennie B.
Hadley, Bert A.
Johnston, Hattie G.
Johnson, Minnie M.
Kay, Maggie
Loeser, Ida
Lunger, Augusta
Leary, Grace M.
Levy, Flora
Littell, Clara A.
Lyon, Florence L.
Long, Clara A.
Macdonald, Lizzie B.
Morris, Floretta
Macdonald, Eleanor
Mulchay, Florence
McDonald, Katie R.
McElhose, Hattie
Newman, Ida
Oliver, Hattie L.
Price, Jennie C.

Plunkett, Jennie
Putnam, Addie
Pell, Lottie
Riker, Mamie A.
Reinhard, Ottilda T.
Rhodes, Marietta
Rickert, Annie C.
Robertson, Jessie N.
Ruckleshaus, Bertha L.
Rudd, Kate E.
Scarlett, Anna
Shepard, Carrie A.
Stout, Jessie M.
Sparks, Laura M.
Strauss, Amelia
Suydam, Eva L.
Schiék, Carrie D.
Spencer, Lily A.
Thompson, Clara M.
Thorn, Caroline A.
Tillard, Sallie G.
Thompson, Julia
Van Ness, E. May
Wheeler, Sarah A.
Wrigley, Jessie
Widmer, M. Evelyn
Ward, Jessie E.
Watson, Mary
Westwood, Louise
Williams, Laura B.
Wilson, Lillian B.

Second Year Class—Gentlemen.

Baldwin, A. L.	Goldsmith, M. H.	Miller, Stephen
Beers, Clarence E.	Goldsmith, Edwin	Osborne, Loyall A.
Betts, Edwin	Goldsticker, Moses	Poinier, John, Jr.
Boeger, G. Henry	Gregory, L. E.	Price, Willard
Brewer, Chas. E.	Gruber, Robert	Randolph, Leonard
Bruen, Augustus	Hampton, Chas. H.	Reed, Harry D.
Bruen, W. H.	Hedden, Jesse L.	Robertson, George H.
Burgesser, Lewis J.	Hedges, E. G.	Russell, C. P.
Burnett, Clarence R.	Hemhauser, George	Russell, Ed. W.
Burnett, Wm. H.	Hopkins, R. F.	Rutan, Melville
Campbell, C. W.	Hopper, E. K.	Schmauder, W. J.
Cannon, Frank	Jacobus, Warren	Smith, Edgar E.
Collerd, C. E.	Jaeger, George	Sonnekalb, W. F.
Cook, I. J.	Jaehnig, Paul	Stewart, Wilson C.
Corwin, Joseph W.	Kinne, Elihu B.	Sutphen, C. E.
Crone, A. E.	Kinsey, Warren	Teeter, John N.
Currier, W. L.	Kuhn, Otto	Thompson, G. N.
Davis, Herbert E.	Larter, A. E.	Titsworth, F. S.
Dennis, W. A.	Larter, Harry	Van Gieson, Wick. B.
Driscoll, Herman	Lehlbach, Herman B.	Van Ness, Jacob
Durand, Nelson C.	Leonard, William S.	Van Nest, John
Eagles, Frank F.	Leucht, Harry	Voelcker, Herman
Feder, D. Leo	Mahr, G. Lewis	Walton, H. W.
Fenier, Adolph	Mandeville, J. D.	Williams, R. B.
Fritts, Atwood D.	Maybury, Albert	Wright, Wm.
Gibean, Joseph	Miller, J. M.	Young, Lewis

First Year Class—Ladies.

Adams, Elsie	Crane, Sally	Freeman, H. Adra
Ackerman, M. Alberta	Carter, Florence	Galluba, Dora
Axford, Jennie	Cohen, J. Cecelia	Geissele, Lizzie
Asher, Lizzie	Conley, C. Margaret	Guile, Nellie
Allen, Georgiana	Crapnell, A. Sarah	Gaffy, Leonora
Albertson, B. Lulu	Coleman, M. Cora	Grobert, Anna
Baker, Lulu	Crane, Mabel	Guerin, S. Helen
Banks, Nettie	Dennis, Jessie	Gates, H. Helen
Benbrook, H. Mary	Disbrow, Nettie	Hogan, G. Maud
Bergfels, Lizzie	Decker, C. Edith	Hopping, Olive
Blanchard, Flora	Deegan, M. Maggie	Hanford, Grace
Blanchard, Mabel	Denton, H. Julia	Heller, Emma
Bonneau, Mary	Danser, B. Jennie	Hochkins, M. Edna
Blackwood, Laura	Delaney, C. Maggie	Hunt, Ida E.
Butler, M. Emma	Dennis, I. Inza	Haring, B. Lucie
Badgley, Nellie	Dixon, W. Mabel	Hobart, Ethel
Beardsley, May A.	Dowie, B. Isabelle	Hobbis, S. Martha
Brower, L. May	Egner, Lena	Harlow, A. Julia
Burtchaell, Florence	Ellery, Maud	Hay, M. Florence
Bassett, V. May	Edwards, O. Mollie	Hunt, E. Jennie
Brooks, A. Grace	Freeman, Lulu	Hartmann, Louisa
Baldwin, M. Helen	Forbes, Antoinette	Hensler, Freda
Bayley, E. Eva	Fountain, A. Ella	Hobson, Amelia B.
Bradley, A. Fannie	Freeman, Lizzie	Hudson, V. Nellie
Coe, A. Grace	Fried, Rachael	Hunt, E. Laura
Craig, M. Ella	Friess, Lydia	Jenkins, T. Helen

First Year Class—Ladies.—Continued.

Johnson, M. Sadie	Mills, May H.	Stevens, A. Carrie
Jones, Clara	McLellan, D. Nellie	Sherman, I. May
Jackson, B. Clara	Melick, H. Lizzie	Sigler, Gertie
Krick, Lillian	Moran, A. Jessie	Sonn, Emma
Kiesling, Lillian	Murray, A. Elizabeth	Speer, Lizzie
King, M. Clara	Meyers, May Gussie	Stewart, G. Mattie
Kraus, Maggie	Marlet, Nettie	Sullivan, M. Effie
King, Grace	Miller, B. Carrie	Sullivan, Lizzie
Kinnard, S. Nellie	Nafey, Martha	Scott, Maud
Kirkpatrick, Elizabeth	Nagel, A. Clara	Soden, B. Cora
Lange, Florence	Noble, J. Sara	Stein, Jennie B.
Ledwith, Mamie	Naratier, Therese	Taylor, Laura
Lent, Susie	Nichols, A. Margaret	Thompson, Maggie F.
Lewis, Minnie	Nichols, Kate	Tunison, Lulu
Logan, Chrissie	Overton, B. Hattie	Toby, Carrie E.
Luster, Levenia	Oliver, Alice	Taylor, M. Alice
Lyon, F. Rosa	Osborne, P. Bessie	Tichenor, Mamie L.
Lynch, Phebe A.	Price, L. Marie	Tompkins, Generva
Lyon, Bessie	Phillips, T. Charlotte	Underwood, M. Jessie
Lawshea, H. Mattie	Piez, Julia	Vreeland, Florence
Lee, A. Clara	Palmer, Florence A.	Van Duyne, Daisy
Lewis, Lizzie	Peer, Elsie	Vieser, Susie F.
Maguire, Florence	Randolph, Maggie	Van Ness, Ella L.
Mahler, Florence	Redding, Bertha	Nan Ness, Nettie
McAllister, Marietta	Robenstein, Maggie	Word, Sadabelle
McLorinan, Hettie	Richardson, Florence	Woodruff, E. Anna
Markhait, Nellie A.	Rudd, Annie C.	Whitehead, Mamie F.
Mattison, Mamie	Righter, Mary	Wiedmann, Ida
Marvin, Edith	Roe, Florence	Welcher, M. Carrie
May, Mona M.	Reeve, E. Abbie	Wendover, Jessie M.
Moon, Gertrude	Rodamor, Lizzie	Wilkinson, Ethel A.
Moore, Anna	Rothschild, Nettie	Willoughby, Mabel
Marbe, Fannie	Schloss, Lena	White, V. Cora
Mueller, H. Lulu	Smith, A. Grace	White, D. Josephine
Moore, Elizabeth J.	Stevens, Leonora	Winder, Ernestine
Marley, Olive B.	Shriver, Jenny L.	Wadams, Dora
Martin, Emma H.	Smith, Ursula	Wilson, Clara
Meade, Mamie C.	Smally, L. Nellie	Young, Anna M.
Menagh, Jennie L.	Sutphen, Almena	York, Flora
	Schaezer, May	

First Year Class—Gentlemen.

Agens, Frank A.	Benjamin, Frank	Canon, Wm. W.
Ahrendt, Ernst	Berchtold, Herman	Chedister, Orrion
Anderson, James	Bicking, Louis J.	Clark, Albert
Archibald, David	Blake, Jas. R.	Cluesmann, Emil
Aschenbach, Albert	Brainard, Walter	Colyer, Chas. G.
Ashback, Francis H.	Breun, Chas.	Contrell, Robt.
Asher, Thos.	Brookfield, A. B.	Coykendall, Louis
Baker, Walter S., Jr.	Brooks, Percy L.	Crane, Frank M.
Baldwin, Howard	Brown A. Raymond	Crooks, Harry W.
Baldwin, Peter B.	Bruen, J. Elliott	Crossley, Wm.
Baylis, John J.	Brundage, Fred. N.	Currie, Theo. L.
Beebe, Frederick H.	Burnet, W. H.	Danbach, Jno. R.
Belcher, Chas.	Camfield, Wm. H., Jr.	Dallas, Geo. M.

First Year Class—Gentlemen.—Continued.

Daniels, Frank	Kaas, Louis A.	Sanderson, Chas. F.
Davey, Jos.	Kay, John	Schenck, Fred. P.
Decker, Horace	Kees, Henry	Schlee, Edward
Decker, Wm.	Kieb, A. J.	Schopfer, William H.
Dill, Wm. H.	Kimmerle, John	Schwab, Julius
Dodd, Harry C.	Kinsey, Wm. R.	Schwarz, Jacob
Doll, Martin F.	Klehm, John	Scull, Frank
Donald, John	Kussy, Nathan	Searing, Albert F.
Duren, Harry L.	Leete, Edward A.	Siegler, Fred.
Duren, Will A.	Limberg, Wm.	Sisserson, J. F.
Eagles, Wm. A.	Lowenstein, Herman	Silbereisen, William
Erbacher, Joseph	Lyon, Ernest F.	Sinnock, Joseph N.
Evenden, Frederick R.	Mars, Esteve	Slater, Sam. S.
Feiner, Julius	Martin, William	Slingerland, Isaac
Feldman, Max	McClelland, Charles A.	Stevenson, H. C.
Fitzgerald, Dan. P.	McElhose, Thomas J.	Stickney, Wm.
Frahnert, Oscar	McKee, Julius P.	Stoepel, Geo. F.
Frazee, Geo. W., Jr.	McMurray, Eugene	Stout, Warren
Fuchs, Nathan H.	McNeilie, Frank E.	Stuart, Harry
Gasser, Chas. H.	Mendel, Isaac	Sturgess, David B.
Gaston, Bennet J.	Merz, Edward	Spaeth, Wallace
Gates, Chas. P.	Mills, Andrew M.	Summers, Frederick
Green, Louis H.	Middleton, Charles	Teeter, Chase E.
Gauch, Willie	Miller, Géo. H.	Theberath, Frederick
Geiger, Fred. V.	Morgan, Geo.	Thiele, Louis C.
Gibian, Adolph	Morrell, Alfred W.	Thorne, Frederick
Girtanner, T. E.	Morris, Robert	Thowless, Herbert
Gould, Ernest L.	Nicoll, Wm. C.	Tichenor, A. P.
Grey, James M.	Oechler, Henry	Tichenor, H. W.
Haeberle, Jacob	Ormsby, F. G.	Trimmer, Wesley H.
Hahn, Charles	Osborn, Wm. H.	Turner, William H.
Hahn, Henry	Patterson, Wm.	Voigt, Gustav C.
Hammerschlag, Max	Peck, Geo. T.	Voorhees, F. B.
Hart, Hugh M.	Pemberton, Fred. W.	Vanhouten, Wilford
Hassinger, F. Willie	Perry, George	Wall, James
Heller, Armand G.	Pionnie, Adolph	Weingarter, William
Hewitt, John	Poinier, Elmer W.	Wiedenmayer, George
Hoadley, Frederick	Price, F. B.	Wickware, Lawson H.
Hoagland, Charles H.	Puth, Otto	White, John E.
Hoer, John	Reed, Louis F.	Wiedenmayer, G. C.
Hopper, Leslie	Reuter, Adolph	Williams, Albert
Jacobus, Henry C.	Riley, Frank	Wood, William
Jaggers, James L.	Robbins, Geo. W.	Woodhull, Gilbert T.
Jaques, Frederick H.	Robertson, Robert A.	Woodland, Arthur
Jackson, Joseph	Rodeman, Henry C.	Wright, Howard
Jedel, Herman	Rose, Edwin H.	Wrigley, Henry R.
Jeydel, Solomon	Russ, Geo.	Sill, Herbert F.
Johnson, William F.	Sanburn, Albert H.	

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Junior.

Blake, Charlotte R.

*Second Year Class—Ladies.*Alden, Emily L.
Harley, JosephineHatch, Mabel W.
MacKinnon, A. Maud
Putnam, AddieSuydam, S. Eva
Watson, H. MaryDavis, Ada L.
Downs, B. Jennie
Ferris, E. Jessie
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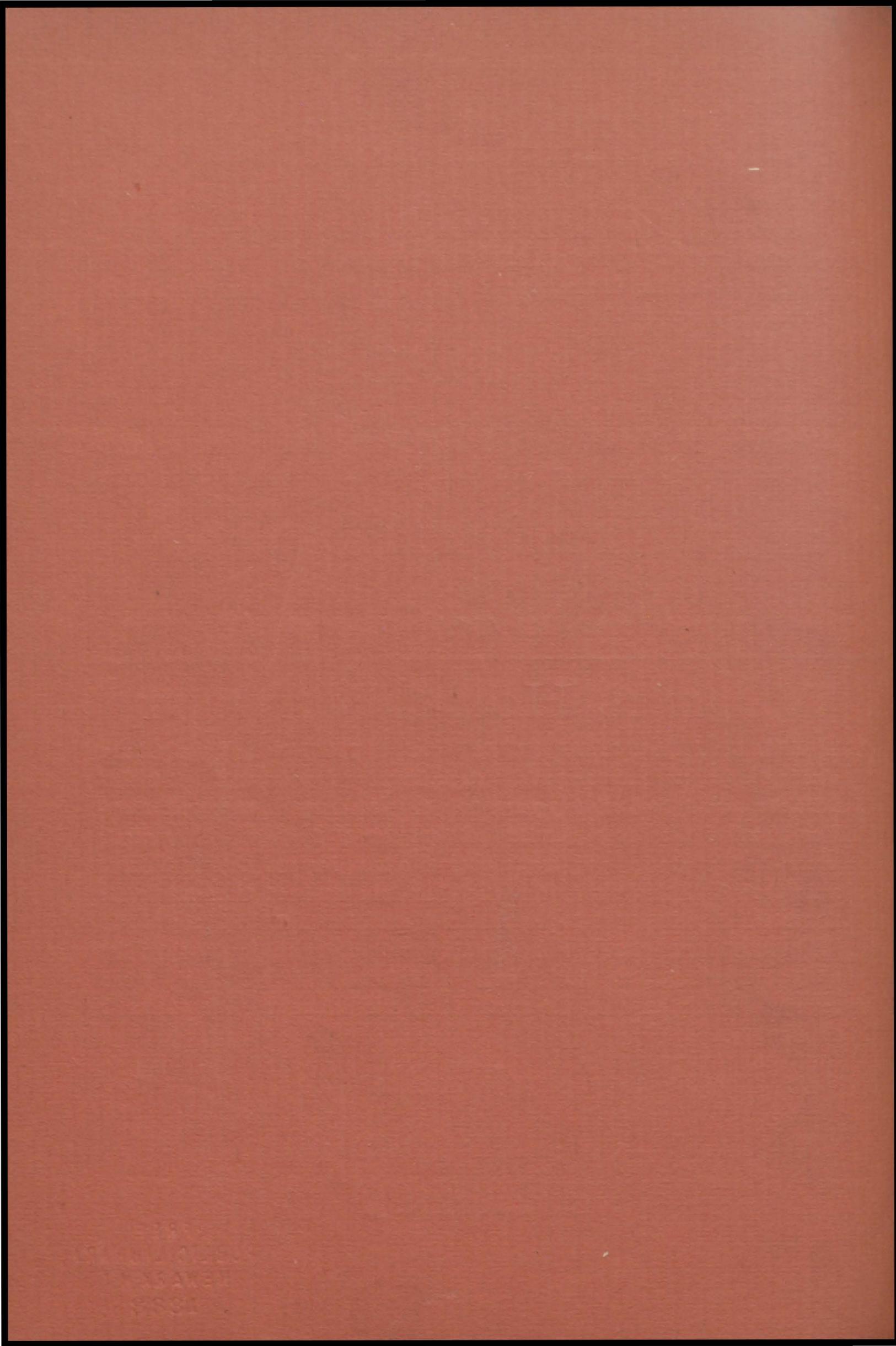
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• 1888 •

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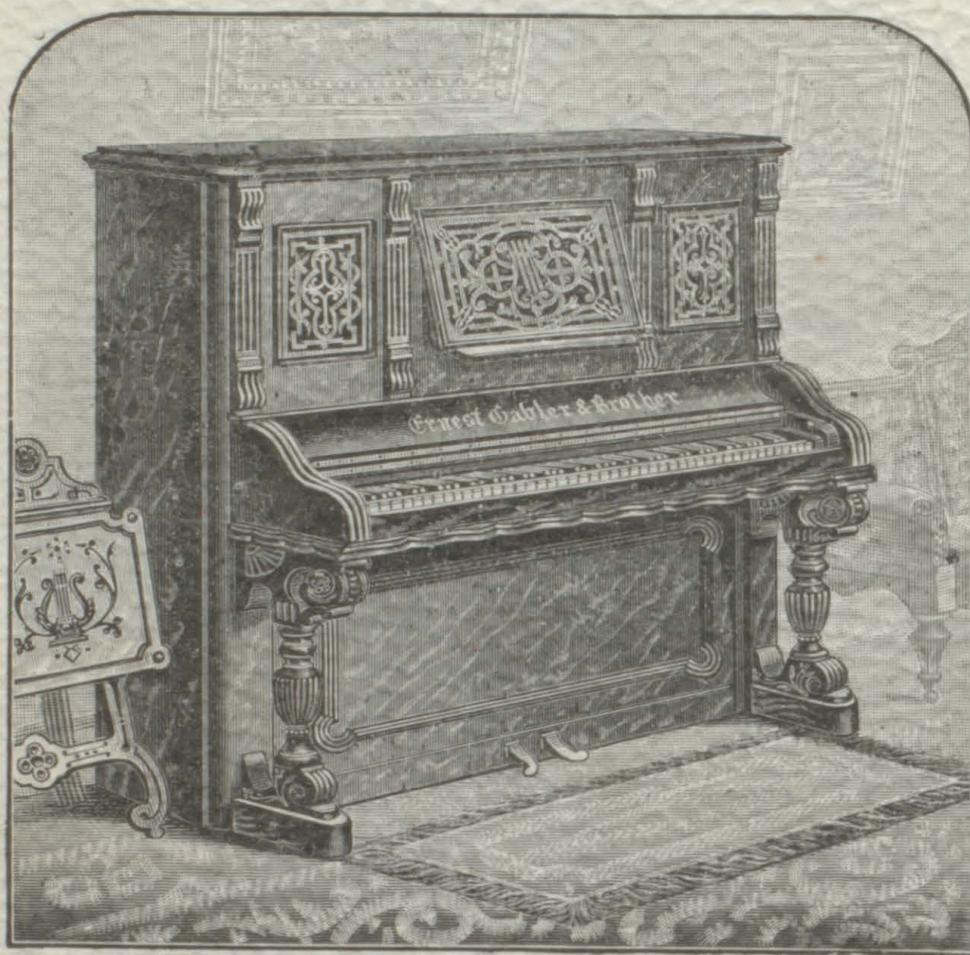
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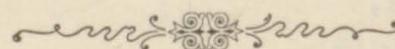
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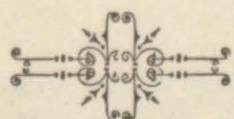
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ANNUAL

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC., ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

NEWARK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL



THE ADVERTISER PRINTING HOUSE,
NEWARK, N. J.

Nequicquam Sapit qui Sibi non Sapit.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL XII.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1888.

No. I.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MATTIE B. HAINES, '88.

LONG ages since, while shepherds lay
Beside their fleecy care,
Watching and longing for the day ;
A song pealed through the air.
"Noël, noël," the angels sang,
"Fear not, for unto you
A heavenly comforter is come,
This is our message true."

"Far off, in royal David's town,
The holy child is laid
In oxen's stall, watched tenderly
By Mary, holy maid.
"Noël, noël, noël," the song
Did sweetest echoes raise,
On earth be peace, good will to men,
To God above be praise.

"Go, hasten now to Bethlehem,
For there the wondrous sight
To you, in faith and purity
Is sent by God this night.
"Noël, noël, noël," they sang,
Faint echoing from the sky,
"Peace, peace on earth, and glory be
To God in heaven most high."

Soon at that lowly manger bed
The reverent shepherds stood,
Their Lord and Maker there beheld
With human form endued.
"Noël, noël," the angels' song
Seemed lingering in each heart,
"Rejoice, rejoice, to you he gives
In life and heaven a part."

Each year may we, in simple faith
Kneel by that infant's side,
While Christmas peace, good will to all,
In our glad hearts abide.
"Noël, noël," we hear the song,
"The Savior's born this day."
Lord, evermore with us abide,
For this Thy children pray.

Prize Essay, 1887.

PROMETHEUS.

MARY HARLEY.

GREAT men of every nation, every age, have uttered grand truths, awakened in them, we believe, by a truly divine inspiration. Such an one was Æschylus, called the father of the drama. Living in the fifth century before Christ, he left to the world that "sublimest poem and simplest tragedy of antiquity," "Prometheus," which is said to embrace the deepest thoughts of the Greek mind upon the creation of man, his relations to God; and upon sin, a conflict between the will and the reason. There are also ideas suggested of vicarious suffering and purification by punishment.

"Prometheus Bound" is probably but the middle portion of a triad in which "Prometheus, The Fire-bearer," and "Prometheus Unbound" formed the other two parts. Of the first, nothing remains but myths concerning it. A small portion of the "Unbound," translated into the Latin by Atticus, is still extant. The story is this:

In the beginning, the great forces of nature, Uranus and Gala, brought order out of Chaos; then began the rule of Time, during which Prometheus, one of the race of Titans, made man; made him of red earth and kissed the life into his clay image. Then came the later, and, on the whole, better reign of Zeus, who, having overpowered his father by the aid of Prometheus, seated himself upon Olympus as king over the heaven-dwellers. But he sought to destroy man from off the earth, and plant a new race. Thus he made an enemy of Prometheus, who, for the protection of his earth-born creatures, stole for them the sacred fire of the gods. Zeus, the all powerful, for punishment, chained him to a rock of the Caucasus, on the borders

of the "ocean stream." There all day long an eagle devoured his liver, which grew again during the night. Now, Prometheus knew a prophecy concerning Zeus, and thus held the destiny of the all-father in his hands, for Zeus, although king of gods and men, was less powerful than fate. Becoming aware of the knowledge of the Titan, the Thunderer dispatches the swift-winged Mercury to demand the surrender of it. The prisoner answers him with contemptuous words and thereupon is hurled into Tartarus, amidst lightnings and dreadful earthquake. I can but quote what he cries in his agony, the picture is so vivid.

"Earth is rocking in space!
And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar—
And the eddying lightnings flash fire in my face,
And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round—
And the blasts of the winds universal, leap free
And blow each upon each, with a passion of sound,
And Æther goes mingling in storm with the sea !
Such a curse on my head; in a manifest dread,
From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along !
O, my mother's fair glory ! O, Æther, enringing
All eyes in the sweet common light of thy bringing.
Dost see how I suffer this wrong ?"

The tragedy is written by a man developed during the stormy times of Marathon and Salamis, and, although lacking in the smoothness and polish of the later writers, has all the massive grandeur and dignity which characterize both the literature and sculpture of a strong nation in its youth. And then, you see, Æschylus, ever straining up the steep Olympian heights, acquires the step of a mountaineer, which appears forced and irregular to those who walk the plain with even pace.

The influence of "Prometheus Bound" is clearly seen upon many of our great

thinkers and writers. Milton's Satan and Samson, also that caustic spirit in Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile," remind us of the Titan. Byron confesses that this was the model of all his heroes who rebel against the "Soul of the Universe." Shelley was so fond of picturing a powerful soul in action against God that "he reconstructed the 'Prometheus Unbound' on his own model" and caught much of the spirit of the Greek. Lowell also has written from the Titan's point of view. Mrs. Browning has given us a translation which, besides being most true to the original, is thoroughly infused with all the sympathy and passion of her woman's nature.

The theories concerning the meaning of the drama are numerous. The most interesting is the religious one, that the foreshadowing of the Christ and the great lesson of the atonement was in the author's mind.

Prometheus lies somewhere between the character of Christ and that of Satan. Like the latter, he is at enmity with God; a god himself, proud, defiant, resisting the will of the ruler. But O how can we pronounce sentence against him? For man's sake, for his love of the wretched creatures of a day he endures this suffering. Where lies the wrong? Shelley solves the problem by calling Zeus the evil principle and in Prometheus sees suffering humanity; but

Zeus being the representative god of the Greeks he barely escapes the charge of blasphemy.

The thing is a mystery, and then, too, only a fragment; but one so sublime, so true, so suggestive, that just as when there is discovered some broken statue which bears the mark of some Grecian master's hand, and each one has his idea of what it represents and how the lost parts should be restored, so each writer has his theory concerning Prometheus.

If the Unbound had been preserved it seems likely that Prometheus "wiser grown by years of solitude," would have come forth purified, raised by suffering to a higher plane than he could ever have attained had he not been required to pass through such torture. Hawthorne has brought out this idea strongly in "The Marble Faun" and "The Scarlet Letter," in both of which the hero, through severe mental suffering, develops a character not to be won in any other way. Here, too, is the idea that somehow, sometime, far away in the dim future, man, through suffering, will come into a higher Eden than that from which Adam was driven; one more to be appreciated, where, instead of innocence, will prevail love of right, developed through suffering; "and faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love and patience which at last have overcome."

Prize Oration, June, 1887.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT VS. IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.

EDWARD HYMES.

THE administration of justice is one of the gravest duties of a nation; and it is of the highest importance to every citizen, that the administration of justice becomes not that of injustice! I mention this to indicate in how great a measure

must care be exercised in order to procure that degree of punishment that shall be commensurate with the magnitude of the offence committed. What then should be the punishment for murder? "Death," answers our law. But, should it be, or

should capital punishment be abolished? Let us reason.

The criminal condemned to die is ministered to by the clergy and other officials of the church; at last when the day has come, when he is to be launched into eternity, he thinks his peace is made with God; he is satisfied, and is happy at the prospect of a journey to the land of eternal bliss; he is considered a hero, and that despicable being, the murderer, is likened unto a martyr of old; his sufferings are mitigated—aye, they almost entirely cease. In the contemplation of his transition to the Land of Happiness, he thinks—not of the sorrows he has caused, the blight which he has made—he thinks only of himself!

Thus it is with him who is guilty, but how does the innocent man, when condemned for another's deed, how does he fare? 'Though he may be resigned to his own fate,' though he is not afraid to meet his maker, yet, the thought of the stigma that will sully his fair name, the knowledge of the sufferings which those who love him will endure, must almost drive him mad! Is this a commendable phase of justice? The answer is obvious. How truly spake he who said, "Rather let ninety and nine guilty men go free, than one innocent man perish." I do not say this to intimate that he who is convicted of murder should "go free," but I do say that capital punishment should be done away with, and imprisonment for life take its place. By this latter punishment I do not mean a few years of incarceration, and then pardon, but that the sentence should be carried out literally. Let us suppose the guilty man condemned to toil for the rest of his life, while in confinement; then, he has an opportunity to atone in a measure for the crime he has committed in the eyes of God and man, and to suffer that remorse which he so richly deserves. During his years of weary imprisonment, when he retires to his gloomy dungeon, that remorse will gnaw "like a canker at his heart," ever murmuring:

"Your victim, your victim," and then, before his eyes will flash the deed of that dreadful day; the victim of his blood-thirstiness will appear before him, and the sight will be enough to sear his eyes. He will be suffering a living death.

But, on the other hand, does the guiltless man so suffer when immured in his lonely cell? He has not "that remorse," that sting of conscience to battle with; hope buoys him up and gives him the power to endure; and, conscious of his innocence, believing in his ultimate vindication, he is comparatively happy. Yes, how often could real justice be rendered, how often could liberty and honor be restored to the victim of circumstances, if imprisonment for life were substituted for the death penalty. Let me illustrate. In England, not long ago, an inn-keeper entertained three men of unenviable reputation, and a rich nobleman. The nobleman retires. The others soon follow. In the middle of night the landlord is awakened by an outcry, rushes to the nobleman's room, and finds him lying prostrate, dead, with a dagger in his body. He stoops and touches the handle with the intention of withdrawing the weapon, when his servants, aroused, burst in, and find him in this compromising position. He is arrested, tried, convicted, hung! You know the sequel—that one of the three men afterward confessed the guilt of himself and companions. The confession, alas, came too late. An innocent man had expiated another's crime by an ignominious death. If imprisonment for life had been the penalty, how different it would have been! Then real justice could have been meted out. Is that not a just punishment which inflicts real suffering upon the guilty, and comparatively little upon the innocent? Is not this the justice that we want? Truly, this is ideal justice.

I may be confronted by that much quoted passage: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," but is it to be accepted literally? I think not. Let us interpret it. Does it

not mean that the punishment shall be commensurate with the crime? Common sense dictates the answer. Then, in no way does the Mosaic Law stand in the way of imprisonment for life being the penalty for murder. In your dungeon, O destroyer of life, you will feel what you have done; you will understand the enormity of your deed; you will get your just deserts! I will not bring forth the statistics of other States in which capital punishment has been abolished, in order to answer the question: "Will not murder increase if the death penalty is done away with?" for it is plainly evident that under different conditions, results will be different. Hence it

is the height of folly to attempt to prove that because the result is unfavorable in one locality, the same will prove true elsewhere, and *vice versa*. But I think I have brought forth that which proves that imprisonment for life is the proper punishment for murder. Therefore I appeal to you, I conjure you, in the name of Justice, put forth your influence in abolishing capital punishment and in substituting imprisonment for life, and in making this national experiment, for 'tis an experiment worthy of your nineteenth century magnanimity; do this, and in the words of Webster "I see the brightness of the future like the stars in Heaven."

TYPES OF TRAVEL.

MARY H. WATSON, CLASS OF '89.

A MUSING incidents of travel are so numerous that one must be blind who never sees them.

There is a long line patiently waiting at the ticket office. One woman stands at the window persistently, until she has driven the clerk quite beside himself with her questions.

"How much is the fare to Peach Valley?" she asks.

"Three dollars."

"Why, I thought it was two and a-half!"

"It has never been below three dollars, madam," answered the clerk.

"Well, how old must they be to pay full fare?"

"Do you mean children?"

"Yes."

"Twelve years."

"How much did you say a half ticket was?"

"I didn't say, but it is a dollar and a-half. You must be quick, madam, for others are waiting."

"Ah, yes: I'll hurry, but I'm not going to be cheated out of my change. I guess it won't hurt 'em to wait two or three seconds. My girl can't ride for half fare, then, can she?"

"If your girl is over twelve she can't."

"She was fourteen—let—me—see, the third—no, the fourth of last month."

The clerk turns to the next in turn, but she is too quick for him.

"Do you make any reduction on excursion tickets?"

"No," snaps the clerk, "and you'd better make haste if you want to get the next train. It leaves in fifteen minutes."

But with the utmost placidity she remarks:

"I'm not going on the next train. Susan is coming with the carriage to meet the six o'clock train, and I don't intend to sit in that station at Peach Valley for a whole hour! I guess I'll take two full fare tickets."

She remains at the window to count her

change twice over, and then departs, thinking indignantly of the incivility of clerks.

Reading is doubtless a most beneficial and amusing pastime. I shall not consider the worth of the yellow covered literature devoured by some travelers—indeed, by a great majority of them.

A young lady enters the car, selects a seat to her liking, pulls out of her satchel a novel and a bag of caramels, settles herself comfortably, and is soon oblivious to all surroundings. The scenery through which she is passing is worthy the song of a great poet; the greatest of landscape painters may have immortalized it; this matters little to her, she is deep in a tale of love and murders and diamonds and honors. She can finish that book and begin another before the end of her journey; she can finish the caramels, too.

A very business-like woman elbowed her way to the baggage room window, exclaiming: "I want my valise checked! Have you got it there? It is a black one with a bulge on one side, and Mrs. Mary Jane Foster, Sheldonville, Pike County, Connecticut, marked on it with white letters." All of this was said in one breath. "Do you hear? If it isn't there, I'll sue the company. It is tied around with a green ribbon. Mrs. Mary Jane Foster, Sheldonville, Pike County, Connecticut, with a

bulge on one side, marked on it in white letters." The clerk starts in pursuit of her valise and returns with it in a few moments. But Mrs. Mary Jane Foster is only half satisfied. "I suppose," says she, "that they'll forget to leave it at Sheldonville, and then a pretty time I'll have, won't I, when I want my valise?" But the clerk reassures her, and, half doubting, she goes away. What a commotion there would be at Sheldonville if the black valise was not in sight when Mrs. Foster arrived!

The newly wedded pair is by far the most interesting of travelers. They choose the last seat in the last car, right across the aisle from us. By keeping our heads turned, we can make them believe that we are engrossed in conversation and see nothing. For this reason we are treated to several romantic tableaux, which should be seen to be appreciated. But our eyes and ears are open, and for a long time we are very much interested in other matters. The climax is reached when the groom looks hastily around, and, thinking no one sees, pulls the bride quickly to his heart. Oh, horrors! what are those people in the other train laughing at? They are convulsed! And the bride and groom sit up for five minutes as if they had been wedded ten years.

HINTS FOR LEISURE HOURS.

FRED. S. TITSWORTH, '89.

OUR leisure time is given us for enjoyment. Time should never hang heavy on anybody's hands, and certainly it should not drag in case of the small boy, for he is at the only age free from care. He can whistle, he can hop, skip, jump, play shinny, skate, tease, and make himself generally disagreeable, which is by far the most fun of all.

As he passes from the childish state into growing manhood, his beard begins to grow. After the first anxiety as to whether it will be red, white or black, he is fairly on the road to the much coveted growth. His leisure time may now be spent very profitably in cultivating it.

Evening calls must be preceded by the usual ceremonies. The four-in-hand must

be tied innumerable times, the scarf pin must be fastened in at a certain angle, the collar must be as near like a cuff as can be obtained, and have the famous "Troy" polish, and the pants must strike the shoes at just such a point. Then come the more difficult task of arranging the hair. After brushing it the hundredth time, the satisfactory finish is given.

All is ready, he dons his well-polished high hat, and with the gloved hand seizes a club, which is called his cane. The destination is reached, trembling he mounts the massive steps and rings the bell. The door is opened, he inquires gently for the young lady. He is ushered in—but we pass on, fearing to disturb the mysteries behind the veil.

Now we come to the suggestions for the feminine mind, and although we have but a slight acquaintance with it, hints are not scarce. Supposing that a lengthy toilet, so interesting to a young man, would be rather embarrassing to the other sex, let us pass on to occupations more pleasing to them. If there be a woman who has so many maids to wait upon her that she has nothing in the wide world to do, we advise her to get a poodle. A "pug" is the best, for he will stand the most without flinching. You may use the whole of your time on this precious little beast, so I will describe the methods of his treatment fully.

First as to his wardrobe, the principle article of which is his harness. To have the best you want a set with "Sterling"

trimmings, and double-back-action supporting strap with latest patent for lifting your charge over the gutters and out of the mud. You may safely provide, at the least, fifty blankets of different thicknesses and weights, for variations in the temperature and for each day in the week. You will need brushes, combs, hair-crimpers, and curlers, perfumes, etc. After the toilet of your dog has been completed, you may set yourself about teaching him nice little tricks, the most important of which is to make him sit still while all the ladies admire him. His food should consist of brandy and soda, milk punch, etc. Do not give your pet meat, but if you should do so on rare occasions, be sure and flavor it well with peppermint, otherwise you may as well keep a bloodhound. Let me warn you not to get discouraged if your pet dies young. Do not expect the dear to live over eighteen months under the previous treatment.

The art of caring for a pug is not the only valuable hint that could be given to the ladies. Practice the art of walking—in the back yard—try your skill in trapping all the young dudes, speak French, quote poetry, read "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," and other productions of equal merit, and you will be a fairly accomplished young lady.

If I have not succeeded in taking up all your leisure time in reading this, it will surely take the remainder to practice these hints.

The Seniors intend soon to publish a book containing the corrections made by themselves and their class-mates in statements now accepted as true. Below we give a few extracts in history, science, and literature which show how valuable the forthcoming work will be.

What we most desire in *pure* milk is, that it be adulterated by honest dealers.

John Milton, Latin Secretary to Charles I. and II., was the author of the celebrated "Faery Queen."

"Where is Mercury when he is full?" was asked in Astronomy class. Dead silence reigned, till at length sweet innocent volunteered the information that he must be near the Big Dipper or Aquarius! So young, and yet so wise!

SCROOGE.

WALTER JACKSON, '88.

ONE cold December morning I walked down Broad street in search of advertisements for our ANNUAL. The night before had been stormy, and the sidewalks, houses, trees, everything that was exposed to the elements was covered with ice. Passing a large brick building, I noticed a small sign painted in black letters which read :

MARLEY & SCROOGE,

BANKERS AND BROKERS, TOP FLOOR.

I thought that here I might be able to get a small advertisement. I ascended the stairs. Stopping at last before a door at the end of the stairs, I knocked, and the door was opened by a short, stout man, into whose head the gray hairs were beginning to creep.

"Mr. Marley?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied, "he is dead."

With this the short man pointed to a gray headed, tall, thin man, who was conversing with another caller when I entered, and said, "Mr. Scrooge."

"Bob," said Mr. Scrooge, "bring a chair."

Bob did as he was told, and I sat down. Bob then warmed his hands, or at least attempted to do so, at a stove about as large as a good sized pumpkin, and then climbed upon his stool and began to write furiously.

"No, sir; I have no money for orphans and paupers and such like," I heard Mr. Scrooge say in reply to a question put by his visitor. "There are jails and poor houses enough for them in this country, and if they don't like those let them starve."

After this Mr. Scrooge began to look over his books, and the caller retired. My spirits sank as I thought of my chances of

getting an advertisement from such a man. However, I thought he can do no more than refuse me, so plucking up courage, I rose and made known my business. I had not long to wait for my reply. Hardly had the last word left my tongue when Mr. Scrooge said :

"I do not care to advertise in any such money-making scheme as that; there is the door."

I left very crest-fallen and again started down Broad street.

On Tuesday afternoon, while passing the old building, I saw Mr. Scrooge ascending the stairs. Seeing me, he beckoned me to follow him. Upon reaching the door he said he wished to speak to me. Being in no particular hurry, I complied, and we entered. At the first glance I was surprised at the condition of things. A large new stove gave a good heat, and threw a cheerful light over the dark office, and even Mr. Scrooge had thrown off that grim frown that before covered his face. He offered me a chair, and inquired if it was too late to advertise in THE ANNUAL. On learning that all the space was taken, he asked me if he could not make a useful donation to the school. I told him about our Hesperian Library, and remarked that he had materially changed his mind since Saturday.

"Yes," he replied, "I am a changed man. Saturday night when I reached my lodging I was visited by the ghost of my former partner, Marley, who has been dead seven years. He warned me of a terrible dream I was to have that night, and then departed, laughing hoarsely. The sight of the spectre terrified me, and, after eating my supper, and reading a newspaper, I

went to bed. I soon fell into a troubled sleep, but in a short time awoke, thinking of Marley and his ghost. Again I fell asleep, but could not rest. I awoke shivering, and greatly agitated. The terrible dream of which I had been warned had indelibly stamped itself upon my memory. In the dream all my bad actions and cruel words again appeared, but I saw them in a new light. A terrible future was awaiting me in case I did not revise my whole course of life. Among these scenes was my interview with you on Saturday morning, and I wish, if possible, to make that right. Here is a small check which you may devote to your library, and with it ac-

cept my good wishes. Yes, sir, I am a changed man, and I wish you would call some time and tell me what books you get with this money."

I was surprised to hear this from Mr. Scrooge, and the check really astonished me. However, I recovered myself sufficiently to thank him and invite him to visit the school.

"Thank you," said he, "I will do so."

I then retired, and on my way home thought of the strange man whom I had visited. His check gave us something that will make his name memorable in the Newark High School.

MY GLIMPSE OF DONATELLO.

MISS C. R. BLAKE, '88.

THE woods were full of their own music. The calls and answers of birds to their mates and their lively twittering amongst the branches, the crackling of the twig, the murmuring of the breeze through the trees, together with the ripple of a little stream which rolled and tumbled over the stones in haste to escape from its rocky bed, all joined in the forest song. But these voices gradually ceased or became only an undertone to distant sounds. The phœbe bird, singing close by, is forgotten, while the lowing of cattle from the mountain pasture comes to me on the breeze with the reiterated caw! caw! of the crow, circling about a hill top as he wings his way homeward.

I turned at the sound of rustling leaves to see a bough swing low, and from it a figure dropped lightly to the bank of ferns beneath. The phœbe bird, unstartled, retained her perch and twittered more gaily than before. Indeed, there seemed to be quite an understanding between the two;

the timid little wood creature and the newcomer, whoever he might be. The latter stopped only long enough to pick a spray of ivy which he twisted about his flowing hair, then skipped out of sight. I listened to his footsteps. In imagination I saw the graceful creature half running, half dancing over fallen trees and moss-covered rocks. Through the trees I caught a momentary glimpse of the wild thing. The wind had caught his heavy locks, and seemed curiously to pry into their secrets. Now I would prove his origin! But, alas, too late! Again he whisked behind the trees. What fates had brought him from the long past centuries? What message to fearful mortals did he bring from high Olympus? The fancy had taken entire possession of me. I started after the retreating footsteps. Now and then they paused; he was gathering flowers for some fair wood nymph, or perhaps a giant oak would open and reveal a dryad to join him in his ramble.

At length the sounds altogether ceased. I listened perplexed until I noticed "a sort of modulated breath, wild, rude, yet harmonious. Any idle boy, it should seem, singing to himself and setting his wordless song to no other or definite time than the play of his own pulses, might produce a sound almost identical with this; and yet, it was individual as a murmur of the breeze."

Following his voice, I suddenly came upon the spring. There he lay at full length beside the brook, a very satyr at his sacred woodland fountain. Beyond him great rocks rose percipitously and dark against the bright western sky, which glowed between the trees. Then a call with the echoing call of the mountain broke the stillness: Co'boss! co'boss! co'boss! co'boss!

The fawn started up and a squirrel darted from him to the nearest tree. He looked timidly at the dark crevices and hollows of the rocks which seemed to be pouring their shadows over the landscape. Forgetting the flowers which dangled over the brook, he hurried through the blue mist. As he emerged into the sunlight beyond the dread melted within him. "Radiating jollity out of his whole nimble person," his feet kept time to the music of Hesiod's ancient verse. The brook, meanwhile, had borne away one by one the neglected blossoms. I hastened to capture a dainty anemone which hung perilously near its surface, as a memento of that summer afternoon. When I turned back the last trace of the fawn had disappeared.

MARRIAGES.

- Miss Minnie C. Freeman, '75, to Mr. Isaac F. Gray.
- Mr. Arthur C. Dougherty, M. D., '77, to Miss Mary G. Voss.
- Miss Sylvina Haskins, '77, to Aaron C. Ward, M. D.
- Mr. Edward H. Rockwell, '78, to Miss Miriam Osborne.
- Miss Katrina B. Davis, '79, to Mr. Frederick B. Meeker.
- Miss Lizzie P. Baldwin, '79, to Mr. Frederick Guile.
- Miss Anna H. Woodruff, '79, to Mr. Charles Van Nest.
- Miss Jessie W. Stevens, '79, to Mr. John S. Arndt.
- Miss Clarabel Allen, '81, to Mr. Ambrose Tompkins.
- Miss Frances E. Westwood, '83, to Mr. Jas. Crowell, Jr.
- Miss S. Elizabeth Getchins, '84, to Mr. A. Judson Clark.

DEATHS.

- Miss Leila Sutphen, Class of '87.

"Death lies on her, like an untimely frost—
Upon the sweetest flower in all the field."

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

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No. I.

EDITORS:

HOWARD P. JONES,

WALTER J. SALOMON,

RAY K. JORALEMON,

MARTHA B. HAINES,

MAGDALENE LANDMESSER.

EDITORIAL.

A GAIN the ANNUAL comes upon the scene, and as some one has said, rather too early; but on account of examinations, preparations for Commencement, and other important matters which beset the paths of the worthy Seniors in the latter part of the year, we decided to offer the ANNUAL as a Christmas greeting to our friends and the public at large.

At the time of our last issue we were about entering upon our spring work, and were preparing for the rigorous yearly examinations. The next great event of last spring was the Commencement of '87. It was a stormy evening in June, when the ladies and gentlemen of the class of '87 took their seats upon the stage of the Grand Opera House, to make their last appearance as students of the public school system of Newark. The whole proceedings passed off without anything to mar, and were heartily enjoyed by every one present; and amid the patterning of the rain without, the happy students took leave of their teachers and schoolmates, some never to meet again, others to meet only in a momentary pause in the conflict of life, and then hardly to be recognized, for the struggles of life will have silvered the hair, wrinkled the brow, and weakened the steady, firm step of youthfulness. But let us change the subject

to one of a more cheerful tone, and one still nearer home.

It has been said by persons fully capable of judging, that the Newark High School is one of the best of its kind in the country, and we truly believe it. A young man graduating from here can be admitted to any college in the United States. Our courses of instruction are thorough in every respect. The graduates of this school who have entered college, with very few exceptions, lead their respective classes, and it is not an uncommon thing to see former High School boys take the prizes and honors at Columbia and other colleges,

A new department—or we ought to say an old decayed branch of study—has been raised from the dust and placed upon its pedestal again, and a guardian has been appointed to care for it—we mean the study of English Composition. The Board of Education has taken pity upon it and assigned it a guardian to sit in its hitherto empty chair, among the grave and reverend faculty. Its guardian is a lady, Miss Mary Olmsted, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, a graduate of Vassar.

Among the many changes in this age of change, we note the designation of the recitation rooms by numbers, and the rearrangement of classes; also, on account of

the crowded condition of the male department, the hitherto elegantly fitted drawing room has been sacrificed. Those drawings which once adorned its walls—behold all are gone, and the room is now occupied as the headquarters of the Commercial Department. The school year opened very inauspiciously as to the weather; but a large number of pupils made their appearance, so large that seats could not be found for them, and now about forty seatless Freshmen wander from room to room. The expressions on their faces, if seen by any member of the Board of Education,

would make him work night and day until money enough was appropriated to furnish seats for the homeless boys.

A new feature has been introduced into the ANNUAL of this year. We publish the statistics of the Senior Class. On examination we find that the class are of a somewhat religious turn of mind, and there is a preponderence of brain over brawn; and also, we find them to be of studious dispositions.

In conclusion we will wish our many friends and patrons a merry, very merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

TO all our friends and schoolmates, hearty greeting: Again we send forth our ANNUAL, hoping a renewal of the kindly welcome it has met in former years. Time has flown so quickly that we can scarcely realize that it is now four years since the time when, with awe-struck glances we looked up to the giddy height occupied by the learned Seniors.

We hoped in writing this editorial, to make our names famous, so that in future years the classes would handle this ANNUAL with reverence, as containing the most profound thought and reasoning. But alas, how fragile are human hopes! With paper before us, not one brilliant thought can we produce from the mazes of our brain, where, let us hope, it is keeping company with lost facts of astronomy and geometry, to be found at some future day.

Yearly we note the many changes that take place within the venerable precincts of our dear old *Alma Mater*. During the past year few changes in its structure have been made, but time has wrought many among the faculty and pupils: we greet many new-comers, lament many departures. Through the spacious halls and over the broad staircases, where erst the departed class of '87 were wont to wander "in maiden meditation, fancy free," other feet are treading, other voices wake the ready echoes. Among the important changes we

record the separation of the Senior Class into two divisions, one of which rejoices under the long anticipated rule of Miss Greene; the other, beneath the kindly care of Miss Leyden, whom we heartily welcome to our number, climbs the rugged steeps of learning with ease and pleasure.

Miss Winans and Miss Forster enjoy the pleasure of accompanying their last year's pupils through the intricacies of this year's work. Miss Poinier, to whom also we extend the warmest greetings, experiences—

"The delightful task, to rear the tender thought
And teach the young idea how to shoot."

We have also to record the departure of Miss Wilcox, for the Sandwich Islands.

As we look back over our course in the High School, we realize that it has been a happy time to us, and we can find no spot we wish to have erased. It is with feelings of mingled joy and sadness we enter upon our Senior year, for it is the beginning of the end, and however much we may have wished to escape our bonds, now we realize that they were pleasant ones and we are loath to part with them. Let us not give up learning with the close of our school-days, let us go on striving to become wiser and better, remembering always that—

"Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own."

PRIZES OF 1887.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the Class in German during the year—Edward Goeller Prize—ARTHUR L. BALDWIN.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Deparment—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-Nine—GEO. H. BOEGER.

For the best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—EDWARD HYMES.

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics during the past four years—J. L. Johnson Medal—AMY L. BOLTON.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship of the entire Class, as shown by the final examination—George B. Swain Medal—HARRY T. BOLTON.

For the best Rhetorical work during the year by the young ladies—Tichenor Medal—ELIZABETH H. AHBE.

For the best final Essay of the young ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—MARY HARLEY.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment and Attendance of the entire Class during the year—Hovey Medal—ANNA ANDERSON.

German Commencement Essay.

DIE REISE EINES WASSERTROPFENS.

WILLIAM H. BURNETT, '87, COM. DEP.

IN dem grossen Meere spielte ich mit vielen anderen Bruedern und Schwestern. Ueber uns war das blaue Himmelsgewoelbe und die helle Sonne. Ich war besonders muthwillig und wollte hoch hinauf springen, um die Welt zu sehen; ich bat deshalb die Sonne, mich hinauf zu nehmen. Diese erfüllte meine Bitte, sandte einige ihrer Strahlen und zog mich mit vielen meiner Brueder hinauf, als unsichtbarer Wasserdampf.

Eine neue Welt sah ich dann, blühende Gaerten, reiche Kornfelder, gruenende Wiesen und schattige Waelder, in denen lustige Jaeger jagten; hier sass ein Vogel auf einem gruenenden Zweige eines Baumes und sang wunderschoen, und dort in einem Felde waren zwei Kinder, welche die schoenen Blumen pflueckten. So sehr ueberrascht war ich ueber die Schoenheit

der Natur und so vertieft in diese Freude dass ich nicht bemerkte, wie die Sonne immer tiefer und tiefer sank und die Nacht auf die Erde kam.

Da sah ich mich nach einem Ruheplaetzen um; aber keins konnte ich finden, bis zuletzt jedoch eine Rose ihre Thuere fuer mich oeffnete und mir ein Nachtlager anbot. Froh wachte ich am naechsten Morgen wieder auf, und begruesste die aufgehende Sonne welche mit ihrer ganzen Pracht vom Himmel herab blickte. Ich bat sie, mich wieder aufzunehmen, damit ich noch einmal die Welt durchreisen koennte. Immer heisser und heisser wurde der Tag, und ich wuenschte, dass ich wieder in dem kuehlen Schosse des Meeres waere. Da auf einmal kam ein Wind und trieb mich mit mehreren Bruedern, in eine schwarze Wolke verwandelt, ueber's Land,

und als ich meine Brueder fragte was wohl mit uns geschehen koennte, fiel ich in der Form eines grossen Tropfens auf die Erde. Ich sah die Leute rennen und hoerte sie sagen, "es regnet." Zufaellig fiel ich auf einen Berg; schnell floss ich hinunter und kam in einen Bach. Am Ufer desselben stand eine Wassermuehle; an der einen Seite der Muehle war ein Rad, welches zwei grosse Steine drehte, und ueber dieses Rad rauschte ich und gelangte dann in einen Teich. Hier kam eine Frau mit einer Kanne, warf mich, mir nichts, dir nichts, mit meinen Bruedern in einen Waschzuber und wusch mit uns die Kleider. Nachdem sie unser nicht mehr bedurfte, warf sie uns wieder in den Bach und die Sonne zog uns wieder hinauf in eine Wolke. Da kam ein rauher Wind und trieb mich nach Norden. Es war furchtbar kalt und ich wurde in eine Schneeflocke verwandelt. Da ich zu schwer war, fiel ich jetzt wieder auf die Erde, und die Leute sagten ueberall, "es

schnet." Die Kinder freuten sich sehr. Viele jungen Knaben und Maedchen spielten mit mir; sie machten Schneebaelle und warfen die Baelle nach ihren Kameraden. Eines Tages aber erschien die warme Fruehlingssonne und schmolz uns zu Wasser. Mit anderen Tropfen rann ich wieder in einen Fluss; hier sah ich wunderschoene Dinge, kleine Segelboote, grosse Schiffe, und junge Knaben, welche in unserm kuehlen Wasser badeten. Kleine Dampfschiffe zogen grosse Schiffe, und Oceandampfer durchschnitten uns auf ihrer Reise nach allen Erdtheilen. Ich sah Schiffe aus fremden Laendern und hoerte auch verschiedene Sprachen. Eines Abends hoerte ich einen Schiffer sagen, "Morgen werden wir in die wogende See gehen;" da dachte ich, ich gehe mit. Ich ging, und bald war das Land meinen Augen entchwunden und herzliche Gruesse sandte ich an meine zurueckbleibenden Brueder und Schwestern.

THE FAN'S STORY.

AGLAI L. LABIAUX, '88.

THIS is how it came about: Aunt Mary had sent me into the library, ostensibly to consult the cyclopedia, but really to get rid of me. It was very hot, and she was adding up long columns of expenditures in the housekeeper's book, so I suppose I did bother her with my effervescent chatter.

Passing through Kitty's room I caught up a fan lying on the table, helped myself liberally to her very best violet extract, slid down the balustrade, cooled my parched lips with a copious draught at the water-cooler, and then strolled into the library. I dragged down the ponderous volume, ensconced myself in a corner of the lounge, and by that time I hadn't the remotest idea of what I was to look for. The temperature made it utterly impossi-

ble to go up stairs again or to cudgel my brains in quest of it, so I gave up in despair. After cogitating for at least a second and a half, my versatile mind craved amusement, so tossing "Cyclop" aside, I picked up one of Kitty's novels; it opened at an entrancing scene, all water-lilies and moonlight, and "making up" at the "river's mossy brink."

But somehow I could not concentrate my attention on anything in that sultry atmosphere, so I went out on the porch and lay down in the hammock. There I wove fragile castles in the air and decided what I was going to do when I grew up and wore a train, and had a lover of my very own.

I must have fallen into a reverie, for I

found myself gravely contemplating Kitty's fan. It was a dainty trifle, all diaphanous gauze with a cluster of ragged chrysanthemums flung carelessly on one side, quaintly carved sticks, and a knot of ribbons from which came a subtle odor of jasmine.

I suppose I quite forgot my manners and stared it out of countenance in my absent-mindedness, for it snappishly ejaculated, "You will surely recognize me again."

I turned red and white like a peppermint stick in surprise and embarrassment. "I beg your pardon," I stammered involuntarily.

"I grant you grace," it said more amiably, "but why under the sun did you glare at me so savagely?"

"Did I glare?" I asked. "I didn't mean to; I was just thinking."

"Well, you innocent, I'll forgive you this time, but be careful not to offend again, or I'll blow you over the desert sand to Timbuctoo."

"O, please don't, dear fan," I implored, meekly. "I couldn't help looking at you; you're so pretty."

It was somewhat mollified by this wily bit of flattery. "Yes, they used to tell me so, my dear, when I was young and foolish, but that was long, long ago, when young Robin Adair gave me to the Lady Gwenn, but I remember it distinctly."

"O, tell me about them, do. I delight in romantic love tales, and I'm just aching to hear it."

Thus pressed, the fan gave a preliminary wave and began in a breezy, fluttering way, as follows:

"The night was a sultry one in June, the

silver crescent hung in the west, the stars glimmered sleepily, everything seemed wrapped in a faintly luminous mist. The Lady Gwenn was seated in a rose-hung bower, and standing near her was a fair-haired young fellow, gazing at her with fervid love-lit eyes. Neither of them spoke. A thrush was filling the still, still air with entrancing melody. The roses diffused an exquisite fragrance; the waters of the river glided placidly, and the shimmering moonbeams struggling through the lattice made the ground a curious mosaic. Still never a word said they. Involuntarily Robin's hand sought Gwenn's. She started slightly as his tremulous voice broke the all-prevading silence. 'Gwenn, darling, I love you dearly,' he whispered to the blushing girl; 'you will be my own sweet—'"

"Earwigs," screamed that incorrigible cousin of mine, Jack, who was dangling a nasty, squirming worm within two inches of my nose. I gave a frantic yell, whereupon he desisted.

"You mean boy," I cried angrily. "When he was just in the midst of proposing!"

Jack stared a little, laconically informed me that "grub was ready" and walked off, whistling. I think it was perfectly fiendish of him to interrupt such a beautiful love scene.

Since then I have tried to persuade the fan to tell the sequel, but it looks artlessly unconscious, like any common fan; and as yet, the fate of Gwenn's lover is hidden from me. I do hope she said "yes," and that they "lived happily ever after."

The rotation of the earth on its axis is the cause of the changes in the seasons.

Scene—Senior Class-room. Time—Recitation Period. Teacher—What great event occurred in 1861? Pupil (despairingly)—

"Don't know." Teacher—"Next, can you tell her?" Second Pupil (complacently)—"The Civil War commenced." First Pupil—"Oh! I knew there was one in 1812, but I didn't know there had been another since."

CASTLE BUILDING.

JENNIE B. HARVEY, '89.

A TINY girl of three or four,
With tangled ringlets and eyes of blue,
Sits at play on the kitchen floor,
Building with blocks of varied hue,
A curious castle of rainbow tints ;
Laughing and shouting merrily.
While o'er its brilliance the sunshine glints
She dances about in childish glee,
Clapping her tiny dimpled hands,
As in dazzling colors all complete
The small and uncouth structure stands ;
But at length with a crash at her very feet,
In a heap of scattered ruins, lies
The fruit of her patient toil. A frown
Beclouds her brow. She sobs and cries
Because her castle has fallen down.

To a school-girl now the child has grown,
With earnest eyes and a thoughtful brow.
'Mid her books and papers she sits alone,
And this is the strain of her musings now :
" Let others fritter their time away,
Let them frolic and chatter, dance and skate,
As for me, I shall study night and day ;
At the head of my class I'll graduate."
But, alas, for the castle so fair and bright,
Misfortune comes with her train of ills ;
The home has lost its guiding light,
And sorrow all with darkness fills.
The eve of triumph comes, and tossed
In delirium's torturing maze she lies,
The honors she craved and worked for lost,
While another wins the coveted prize.

The scene has changed before you now,
Behold a maiden in life's fair spring ;
With blushing cheeks and love-lit brow,
She toys with her betrothal ring ;

And dreams—not of a palace wide,
 But a pretty cottage, neat and plain,
 Where she will be the joy and pride,
 And love and happiness shall reign.
 But, ah ! I see a shadow creep
 Across that castle's glittering hue ;
 For men their vows but seldom keep—
 Many are false while few are true ;
 Too soon the fair young dreamer wakes,
 Her castle walls in ruins laid—
 The fickel knight his troth blight breaks,
 Another his cherished bride is made.

Again, across the bridge of years,
 A faded woman meets my gaze ;
 In a lowly home, eyes dimmed with tears,
 Widowed, she toils through dreary days.
 As she stitches away at her weary seams,
 She watches her children—a sturdy boy
 And a dark-eyed girl—and thus she dreams,
 Building a castle of future joy :
 “ My daughter, my gifted one, shall twine
 For herself a laurel wreath of fame ;
 This brave, true-hearted boy of mine
 Shall bring to me wealth and a noble name ;
 The joy and ease of my latter days
 Will repay me for years of sorrow and toil ;
 I shall tune my voice to happier lays
 Ere I’m laid to rest ’neath the church yard soil.”

Alas ! alas ! for the gilded dream !
 No laurel the maiden’s brow shall crown ;
 She faded and crossed death’s silent stream ;
 In a lowly grave they laid her down.
 Yet the mother has still one treasure left.
 She turns to her boy with a fond caress :
 “ Thank God, I am not of all bereft !
 For you my remaining years will bless.”
 But the youth soon strayed to a path of thorns,
 And into the tempter’s snare he fell ;
 Heart-broken, the faithful mother mourns—
 He is sent for years to a prison cell.
 Fond dreamer, where are thy loved ones ? where
 The castle thou buildedst on airy ground ?
 Crushed by the gloom of a dungeon bare,
 Buried beneath a lowly mound.

On an aged woman the curtain falls,
 Withered and bent by life's rude blast,
 Within the shade of the alms-house walls,
 She muses now on her checkered past.
 "Every earthly hope, all my treasures bright,
 Prostrate in ruins around me lie;
 Helpless and friendless, with fading sight,
 Alone in a poor-house I must die.
 But peacefully now I can lift the veil,
 For I've built a castle beyond the sky.
 I am pledged to a friend who will never fail;
 To a changeless home, joys that never die.
 There will come no losses, no funeral pall,
 No deceit can blight, no vice degrade—
 While earthly castles may vanish and fall,
 Those built in Heaven will never fade."

OUR EXCHANGES.

The November number of the *Oak, Lily and Ivy*, of Millford, Mass., lies before us. A four-leaved monthly, it is a spicy, racy, typical New England school paper. Its watch-words are Purity, Strength, Tenacity. An appropriate symbol accompanies it.

At the last moment *The Young Idea* appears before us. They seem to be sorely in need of a new High School.

The Academy Belle, of Richmond, Maine,

has altogether too many notes and quotations for us.

The Literator, of St. Louis, is a very attractive paper; and the extracts from Edgar Allan Poe are very interesting.

There have been but very few exchanges received within the last year, and we would like to encourage exchanging, for we always want to know what is going on in the school world around us, and also of the general successes in amateur journalism.

"And the flower of the Scottish nobility lay dead on the field." Young lady in search of knowledge, innocently: "Is that the 'Thistle'?"—*Class of '89*.

THE DINNER FRANCE NEVER ATE.—"Great Britain, Holland, Russia and Spain together formed a coalition to restore the monarchy in France," rendered thus by a Junior: "Great Britain, Holland, Russia and Spain together formed a collation!"

Nothing like having a clear idea of the meaning of words. "The rays of the sun

are translucent." "Deglutition is a substance in the body." "His degenerative was weakened." "The mobility of digestion is not sure." "The blood supplies attrition for the bones." "A torpid bath is healthy."

"How I Spent Sunday.—I got up in the morning, ate my breakfast, fed the chickens, cleaned the coop, read the papers, ate my dinner, fed the chickens again, studied arithmetic, worked my book-keeping out, ate a piece of cake, put the cat out doors, and went to bed."

TOMMY AND JACK FROST.

ELLA W. MOCKRIDGE, '91.

OH, dear!" sighed Tommy, closing his book of fairy tales, and flattening his nose against the window pane. "Oh, dear! I wish I could go out, and I wish Jack Frost would come, and I wish——." Here the wish ended in a sob, as Tommy closed his eyes and leaned against the cushions of his chair.

"Why, hello!" said a brisk, cheery voice, which fell on Tommy's hearing like the clatter of hail stones. "What's the matter?"

Tommy lifted up his tear-stained face and looked at the new-comer. Before him he saw a man with eyes as blue as the sky, and cheeks so rosy that they reminded him of the red leaves Jack Frost had touched. His clothing was most peculiar, Tommy thought. He was wrapped in a long, fleecy mantle, fringed with icicles, and on his head wore a wonderful cap of plumy white.

"What's the matter?" he again questioned as Tommy sat up and rubbed his eyes in astonishment.

"I've a sore throat and can't go out and—oh, dear!" wailed Tommy.

"Don't cry," said Jack Frost, for it was he. "We'll make it all right."

"How?" questioned Tommy.

"Would you like to see my home?" asked Jack.

"You bet!" was Tommy's expressive but very inelegant reply.

"Well, get your coat, cap and mittens, or you will be cold."

Tommy ran off, and soon returned warmly wrapped up. Jack took his hand and they began to travel faster than Tommy had ever gone before. As they passed through the garden Tommy noticed that the flowers were beginning to die. He pitied them but still he did not wish for summer again.

In the forest Jack's presence worked a magical transformation. The trees became huge bouquets of flaming colors, and the nuts fell in showers about Jack and his companion. Tommy wished very much that he had time to stop for some. Jack greeted everyone he met by mischievously tweaking his nose, or pinching his fingers and toes, making him quicken his gait.

The farther north they went the colder it grew; and, as Jack is a very swift traveler, they soon reached the region of perpetual snow. At last Jack pointed out an iceberg in the distance, which he said was his castle. As they drew nearer they saw the Snow Queen at the door to welcome them.

Jack, or more properly speaking, King Frost, and the Queen conducted the wondering Tommy through the castle. As they reached the throne-room a great rolling and tumbling was heard outside, and presently a whole pack of bears came in. Jack introduced them as his "Frolic Brigade." They crowded around Tommy, begging him to skate with them. He consented and they were soon upon the ice, accompanied by Jack and the Queen. Having decided upon the North Pole as the winning stake, Jack counted "one, two three, go!" and away they flew, all bent upon winning.

Near the pole the foremost bear fell, and those who followed were soon piled, in great confusion, on his prostrate body. As Tommy came to the ice with a thump, he started up to find himself on the sitting-room floor, his big dog licking his face and hands, and showing in every way that a dog could that he was glad his master had returned from dreamland.

"FROM NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

HATTIE JOHNSTONE, '89.

THE idea that a systematic study of nature tends to enlarge the boundaries of mental power is constantly brought before the young scholar as an incentive to study.

All studies resolve themselves into nature studies. The researches of the geologist, the astronomer, or the physicist, are only gropings after nature's secrets, as are those of the historian who studies nature's highest production—man, or those of the philosopher who examines the laws of the intellect.

As the mind surveys the domain of nature, it is met by many a sphinx. The unknown and unknowable is infinite and eternal.

The physicist sees certain laws that govern the universe. He notes the falling body and discovers the laws which regulate it. He sees the glowing sun and the bright moon and stars, and disperses the white light into all the different colors of the rainbow. He studies the laws of reflection and invents the telescope which shows the infinitely large, and the microscope which examines the infinitely small. He sees the clinging steel, the glittering spark, feels the sudden shock, and turns his attention to the mysterious force of electricity. By its universal and never failing aid he speaks across the mighty ocean.

Although man can utilize the lightning as an errand boy, he cannot tell whence comes the ability of sealing-wax to pick up bits of paper. He sees the connection between work and energy, and discovers the wonderful facts of the indestructibility of matter, and the conservation of energy. He sees that Adam's bones and "Imperial Cæsar turned to clay" must still exist in

earth or air, and knows that every lifted finger or hand is an expenditure of energy producing work which will last until the end of the physical universe. But soon he sees that all his discoveries deal with effects and not with causes. He can answer the question How? but seldom the question Why? The mysterious force which holds the feather to the earth, the water in the sea, and which draws every little atom in the universe toward every other atom, is as unknowable as God. The phenomena which he calls light and heat are but manifestations of a secret force for which he can only grope as one in the dark. The bright, blue sky, the purple and crimson flowers receive their color and fragrance from a hidden power before which the mightiest intellect stands humbled.

The chemist meets his sphinx when he comes to the great law of affinity. He sees solid bodies dissolving and disappearing in apparently inert and impotent liquids, sees air changing into water, and liquids into solids, and stands dumb and helpless before the mystery,

The botanist sees the plant growing and propagating under another mystifying force.

The astronomer perceives the sun and the cold, dead moon, and infers a birth, a life, and a decay in the heavenly bodies; but his theories only take him back to the infancy of the universe, which is hidden in unfathomable depth, through which speculation gropes by a thousand by-paths, until at last, in despair, man turns to himself, and there meets the greatest mystery of all, the riddle of ancient, and the puzzle of modern times—the force of life. He sees that the human frame is composed of elements

which have nothing peculiar in themselves, but are constantly present in the world around him, and which enter into the composition of a thousand other bodies. They have in themselves, separately considered, none of those properties which are found in the body into whose composition they enter. Indeed, their original, physical and chemical tendencies are at variance with the relation they maintain to each other as parts of a living system, and when the strange bond of connection is dissolved by death they separate from each other in conformity with their original tendencies. This bond is the principal of life. By its influence we are able to maintain our existence in the midst of agents that seem to seek our destruction. Fire, air and water, the cold of winter and the heat of summer, are alike our enemies. Deprive us of life and our resistance is at an end. It is easier to evolve a million planets from a nebulous mist, to bring a world from chaos, than it is to put life into the lowest animal. A buzzing fly has in it a power that passeth the understanding of man. We can crush with a finger what is more wonderful than

the rising sun or the ebbing tide. Before such sublime mysteries the mind is compelled to give up in despair, the brain whirls when confronted by the greatness of the inconceivable forces which must exist, the reason totters and insanity, the gods' just punishment of too ambitious mortals, has often deranged the highest specimens of human intellect.

If we look at the productions of human genius, we are amazed at the might of man's intelligence. The sublime conceptions of the poet, the novelist, or the painter, the penetration and forethought of the giants of military art, the keenness of the linguist who deciphers the inscriptions of a people who passed from the earth ages ago, all fill the scholar with the idea of the grandeur of the human race.

When we reflect upon the destiny of the race, the problem of the end of life, we feel that we can do little more than sit in obedience to the Higher Power. Both nature and religion reveal a God. Amid the mysteries that surround, He is our only refuge.

A BROOK.

NATHAN KUSSY, '90.

IT was a sultry day in summer. A deep silence reigned in a forest in Pennsylvania, which was not broken save by the sighing of the wind through the branches, and the murmuring of a brook, which was winding its way through the forest toward its destination, the sea. Along its banks the green ferns grew in large quantities, and the forms of gigantic trees towered against the blue sky as if to invite weary wayfarers to slumber beneath their spreading branches.

All nature seemed refreshed. The flowers were fresh and blooming; the leaves on the

trees were green, and birds seemed in a singing vein, for they broke the stillness with their songs, expressive of supreme peace and happiness. The grass was of a dark green color, and the flowers in full bloom, did, together with their slender stems, still more toward enhancing the beauty of the scenery.

*On the banks of the brook violets, buttercups and daisies grew, and, as if to cap the climax of this most picturesque scenery, the rays of the setting sun were reflected in its cool waters. A botanist would prob-

ably have found it a difficult task to obtain a more suitable locality for the furtherance of his study. The bed of the brook was literally lined with pebbles, which formed a striking contrast to the mire which encompassed them.

About half a mile from its mouth, at a place where the distance between the two banks of the brook was short, several large rocks, or stepping stones, were projecting from the water. By means of these stones persons were enabled to cross the narrow passage of water separating them from the

opposite shore, and reach terra-firma without encountering an accident.

At that moment the cackling of geese, mingled with the quacking of ducks was heard, and in a short time a small procession headed by a gander, who was followed in his wake by several geese and ducklings, came into view around a bend in the brook. When this small procession had passed out of sight, darkness had already thrown her mantle over the earth, and the silence was only broken by the chirping of the cricket and the hooting of the owl.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

LEONORA R. GAFFY, '90.

NOW as you glance at the words, "A Pleasant Evening," I can almost see your eyes sparkle and then grow dreamy. Ah! but I know the thoughts.

You are rumbling away in a coach to be received into a perfect fairyland, where everyone appears like some nymph, draped in filmy gauze and decked with costly sparkling gems. You scarcely perceive the fragrant and beautiful flowers, so lavishly scattered, and when a soft sweet strain of music reaches the ear you almost unconsciously "tip the light fantastic toe," becoming more and more bewitched as the music swells and dies away.

But these air castles must crumble to atoms ere I finish the tale of this one evening out of the many which mould our lives.

The snow had been falling all the afternoon, and my little brother and sister were in ecstacies of delight as I rode them over its smooth surface. Even the discontented wind deigned to accept their rippling laughter, but not so "Jack Frost." Hoary old fellow! He nipped their poor little fingers and toes until they cried because of the cold, and longed for the warm fire; but

once inside, Oh! the ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes needed no aid from those busy prattling tongues to relate the story of that afternoon's pleasure.

I sat alone trying to ponder over some provoking questions in "Physics."

But Winter afternoons are never lengthy. The evening seems to push the daylight aside as though it would say, "Stand aside, I am greater than thou."

I felt the darkness flooding the room, the book dropped from my hands, and while I gazed into the glowing coals, each incident of the day appeared before me. My web looked not golden, only grey, tangled and knotted beyond all control, and what if it should never become a fine piece of tapestry for the King?

Across these grave thoughts came the sound of the supper bell, and as I arose to obey its summons, the reflection of the beautiful snow-covered world outside brought to my mind part of a song.

"Oh we have need of its spotless white,
Need of the lesson it brings to all;
Oh we have need that its mantle bright
Should over our poor hearts fall."

After supper we gathered around the sitting room hearth. *Our* cricket is two years old, and a very brown-eyed, golden-haired cricket she is, possessing that rare talent of making every one laugh whether he would or no. Telling us she wanted to "wite composition," with a rather grave little face, she seated herself at her father's feet and "wited" it; not in the English language, oh no! it looked more like Chinese. Then a portion of our party raced for the cellar. Now of all ghostly places a cellar stands unparalleled, and that brave mortal who leads the way, candle in hand, is courageous indeed. We were sure a huge rat ran silently across the ground, and strange shadows were cast by the spectral rays of our candle. Ah! but there was a bag of nuts safely hidden behind the red-cheeked apples, and in one corner the small glistening ears of popcorn.

Helping ourselves bountifully from these Winter treasures, you may be sure no time was lost in reaching the cheery sitting room. How we chatted and laughed, and how the corn jumped around trying with all its might to get through those small apertures.

Ten solemn strokes sounded from the tall time-keeper and then the hands moved very quickly toward the hour of eleven. "What a pleasant evening we have had," said mother as we parted for the night. Truly each one felt in his heart the glory and comfort of David's song, "Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand; the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul."

THE RAINBOW.

FLORENCE BRADSHAW, '91.

THE evening was glorious, the moonlight shone beautifully through the trees, and the landscape outstretching in loveliness told in its own words it was the month of May. The Queen of Spring, as she passed down the vale, left her robe on the trees and her breath in the gale, and her presence gave joy to the hours.

The skies unrolled a banner in the heavens and threw splendor of gold over the west. We gazed on the scene as around us it glowed, when a vision of beauty was seen on the cloud, it was not

the sun which at mid-day we view, nor the moon that rolls through the starlight.

The rainbow came like a spirit in a storm, it looked not severe, but its garment of brightness illumed its path. It stood over the river, the village, the field, and the wood; the river, field, village and woodlands grew bright.

"'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime—
His vow from the flood to exit of time."

* While it bent sweetly like love over a death couch it left and slowly retired.

W H Y ?

AMY BARNES, '91.

I DOUBT if any word in our vocabulary is used oftener than this small interrogative. We hear it used on all sides and by all people, from deep philosophical questions, as, "Why does the wind blow?" to the very common one, "Why do boys throw stones?" From the frequent interrogations of older people, to the senseless queries of young children, there is always something to find out, to inquire into.

Some persons who are fond of talking about American curiosity, may say that the desire to find out the why and wherefore of everything is an illustration of this same curiosity, but of course they are mistaken. For is it not, without a doubt, a strong symptom of an enterprising spirit in a man, woman or child? Without this enterprising spirit and the strong desire to find out how things are made or done, it is not probable that from our American people should have arisen such a vast multitude of inventors.

Those among us who accomplish their ends, are the stirring ones whose every line of thought is laden with a "why;" but although the spirit of investigation is the thing to be commended, the mere asking of questions does not furnish the answer, and often the truth is brought to the surface only after much long and patient effort.

It appears that at some age or other, every child seems to feel it a solemn necessity to ask at least twenty-five "whys" about every new subject that comes forward. They are living interrogation points, and their constant asking of questions often results in very dilatory obedience to commands given for action. But children often

ask very wise questions, and instead of finding their parents a mine of information, they are promptly told to keep quiet, and thus the budding spirit of inquiry is nipped, always to the injury of the child; for it is in early childhood that the habit of asking questions is formed, and should be properly encouraged. During our school-days we are told that a more frequent asking of questions is desirable, and that to learn we must ask; it is not, then, thought childish, and we grow up, qualified for answering other people's questions, and our own deeper ones. After a person has reached mature years it is considered a sign of ignorance to ask questions. One then begins to bear the consequences of letting things go unexplained, of allowing questions to pass unanswered, and of not being particularly careful about learning thoroughly all the minutiae, the proper treatment of which goes so far toward making one able to comprehend in after life, and therefore capable of much enjoyment.

Many people mourn their neglect of these things: men, who find it hard to make up in certain things that a careless boyhood has lost; and women, who grow up unfit to fill good positions in life, or are unable to grasp more than the mere surface of things, because of the negligence to grasp everything as it came along.

The interrogative spirit is good or evil, according to the motive or spirit which prompts it. All persons prize individuality. We believe that a plentiful use of "why" is helpful and maintains one's originality to a great extent; but there can be no good motive to ask what no one can answer, therefore it must certainly be a useless

waste of time to ask such questions as these: "Why did not Shakspere write his autobiography?" or "Why did he not sign his name to all his plays?" and some people by their foolish queries, even try to deprive us of the existence of Shakspere at all. Many writers are questioning settled historical events, even at this late day.

What can be the advantage in depriving us of the romantic story of Pocahontas, for

instance, which has been handed down through all these years as a source of constant delight, and the means of brightening a portion of history to many children, to whom it otherwise seems dull and dry.

The asking of questions often brings error to light and adds to the sum of knowledge; for no person can grow up, having made a proper and plentiful use of "why," without becoming stronger and wiser.

URIAH HEEP.

CHARLES UTTER, '88.

URIAH HEEP, in "David Copperfield," is the personification of the strongest concentrated extract of human meanness, adulterated with the vilest essence of hypocrisy, conceit, villainy and unscrupulous dishonesty. His character is neither counteracted by any active virtues or diluted by any passive ones. Characteristic of him were, an assumed humility to work on other's sympathies, but to be thrown off when no longer needed; a sham respect and love for his poor widowed mother, who fairly idolized him; an unscrupulous readiness to foster and then take advantage of another's weaknesses; a contemptible respect for the best policy, whether it be right or wrong; a vengeful spirit, treasuring up all real and fancied injuries for his future revenge and vindication; and a dogged persistency in achieving his objects, which, were the objects good, would be a virtue, but, as they are bad, is a vice.

These traits were largely inherited from his parents, and so fostered, increased, confirmed and rendered chronic with him at the work-house, in which he spent his early

years, that his character is easily accounted for. Whenever "Ury," as his doting "Mawther" called him, had a new person to deal with he probably studied his character, discovering its vulnerable spots; then he began immediately—by means of his feigned humility and the other's sympathies and weaknesses—to get that person under his power. These persons to whom his influence extended generally hated him sincerely, although still reluctantly obeying his demands. One great reason for this unavoidable hatred was his personal appearance and manner. He was a thin, spare man, about six feet tall, and having bright red hair and whiskers, though very scanty—in fact, his eyebrows and eyelashes were so scanty and so near the color of his skin as to be indistinguishable at any distance.

His hands were always cold and clammy, giving persons who shook hands with him a nervous, uncomfortable feeling. This feeling was heightened by his habit of wriggling and writhing his body, and contorting his face when there was anything to laugh at. This was his nearest approach to a gen-

uine laugh, because, as he was too mean to feel mirth, he could not express it decently. But notwithstanding his ungainly appearance he was able to insinuate himself into the society of those infinitely his superiors, and even to get them into his power.

At first accounts, Uriah and his mother occupied a small house near that of his employer, Mr. Wickfield; but Uriah soon managed to make himself useful, necessary, and finally indispensable to him. This was accomplished by fostering, and then taking advantage of Mr. Wickfield's weakness for wine. After that it was an easy matter for Uriah to insinuate himself into partnership with, and himself and his mother into the family of his employer. Then anything was possible. Mr. Wickfield's increasing incapacity for business soon necessitated

the employment of another man to do the work Uriah had formerly done. A Mr. Micawber was employed for this, but the perfect hatred he had for Uriah so over-powered all other feelings that he finally broke from Uriah's power, and, with the help of outsiders, brought him to account for his misdeeds. But even here he managed to snake himself through the fingers of justice. His sentence was commuted from transportation to imprisonment, which he was in a fair way to escape through his false penitence.

What his fate was Dickens does not say, but it is safe to conclude that he came to a bad end, for without bringing in the elements of brutality, it is difficult to conceive of a meaner man.

MR. A. AND MR. B.

GRACE B. FISK, '91.

IF there are two men, who, more than all others, try the patience of poor school-girls, I think it is Mr. A. and Mr. B.

They seem to do everything in the strangest manner, especially their shopping. They get a quantity of some article, and then divide it up in the strangest way, and we have to find out how much each had, and how much each paid. And occasionally they sell some to Mr. C., and we must bother our brains to find out how much the latter gentleman received. I do not see why they could not each have bought equal quantities and paid equal sums. Another peculiarity about them is that they never, in all their purchases, seem to buy as much as Mr. C., and I must find out how much they lack of having as much as Mr. C. If it is their ambition to have as much as Mr. C., I can't comprehend why

they do not buy as much in the first place. We know very little of these men, for we get only hints of their characters and occupations.

Mr. A. must have been a farmer, and a careless one, too, for we find that he had five hundred cows in one field, and three hundred in another, and that five-sixth of those in the one field jumped into the other, and that three-thirteenths of those in the second field jumped into the first, and then I have to find out how many are left in each field. So I must sit down for an hour thinking over these cows, without coming any nearer to a conclusion concerning them than when I first began. My opinion is that Mr. A. was exceedingly lazy, or else he would have had a good fence around his lots; and, besides, he would not have taken an hour's nap every

afternoon for forty-five years; neither should I have been obliged to find out how much time he lost by doing so.

While Mr. A. is wasting his time in bed, we find Mr. B. reading, but instead of reading as any sensible man would, he reads in three days four hundred and seventy-seven lines of Virgil, twenty per cent. more the second day than the first, and thirty-three and one-third per cent. more the third day than the first, and I must puzzle my brains over these performances of his, until I can explain how much he reads each day.

Mr. A. must have been exceedingly ignorant; for he even wants to know how old he is, if he is sixteen and three-quarter years older than Mr. C.

"Let him find out," I say, "I will not do it for him."

Instead of Mr. A.'s remaining at home, building a new fence and ascertaining his age, and Mr. B. learning to read as other people do, we find them both starting on

a journey. But this is just as queer as their other doings; for, instead of going to the mountains or the seaside, they go round and round an island, and I must find out where Mr. B. will overtake Mr. A.

Mr. A. has a daughter who must be as funny as her father, for she weighs 120 pounds by avoirdupois weight, and then wants to know what she weighs by troy weight.

I have always been in hopes that when Mr. A. died that would be the last of him, and that I should not have to bother my head over any more of his doings, but when he departed from this world he left his property to be divided amongst his six children and wife in a very extraordinary fashion, and I was called upon to find out each one's share.

Everyone has some mission to fulfill; Mr. A. and Mr. B.'s must have been to teach me patience. Let not the readers of this sketch think that I am one who dislikes mathematics.

OUR SOCIETIES.

THE Society of the Class of '88, another organization of seniors, has for its officers, President, H. P. Jones; Vice President Geo. W. Terwilliger; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. Utter; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. J. Salomon, formed on the first day of the term.

THE Hesperian Society, a literary club of the junior and senior classes, organized many years, is not so active as in some former years. On account of our crowded condition there is no vacant room until after school and then it is too late to get up much enthusiasm.

IF the school year was divided into eras this part would be called the era of clubs, for quite a number of societies and clubs have been formed or reorganized during this period. The senior class head the list in the number of clubs it has organized. The English Club, a social organization of the English course, which came into existence a few months ago with the following officers: President, W. J. Salomon; Secretary, H. P. Jones; Treasurer, Herman Ziegler, has had four meetings at the different members' houses, all of which were of a social nature.

THE High School Chapter of the Agassiz Association was reorganized this month with the following officers: General Director, Prof. Dawson; President, Ernest Gould; Vice-President and Treasurer, Frank Ormby; Secretary, Wm. Burnet. The Chapter is divided into three divisions, each of which is managed by an officer elected by the Chapter who oversees the work done by his special division and generally directs the expeditions and researches of that division. There is also a Board of Managers who, with the Director, constitutes the governing committee. They also have a strong constitution. The object of the Chapter is the study of natural history, geological, zoological, and botanical, and the collection of specimens.

THE Senior, Junior and Sophomore Latin students on the boys' floor have organized a Classical Club. Having adopted their constitution they elected the following officers: Prof. Matthews being President, ex officio; Vice President, J. R. Ayer; Secretary, L. B. McWhood; Treasurer, Chauncey Griffiths. The object of club is to increase the classical knowledge of the members and to keep alive a deep interest in the life, manners and myths of the old Greeks and Romans. To attain this the club meets once a month and enjoy a literary programme, arranged by a committee of three. The classical department had a lecture delivered at Association Hall on Nov. 7, the speaker being Prof. Richard A. Proctor on the subject "The Life of Worlds. A well filled hall enjoyed an excellent lecture. By this means the department obtained the money to further furnish their library. Considering all things the future of the society seems bright and the club seems to be a medium through which the Latin students may be more proficient.

THE taste for Amateur Dramatic companies, which has become so prevalent among our popular cities has not left untouched the ever-active members of the

Montagu Society. At an afternoon matinee on the 23rd ult., a brilliant rendering of one of William Dean Howell's famous farces was given before a large and appreciative audience. Moustaches were in the ascendant and many admiring glances from enamoured maidens followed the graceful movements of worthy doctors and lawyers and captivating swains. The house was full, in fact many eager for admittance were turned away from the crowded doors. It being the first appearance of this talented troupe in public, some doubts were entertained as to its possible reception by the fickle critics of the day, but grace, ease and elegance combined to crown the efforts of the talent, for they screwed their courage to the sticking place and did not fail.

List of publications taken by the Montagu Society: *The Century Magazine, Harper's, St. Nicholas, The Atlantic, Art Amateur, Pop. Science Monthly, Christian Union, Youths' Companion, Critic.*

ABOUT three hundred pupils in the High School have become members of the "Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds." The objects of the society are to prevent, as far as possible—(1) the killing of any wild bird not used for food; (2) the taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of wild birds; (3) the wearing of the feathers of wild birds. The necessity for such an organization is apparent. We used to hear the song of the oriole and the robin in our midst—now alas, how rarely! The destruction of our birds is increasing at such an alarming rate as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful specimens, and all that tender-hearted(?) women may ornament their bonnets. The number of birds slaughtered annually for ornament is simply enormous. We know that one man in New York handles about 30,000 bird skins yearly, another 70,000 and one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000. The food of all these birds is largely insects, and as the birds are killed off the insects multiply, and as they multi-

ply vegetation suffers, as witness, notice how our splendid elms are being destroyed by the so called elm beetle. It is high time that all our young people were instructed in regard to the importance of saving the birds from destruction.

ABOUT November 1886, the graduating class of '87, Commercial Department, organized a German Club under the name of "Deutsches Kraenzchen," for the purpose of encouraging and enlivening the study of the German language in the Newark Public High School. A. L. Baldwin was elected President, G. H. Boeger Corresponding Secretary, and W. H. Bruen Financial Secretary. The language of the club was German throughout. The meetings were held at the homes of different members, and proved to be of great interest to all participants. The work of the club consisted chiefly in the reading of essays, the

recitation of poems of the best German poets, and the performance of short theatrical pieces. Prof. C. F. Kayser, who is also a member of the club, gave short talks political, social, and literary matters of the "Fatherland," in order to awaken interest in, and to facilitate the understanding of, the institutions, manners, and customs of the country whose language they were studying. But, perhaps, the most enjoyable feature of these pleasant and instructive gatherings was the chorus singing of those inimitable folk-songs, which are the embodiment of true German sentiment.

The usefulness of this club is so fully appreciated by all its members that they concluded to continue it even after the end of their school days. In accordance with this resolution the club held the first post graduate meeting about a month ago and a second one is announced. "Es lebe das Deutsche Kraenzchen."

FEATHERS OR SONGS?

EDNA S. SMITH, '91.

ONE hot, sultry day in August, I started out for a walk in the woods. As I was entering I met a man with a gun over his shoulder, who carried in his hand a long string of birds, which he had just been shooting.

A grand old oak, standing near my path, tempted me to rest under the shade of its branches. As I sat on the velvety moss, leaning against its old trunk, and watching the flickering lights and shadows, I heard a great chirping overhead. Looking up, I saw a number of birds flying about as if very much excited. I wondered what could have happened—whether they were discussing fashion or the last election. As I listened to the chirping, I heard three

sudden taps on a bough of the opposite tree; which sounded like a call to order. To my surprise all the birds flew at once to the place, and settled quietly down. It was evidently an important meeting. After a solemn pause, one little bird hopped out and took the Speaker's chair. He was dressed very gorgeously in red and green, and spoke with a slightly foreign accent. "Listen," said he, "I think it is time to put a stop to this slaughter of our friends. Mr. Robin, and his family, who live near us, have all but one, been shot by that man whom you saw just leaving our homes. The one remaining son, Dick, happened to see his twin brother, Peter, on Queen Victoria's cousin's hat, and he fell in a dead

faint, from which he has never revived. Think you not that something should be done to prevent the destruction of entire families?" He took his seat amid the applause of those assembled.

Next I saw walking sedately to the Speaker's chair, a Quaker. He was dressed in gray, which was relieved by a white vest and collar. Speaking slowly, as though meditating upon his words, he began: "More homes desolate, more homes sorrowing this year, than ever before, and all because the ladies wish to have birds of gay colors on their hats. How much better it would be to have a simple bow of gray ribbon upon their bonnets, instead of feathers and wings. My fathers before me believed it was a great crime to kill; and I no less firmly believe it. Thou shouldst go and complain to King Conscience, and there would be fewer crimes committed."

The birds had been listening intently to the sober talk of the Quaker. Suddenly, their attention was attracted by the Chair-

man, who said, "Let us make one more appeal to their better nature, before we try more severe measures. There is a girl now, under that tree, who seems to like to hear us sing; let us lay our case before her. Perhaps she can help us." With that they all flew down around me to implore my aid. Just as I was wondering what to say and how to help them, one of the birds gave a terrible chirp, and pointed to my hat, where three little humming birds were most artistically arranged. At that sight the birds gave a series of mournful chirps and disappeared—just as I awoke and found I had been dreaming.

As I walked home, thinking over my dream, I resolved then and there, never to wear another bird on my hat. Are there not others who will agree with me in thinking it much better to hear the songs of the birds as they hop from branch to branch, than to see them poked up in some conspicuous place on ladies' hats?

MACBETH.

KATE F. BELCHER, '88.

THE first glimpse that Shakespeare gives us of Macbeth is upon a desolate heath in Scotland. Low furze bushes grow near pools of bog-water, and white stone and peat make up the rest of the lonely moorland. Far in the distance are low ranges of sand-hills and the blue sea, while in another direction lie one or two old farmsteads. Knight says, "A more dreary piece of moorland can not be found in all Scotland." Two figures now come slowly into sight. They are attired in long, loose, saffron-colored shirts, and over these are shorter jackets of bright plaid. Their hair falls loosely over their shoulders, and the

feet and limbs are bare to the knees. One, by his weapons and disordered dress shows that he has come from a battle, and his blue eyes flash fiercely as he tells his friend of the fight. That friend is Banquo, and the powerful Scottish general is Macbeth.

How little does he think that he is rapidly approaching a turning point in his life, when he shall decide whether his future shall be full of happiness or misery! Before he meets the witches we find him on the battle-field, loyal to his sovereign and country. None are braver than Macbeth. But after that strange encounter with "the three wierd sisters" on the "blasted heath"

the man is changed., Their greetings are continually ringing in his ears;

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter."

The first prophecy is almost immediately fulfilled, and Macbeth finds himself involuntarily thinking how the second can be realized. He starts back from his

"Thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical."

He exerts no power to keep that thought away. Its hideous aspect fascinates him. He says,

" Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?"

The great general, so skilled in warfare, is utterly passive. He allows his mind to become filled with the one idea. He begins to plan how to bring about the desired result, and gradually he becomes familiar with his horrible scheme. Still, the man's better nature is not entirely dead. He cries,

" Stars, hide your fires!

Let not light see my black and deep desires."

His timidity is overcome by Lady Macbeth's stronger will. She steels her heart against remorse, and calls on the spirits to fill her

" Topfull
Of direst cruelty!"

She tries to inspire her husband with some of her own reckless daring. At almost the last moment Macbeth falters; he shrinks from murdering his guest and thinks of the consequences, both here and in the great hereafter. He wishes

" That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here."

He is on the point of giving the plan up altogether, and tells his wife,

" We will proceed no further in this business."

Tauntingly she calls him "coward," and says,

"Art thou afraid
To be the same in thy own act and valour,
As thou art in desire?"

Thus Macbeth's wavering purpose is strengthened. He knows the struggle with his better nature is over, and says,

" I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

The king is not the only one who is sacrificed to Macbeth's ambition. His friend Banquo and Macduff's innocent wife and children feel the keen edge of his sword. Thus Macbeth has degenerated into a cowardly hypocrite whose fears serve only to stimulate his cruelty.

And is he happy? One glance at the man shows that he is not. His haggard face, distract manner, and furtive glances, tell their own story. He hears voices crying,

" Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep."

His mind is full of "scorpions"; the ghost of Banquo haunts him; he suffers all the horrors of remorse; there is no rest for him. Lady Macbeth truly says,

" 'Tis safe to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

Macbeth is not permitted to reign long. He is defeated in battle by the murdered king's sons; but there is reserved for him a greater humiliation. He engages in a hand to hand combat with the hated Macduff and after a desperate resistance is overpowered. His punishment, however hard, is not as great as he deserves.

Perhaps some one will say that Macbeth is only a creation of the poet's fancy; that however real he may seem to us, he never existed. Shakespeare's characters are real; he saw them in the men and women of his own day, we see them in ours. There are plenty of Macbeths in the world to-day who sacrifice everything for ambition, and some of them are, we regret to say, helped and spurred on by women. The greater part of the evil in the world can be traced to unworthy ambition. There are evil spirits among us who have the power to tempt men just as the witches lured

Macbeth. He found it much easier to yield. All the good that we do costs us an effort. If we would overcome evil we must fight many moral battles. Like Macbeth, to be passive is to be wrong. Would that the sentiment of Longfellow's beautiful lines might be embodied in all our lives :

"All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatsoever hinders or impedes
The action of the noble will;—

"All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain."

MISCELLANEOUS.

PFISTER, of the Class of '85, has taken the prize in Mathematics in Columbia College.

THE lecture of Prof. Proctor netted the Classical Library \$150.

EDWARD HYMES, '87, is in Columbia College.

MISSES Laura and Sarah Knouse, '87, are in Wells' College.

GEORGE J. SCHAEFER, '87, is in the College of Pharmacy, N. Y.

A. J. C. SAUNIER, M. D., one of our boys in 1875, has just been elected Professor of Histology and Pathological Anatomy in the Chicago Ophthalmic College.

LAST May a State Assembly of the Agassiz Association was formed with Rev. L. H. Lighthipe as President; Prof. E. O. Hovey, Treasurer; and Ralph Hopping, Secretary. The semi-annual meeting was held in the High School building on Nov. 12. There are forty-five chapters in this State, and a large number of them sent delegates. The exercises of the afternoon were of a very interesting character, consisting of a paper on Beetles by Mr. C. W. Boynton; a paper on the Caddice Fly by Mrs. R. Van Dien; a talk on Historical Geology by Prof. Hovey, and an address by Prof. Ballard, President of the National

Association. The organization is intended to promote the study of Natural Science. Our High School Chapter was organized last summer with thirty-eight members. It has done some work and has collected about sixty specimens.

AMONG the best known institutions in our city is the Prudential Insurance Company of America, whose plain but substantial building stands on Broad street, nearly opposite the City Hall. The company occupies the entire four stories and basement, and many of the desks on the ground floor are plainly seen from the street, and almost any hour of the day interested spectators may be seen watching the type-writers or other clerks busy at their work. An army of no mean dimensions could be recruited from the ranks of Newarkers immediately interested in this company. More than two hundred persons are daily employed in this building, and over one hundred agents pay weekly visits to policy holders in the city and vicinity, of whom there are about seventy thousand. Industrial insurance, which is the specialty of the Prudential, is life insurance adapted to the industrial classes by making the premium payable weekly instead of yearly. It also insures every

member of a family, from the child a year old to the grand-parent of seventy, distributing as equally as possible the benefits of insurance. Such a company collects premiums at the houses of the policy-holders, relieving them of the trouble and annoyance incident to such frequent payments at the office. It thus enables the poor to reap the benefit of life insurance formerly enjoyed by the rich alone. Through this company Newark has the honor of introducing into America a system of life insurance which has created a revolution among the classes for whom it is intended. It has done as much as any one thing to foster an independent spirit and habits of thrift

and foresight among the poor. This city is noted for the multiplicity and amplitude of its enterprises, but the Prudential Insurance Company is unique in its remarkable growth. From its small beginning in 1875 in the city of Newark, it has extended its operations into eleven States of the Union, and so popular has it become that the increase in its income for the year of 1886 over what it was the previous year exceeded that of its great English prototype, the Prudential Insurance Company of London. This company furnishes an example of what can be done by persistent energy and skill.

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COURSE OF STUDIES—HIGH SCHOOL.

CLASSICAL COURSE—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Arithmetic. Algebra. Algebra.	Latin Grammar, Lessons. Latin Grammar, Lessons. Latin Grammar, Lessons.	Physiology. Physical Geography or German. Physical Geography or German.
SECOND YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Algebra. Algebra.	Cæsar. Cæsar. Cæsar. (Latin Prose.)	Greek Grammar and Lessons. Greek Grammar and Lessons. Greek Grammar and Lessons.
THIRD YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Geometry. Geometry.	Cicero. Cicero. Virgil's <i>Æneid.</i> (Latin Prose.)	Anabasis, Anabasis, Anabasis. (Greek Prose and History.)
FOURTH YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Geometry. Trigonometry. Review.	Virgil's <i>Æneid.</i> Georgics, Bucolics, Roman History and Review.	Iliad. Iliad. Review.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Arithmetic. Algebra. Algebra.	Latin Grammar, Lessons. Latin Grammar, Lessons. Latin Grammar, Lessons.	Physiology or German. Physical Geography or German. Physical Geography or German.
SECOND YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Algebra. Algebra.	Cæsar. Cæsar. Cæsar. (Latin Prose.)	Natural Philosophy or German. Natural Philosophy or German. Natural Philosophy or German.
THIRD YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Geometry. Geometry.	Cicero. Cicero. Virgil's <i>Æneid.</i> (Latin Prose.)	General History. Political Economy. Political Economy.
FOURTH YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Geometry. Trigonometry. Review.	Virgil's <i>Æneid.</i> Georgics, Bucolics, Roman History and Review.	Chemistry. Chemistry. Geology.

ENGLISH COURSE—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Arithmetic. Algebra. Algebra.	Book-keeping, Penmanship and Commercial Corre- spondence.	Physiology. Physical Geography. Physical Geography.
SECOND YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Algebra. Algebra.	Book-keeping, Commercial Law and Correspondence and Civil Government.	Natural Philosophy. Natural Philosophy. Natural Philosophy.
THIRD YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Geometry. Geometry.	Rhetoric. Rhetoric. Rhetoric.	General History. Political Economy. Political Economy.
FOURTH YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Geometry. Trigonometry. Review.	English Literature. English Literature. English Literature.	Chemistry. Chemistry. Geology.

Language Lessons, Drawing, Composition and Declamation in all the Courses.

COMMERCIAL COURSE—(TWO YEARS).

FIRST YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Arithmetic. Arithmetic. Arithmetic.	Book-keeping, Penmanship and Commercial Corre- spondence.	German. German. German.
SECOND YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Arithmetic. Arithmetic. Arithmetic.	Book-keeping, Commercial Law and Correspondence and Civil Government.	German. German. German.

COURSE FOR FEMALE DEPARTMENT—(FOUR YEARS).

FIRST YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Arithmetic. Arithmetic. Arithmetic.	Latin Grammar, Lessons. Latin Grammar, Lessons. Latin Grammar, Lessons.	Physiology. Physiology. Botany.
SECOND YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Algebra. Algebra. Algebra.	Latin Grammar, Lessons. Cæsar. Cæsar.	Physical Geography. Physical Geography. Natural Philosophy.
THIRD YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term,	Algebra. Geometry. Geometry.	Cæsar. Cæsar. Cæsar.	History. History. Rhetoric.
FOURTH YEAR. First Term. Second Term. Third Term.	Geometry. Geometry. Review.	Virgil. Virgil. Astronomy.	English Literature. English Literature. English Literature.

Composition and Recitations in all the Courses.

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS—MALE DEPARTMENT.

	Age.	Weight. lbs.	Height. ft. in.	Chosen Profession.	College in view.	Religion.	Poetries.	Size of shoe.	Size of glove.	Size of hat.	Temperature.	Color of hair.	Native State.	Favorite Author.	Course in High School.
JESSE A. AYER.....	17	139	5-9	Civil Eng.	Mich. Univ.	Episcopal.	Pro.	8½	7¾	Nervous.	Auburn.	Mo.	Kingsley and Longfellow.	Classical.	
FRED. N. JACOBUS.....	17	145	5-10	Theology.	Rutgers.	Dutch Ref.	Rep.	8	7¾	Bilious.	Dark brown.	N. J.		Classical.	
WALTER H. JACKSON.....	16	133	5-6	Business.	Episcopal.	Rep.	7½	6¾	Lymphatic.	Light.	N. J.	Cooper and Scott.	English.	
HOWARD P. JONES.....	18	138	5-7	Business.	Harvard.	Dutch Ref.	Rep.	6½	7	Nervous.	Dark brown.	Va.	Shakspeare and Scott.	English.	
LEONARD B. MCWHOOD.....	17	143	6-	Methodist.	Pro.	7	6¾	6¾	Bilious.	Black.	N. Y.	David.	Classical.	
GEORGE N. REEVES.....	18	154	5-6	Theology.	Columbia.	Methodist.	Dem.	6	7½	7	Nervous.	Dark brown.	N. J.	Dickens and Byron.	Classical.
WALTER J. SALOMON.....	17	124	5-5	Business.	Hebrew.	Rep.	6½	7½	Lymphatic.	Brown.	N. Y.	Stockton and Shakspeare.	English.	
GEO. W. TERWILLIGER.....	18	134	5-6	Theology.	Columbia.	Dutch Ref.	Rep.	5	7	Bilious.	Brown.	N. Y.	Hawthorne.	Classical.	
CHARLES H. E. UTTER.....	18	135	5-10	Mechanics.	Presb't'an.	Rep.	7	7½	7	Nervous.	Dark brown.	N. J.	Dickens.	
HERMAN B. ZIEGLER.....	17	125	5-6	Business.	Dutch Ref.	Dem.	5	7	Nervous.	Dark brown.	N. J.	Scott.	English.	
General average.....	17.3	137	5-7	6.7	7.2	6.97

LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class—Ladies—A Division.

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Bebout, Mary E. | Hegeman, Georgia | Reeve, Nellie E. |
| Birrell, Mary A. | Hendrick, May E. | Schenck, Bessie C. |
| Bonneau, Annie E. | Kempe, Augusta | Smith, Emma A. |
| Bradford, May A. | Labiaux, Aglai L. | Straus, Helena |
| Chandler, Grace M. | Leary, E. Teresa | Taylor, Florence |
| Christie, Emma C. | Loweree, Edith M. | Tunison, Madelene |
| Conselyea, Mary L. | Martin, Edith O. | Van Ness, Helen |
| Coursen, Lilian | Marvin, Amy H. | Van Ness, Ida |
| Dickerson, Laura | McKee, Jennie E. | Weil, Esther |
| Gillott, Jessie | Meade, Katharine W. | Williams, Edith M. |
| Gogl, Claribel | Neilass, Katharine | Wolf, Emma |

Senior Class—Ladies—B Division.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Ackerson, Ella | Haines, Florence L. | Reeves, Bessie E. |
| Barnard, Charlotte R. | Haines, Martha Bell | Roberts, Grace A. |
| Belcher, Kate F. | Hays, Frances C. | Sullivan, M. Florence |
| Bradshaw, Mary E. | Horschel, Minnie S. | Thomas, Marion |
| Britweiser, Margaret C. | Joralemon, Della M. | Tillard, Gertrude |
| Conant, Harriet E. | Joralemon, Ray K. | Turner, Ada |
| Cornish, Mary Plum | Landmesser, Magdalene | Vliet, Flora A. |
| Drummond, Adelaide | Law, Daisy M. | Warring, Wilhelminah |
| Fithian, Emma Trene | Martin, C. Dell | Warring, Gertrude |
| Force, Frances C. | McCrea, Mary B. | Zahn, Clara |
| Gould, Lilian R. | Miller, Mary E. | |

Senior Class—Gentlemen.

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| Ayer, Jesse R. | Jones, Howard P. | Salomon, W. J. |
| Jacobus, Fred. N. | McWhood, Leonard B. | Terwilliger, George W. |
| Jackson, Walter H. | Reeves, George N. | Utter, Charles H. E. |
| | Ziegler, Herman B. | |

Junior Class—Ladies—N Division.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Andrew, Mary A. | Hausman, Maggie A. | Rudd, Katharine E. |
| Arbuckle, Jennie M. | Hawley, Jennie B. | Shepard, Carrie A. |
| Battles, Ruth C. | Hedges, Frances L. | Spencer, Lily A. |
| Baxter, Anna W. | Henry, Belle | Stewart, Laura V. C. |
| Brinkerhoff, Edith M. | Loeser, Ida | Stout, Jessie M. |
| Brown, E. Luella | McDonald, Lizzie | Tappen, Helen A. |
| Burnett, Edith M. | Oliver, Hattie | Thompson, Julia |
| Clark, Millie L. | Plunkett, Jennie | Thompson, Clara |
| Conger, Alice M. | Price, Jennie C. | Van Ness, Effie N. |
| Covert, Louise A. | Putnam, Cora V. D. | Ward, Jessie E. |
| Crane, Kittie V. N. | Reynolds, Ida H. | Wheeler, Sarah Alling |
| Dearie, Jean A. | Rickert, Annie | Wilson, Lillian B. |
| Harvey, Jennie B. | Robertson, Jessie A. | Ziegler, Cornelia A. |

Junior Class—Ladies—S Division.

- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| Beach, Della W. | Grork, Daisy G. | McElhose, Hattie |
| Bennett, May E. | Hadley, Alberta A. | Pell, Charlotte |
| Bornstein, Rosa | Healy, Ruth E. | Riker, Mamie |
| Brown, Florence | Jennings, Maggie | Ruckelshaus, Bertha L. |
| Cashion, Lily I. | Johnstone, Hattie | Scarlett, Anna |
| Dean, Hester B. | Johnson, Minnie | Schieck, Carrie D. |
| Doremus, Sara B. | Leary, Grace M. | Straus, Amelia |
| Farrington, Minnie | Lenox, Maggie | Thorn, Carrie A. |
| Garner, Harriet L. | Levy, Flora B. | Westwood, Lulu |
| Gogl, Emma L. | Littell, Clara S. | Widmer, M. Evelynne |
| Graham, Lucy | Lunger, Gussie | Wrigley, Jennie |
| | McDonald, Katie | |

Junior Class—Gentlemen.

Campbell, C. W.
Cook, I. J.
Durand, Nelson C.
Griffiths, Chauncey
Gregory, L. E.
Hopper, E. K.

Jaeger, George
Jaehnig, Paul
Kuhn, Otto
Leucht, Harry
Russell, Ed. W.
Smith, Edgar E.

Sutphen, C. E.
Teeter, John N.
Titsworth, F. S.
Van Ness, Jacob
Van Nest, John
Wright, Wm.

Second Year Class—Ladies—S Division.

Bassett, May V.
Bayley, Eva
Bergfels, Lizzie
Blackwood, Laura
Bond, Emma G.
Bonneau, Mary N.
Brown, Lydia M.
Carter, Florence G.
Craig, M. Ella
Crane, Sally D.
Delaney, Maggie C.
Ellery, Maude
Fountain, Ella
Freeman, H. Adra
Haring, Lucie B.
Hobbis, Martha T.
Jenkins, Helen S.

Jones, Clara
King, Clara
King, Grace
Kinnard, Nellie S.
Lawshe, Mattie H.
Lewis, Minnie
Lyon, Bessie H.
Marlatt, Nettie A.
Marley, Olive B.
Meade, Mary C.
Melick, Lizzie L.
Menagh, Jennie L.
Nichols, Kate
Nichols, Margaret
Osborne, Bessie P.
Palmer, Florence A.
Peer, Elsie R.

Pies, Julia
Price, Marie L.
Randolph, Maggie
Reeve, Abby D.
Roe, L. Florence
Rudd, Annie C.
Smalley, Nellie L.
Stein, Jennie B.
Tillard, Sallie G.
Vreeland, Florence A.
Welcher, Carrie M.
Wendover, Jessie M.
Wilkinson, Ethel A.
Willoughby, Mabel
Woodruff, Anna E.
Young, Annie May.

Second Year Class—Ladies—N Division.

Adams, Elsè St. J.
Albertson, Lulu B.
Axford, Jennie
Asher, Lizzie
Badgley, Nellie M.
Baker, Lucy E.
Benbrook, Mamie
Blanchard, Mabel I.
Brooks, Grace A.
Burtchaell, Florence M.
Butler, Emma M.
Coe, Grace A.
Crane, Mabel T.
Dixon, Mabel W.
Egner, Lena E.
Freeman, Louisa
Friess, Lydia

Fried, Rachel
Forbes, Antoinette
Gaffy, Leanora R.
Hanford, Grace
Harlow, Julia A.
Hay, M. Florence
Hobart, Ethel
Hogan, Maud G.
Hunt, Laura E.
Hopping, Olive
Jackson, Clara B.
Ledwith, Mamie R.
Lent, Susie
Lynch, Phebe A.
May, Mona M.
McLellan, Nellie D.
Myers, Augusta M.

Navatier, Theresa
Overton, Mattie B.
Phillips, Charlotte
Redding, Bertha
Righter, Mary
Scott, Maude P.
Sherman, May I.
Sonn, Emma
Stevens, M. Leanora
Tompkins, Ginevra
Tunison, Lou
Van Duyne, Sarah E.
Vieser, Susie H.
White, Josephine
Wiedmann, Ida
York, Flora

Second Year Class—Gentlemen.

Aschenbach, Albert
Baldwin, Peter B.
Beers, C. E.
Belcher, Chas.
Berchtold, Geo. H.
Blake, Jas. R.
Brookfield, A. B.
Brown, Arthur R.
Brundage, Fred. N.
Burnet, Wm. H.
Chedister, Orrion
Clark, Albert
Cluesmann, Emil
Colyer, Chas. G.

Contrell, Robert
Crane, Frank M.
Dallas, Geo. M.
Davey, Jos. T.
Decker, Wm. D.
Duren, Will A.
Feiner, Julius
Feldmann, Max
Fitzgerald, Dan. P.
Frahnert, Oscar H.
Fuchs, Nathan H.
Gaston, Bennet J.
Gibian, Adolph
Goldsmith, Martin

Gould, Ernest L.
Hahn, Charles
Hahn, Henry
Hart, Hugh M.
Hedges, Ed. G.
Heller, Armand G.
Hoadley, Frederick
Kees, Henry
Kimmerle, John
Kinsey, Wm. R.
Klehm, John
Kussy, Nathan
Lehlbach, Herman B.
Limberg, Wm.

Second Year Class—Gentlemen—Continued.

Lyon, Ernest F.
 McKee, Julius P.
 Mills, Andrew M.
 Morgan, Geo.
 Nicoll, Wm. C.
 Ormsby, F. G.
 Osborn, Wm. H.
 Peck, Geo. T.
 Poinier, Elmer W.
 Puth, Otto
 Reuter, Adolph
 Rodeman, Henry C.
 Schenk, Fred. P.

Schlee, Edward
 Schopfer, William H.
 Schwab, Julius
 Searing, Albert F.
 Sill, Herbert
 Sisserson, Jas. F.
 SilbereySEN, William
 Slater, Sam. S.
 Stickney, Wm.
 Teeter, Chas. E.
 Theberath, Frederick W.
 Thiele, Louis C.

Thowless, Herbert
 Tichenor, Harry W.
 Voigt, Gustav C.
 Voorhees, Frank B.
 Vanhouten, Wilford B.
 Wiedenmayer, George J.
 Wickware, Lawson H.
 White, John E.
 Wirz, Edward
 Wood, William Palmer
 Woodland, Arthur
 Wrigley, Henry R.

First Year Class—Ladies—A Division.

Ball, Louis C.
 Barnes, Amy
 Baumann, Hulda A.
 Brice, Bell
 Bruno, Louise
 Buermann, Minnie
 Burdick, Emma L.
 Burgess, Eloise
 Callan, Laura
 Carr, Jennie
 Chapman, Nellie
 Chenowith, Martha
 Currie, Kate
 Demars, Anastasia
 Douglass, Lillie M.
 Everding, Kate A.

Evers, Lula B.
 Fleischmann, Grace R.
 Geissele, Eliza E.
 Grebe, Emma
 Haskins, Maude A.
 Haws, Emma J.
 Hyde, Adella M.
 Johnson, Maud
 Kane, Grace G.
 Kane, Nellie R.
 Klein, Sophie
 Koyt, Berta
 Laidlaw, Mary J.
 Laird, Roberta
 Lynch, Grace E.
 Mathews, Mabel

Milne, Susie A.
 Murray, Elizabeth
 Noble, Sara
 Pettit, Hattie
 Robins, Emma L.
 Sill, Annis L.
 Spence, Sara
 Symonds, Viola
 Thompson, Margaret F.
 Urick, Egeria
 Ward, Nellie D.
 Walker, Sara P.
 Warring, Geraldine
 Watts, Evelyn
 Wheaton, Bertie E.

First Year Class—Ladies—B Division.

Baird, Ada
 Bingham, Mabel E.
 Cadmus, Emily
 Copley, Emma O.
 Corey, Ella G.
 Cornell, Bertha
 Dowie Isabella B.
 Eagles, Lilian
 Farmer, Florence F.
 Geraghty, Mamie
 Girtanner, Pauline E.
 Halleron, Madaleine
 Hay, Harriet E.
 Joseph, Rachel
 Kettner, Tillie
 Lawrence, Lida A.

Macbeth, Fannie C.
 Martin, Emma W.
 Mattison, Mary
 Meeker, Isabel L.
 Meyer, Isabelle
 Milne, Susan A.
 Mitchel, Annie E.
 Mockridge, Ella W.
 Moskowitz, Sarah
 Nichols, Millie
 Parmly, Lizzie G.
 Parmly, Maude
 Pickance, Elizabeth
 Pullin, Charlotte I.
 Renck, Bertha S..
 Robertson, Sarah A.

Rodamor, Lizzie
 Russell, Florence E.
 Sandford, Belle M.
 Sandford, Eva M.
 Soden, Cora B.
 Squier, Nellie A.
 Straus, Nettie
 Stumpf, Lilian
 Sullivan, Laura
 Thomas, Mabel E.
 Ward, Minnie W.
 Wise, Maude E.
 Wood, Sadabell G.
 Woodruff, Helen J.
 Wrigley, Lucinda A.
 Wyckoff, Cornelius G.

First Year Class—Ladies—C Division.

Aber, Laura E.
 Atkinson, Bessie B.
 Baldwin, Helen M.
 Barnett, Mabel B.
 Bingham, Nellie
 Bleyle, Edna S.
 Bonnell, Corabell
 Burnett, May E.
 Clute, Jessie M.
 Coleman, Cora May

Cook, Edna E.
 Conselyea, Carrie
 Crane, Bessie K.
 Decker, Edith C.
 Disbrow, Annette
 Douglas, Mattie C.
 Dusenberry, Russie M.
 Dunlap, Belle M.
 Edwards, Emma A.
 Guile, Nellie

Hartpence, Leora
 Holbrook, May
 Hopping Irene
 Hedden, Edna
 Hedenburg, Belle A.
 Hicks, Grace
 Hicks, Mary
 Jones, Lizzie F.
 Lewis, Regina
 Littell, Bessie M.

First Year Class—Ladies—C Division—Continued.

Mulford, Lilian	Rutan, Mabel	Walsh, Addie
Overgne, Mary	Siegel, Josephine	Winchell, Lillie
Purvis, Addilina	Sternberg, Hattie	Williams, Estella
Roalefs, Christiana	Sutphen, Almena	Workman, Henrietta
Robertson, Mary E.	Turner, Louisa	Yates, Effie C.
Rose, L. Hilda	Vanness, Nellie M.	

First Year Class—Ladies—D Division.

Aschenbach, Olive C.	Johnson, Sadie M.	Schaeffer, Amelia
Baldwin, Nettie	Kent, Ella M.	Sherwood, Eva C.
Bourne, Lizzie B.	Kitchell, Lizzie E.	Smith, Edna S.
Cook, Hattie M.	McDonnell, Mary	Smith, Jennie S.
Crane, Ida M.	McLorinan, Nellie E.	Squier, Emma L.
Drown, Grace E.	McManus, Mary	Sullivan, Effie M.
Espenscheid, Helen	Miller, Carrie	Toombs, Annie E.
Fairbanks, M. Lulu	Miller, Caddie B.	Townley, Lizzie M.
Faulks, Grace C.	Milzeg, Mary R. E.	Van Ness, Eva
Fraley, Eva C.	Mitchell, Clara L.	Van Steenberg, Lulu
Genung, Anna M.	Pell, Lettie K.	Wadams, Dora B.
Hadden, Sallie E.	Pfister, Amelia M.	Weiss, Katie E.
Haussling, Emma L.	Porter, Grace	Wilkinson, Ida E.
Hensler, Freda	Richardson, Florence	Williams, Florence R.
Hunt, Ida E.	Rinck, Adelaide S.	Wilson, Bessie R.
Jeorg, Minnie C.	Sayre, Eliza P.	Wilson, Helen E.

First Year Class—Ladies—E Division.

Baldwin, Mabel	Fish, Grace	Onderdonk, May
Bishop, Emma L.	Ganong, Mary	Palmer, May
Bradshaw, Florence M.	Graf, Amelia B.	Piez, Ernestine
Burnett, Mabel	Heller, Emma	Robbins, Mary J.
Chambury, Mamie F.	Hewitt, Margaret	Rowland, Martha R.
Cline, Ida	Hutman, Florence E.	Schaeffer, Bertha W.
Cook, Helen	Haines, Alice B.	Spencer, May
Corry, Elizabeth	Kirk, Evelyn	Ward, Mamie M.
Courter, Lillian	Kummer, Annie	White, Esther S.
Crawford, Rachel C.	Lee, Clara	Willis, Sadie H.
Duffy, Grace	Lupton, Louise	Wilkinson, Lottie
Dunn, Agnes J.	McDonald, Sadie	La Tourette, Camilla
Felsburg, Emma L.	Moon, Gertie	Sutphen, Anne J.
	Moore, Addie	

First Year Class—Gentlemen.

Abeel, Neilson	Brenn, Chas. C.	Crossley, Wm. C.
Alexander, Harris	Brenn, G. William	Crawford, Ernest S.
Auerbacher, Louis J.	Brooksbank, M. H.	Crooks, Harry W.
Bailey, Theo. F.	Brown, Wm. J.	Currie, Theo. L.
Baldwin, Fr. M.	Bruen, J. Ell.	Dana, Delorme K.
Baldwin Wm. H.	Burkhardt, Andrew C.	Decker, Horace
Baker, Walter, S.	Buckler, Louis R.	Demarest, Claude E.
Baxter, Chas. C.	Burhler, Geo. P.	DeVausney, Winfield
Beebe, Fred. H.	Byles, Harry V.	Dill, Wm. H.
Beach, Jos. J.	Camfield, Wm. H.	Dolon, John S.
Benjamin, Alfred H.	Carter, DeWitt J.	Donald, Wm. J.
Birdsall, Ernest S.	Carpenter, Chas. W.	Dunham, R. B.
Birkenhauer, H.	Chandler, Wm. D.	Edinger, John C.
Blaich, Ed. H.	Clark, Jos. E.	Egbert, Wm. E.
Bock, Fred.	Conant, Roger L.	Egner, Henry W.
Bower, Chas. F.	Collerd, Harold J.	Evenden, Fred. R.
Bowles, Thos. H.	Coykendall, Lewis	Fairchild, Griffin
Brand, Herbert N.	Coe, Herbert H.	Fithian, Fred W.

First Year Class—Gentlemen—Continued.

- Fisher, E. G.
 Fitzgerald, John D.
 Fitzsimmons, Chas.
 Fitz-Gerald, Geo. B.
 Floyd, Chas. R.
 Folmer, Ed. R.
 Frazee, Geo. W.
 Frederick, Wm. C.
 Gates, Chas. P.
 Gauch, Wm.
 Geisheimer, John C.
 Gibian, Sam. H.
 Goehring, Wm.
 Glover, Wesley
 Goble, John R.
 Gott, Jos.
 Guenther, A. J.
 Hall, F. O.
 Hammerstag, Mar.
 Hann, Wm. V.
 Harrison, Lee
 Harrar, Robert B.
 Harrison, Frank S.
 Hewson, H. D.
 Haulenbeck, Walter C.
 Heckendorf, Ed. H.
 Herrick, Pierre F.
 Heath, Wm. A.
 Holzwarth, Fred. G.
 Henry, Chas. M.
 Hoadly, Geo. O.
 Holden, Louis H.
 Hornich, Arthur
 Hauck, A. W.
 Hyland, Wm.
 Husk, Wilber C.
 Hyde, Arthur
 Jackson, Geo. W.
 Jacobus, Leonard R.
 Jacobus, A. M.
 Jacobson, Carl N.
 Jacoby, Victor
 Jaques, Fred. H.
 Jaques, Isaac
 Johnson, James H.
 Jamison, James D.
 Kaiser, Joseph M.
 Kay, John L.
 Ketterer, Oscar W.
 Kieb, August A.
 Kiesewetter, Alfred
 Koeby, Benj.
 Kocher, Herbert J.
 Koehler, Henry T.
- Koehner, Samuel L.
 Kirk, Geo. W.
 Kreiner, Harry
 Kreuger, Chas. G.
 Kussy, Joseph
 Lapp, John C.
 Lemessene, Ward
 London, Robert
 Louis, Theodore R.
 Lowenstein Joseph
 Mahr, Emil O.
 Mars, Esteve
 Markhardt, Leo
 McCormick, Ed.
 Marshall, Roger
 McDougal, John S.
 McElhose, Thomas J.
 McKinnon, Arthur
 McNary, Charles H.
 Merritt, Elmer
 Middleton, Charles
 Miller, Ed. C.
 Mills, William P.
 Moore, James E.
 Morris, Robert
 Muller, Charles F.
 Norris, Charles W.
 Norris, Walter D.
 Nuttman, Louis N.
 Oakleaf, Ferdinand
 Oldis, A. Edwin
 O'Neil, John
 Park, John E.
 Patton, Arthur L.
 Peal, Harry S.
 Pfrommer, Henry
 Powell, William B.
 Plunkett, John
 Price, D. K.
 Price, F. B.
 Provost, William N.
 Reed, Benjamin
 Reed, Louis F.
 Rhodes, Herbert W.
 Ricker, Richard L.
 Riley, Frank
 Rodrigo, F. T.
 Roller, Frank W.
 Rosenstrauch, William
 Ryman, Keneyl L.
 Roth, Moses
 Samuel, Moses
 Satchwell, John
 Schade, Charles C.
 Sayre, Edw. W.
- Schenck, William C.
 Schulman, Aaron
 Schmitt, George
 Schulz, F. M.
 Seiler, Albert
 Sheldon, Charles O.
 Sinnock, Joseph N.
 Smith, Howard A.
 Smith, Clarence W.
 Smith, Henry B.
 Smith, Henry S.
 Smith, Herbert W.
 Smith, J. M.
 Solliday, Charles H.
 Sowers, Wilson J.
 Sauier, Sheldon L.
 Steadman, Walter
 Stengel, Harry
 Stevenson, George D.
 Stevenson, Harry
 Stewart, Edwin J.
 Stewart, Henry H.
 Stewart, Jessie N.
 Stout, Warren B.
 Sutton, Sam. E.
 Terwilliger, Charles G.
 Thomson, Leslie G.
 Thompson, Harry C.
 Thorne, Fred. W.
 Trimmer, Wesley H.
 Trunk, John
 Tucker, George V.
 Van Arnum, Ed. F.
 Van Patten, Philip E.
 Voelcker, Rudolph
 Voget, E. H.
 Wadsworth, Harry A.
 Wakefield, William J.
 Wangner, Henry
 Walsh, Herbert C.
 Ward, Munson L.
 Wetner, Fred. W.
 Weyman, Julius G.
 Weidenmayer, G. C.
 White, Thomas E.
 White, John E.
 Wichelhaus, F. W.
 Wickenhorfer, H. F.
 Williams, John A.
 Williams, John R.
 Wintsch, Harry C.
 Woodhull, William C.
 Woodhull, Albert T.
 Wright, Cassius M.
 Wright, Howard E.

CLASSICAL.

Senior.

Blake, Charlotte R.

*Junior.*Alden, Emily L.
MacKinnon, MaudeMelick, Eva
Putman, Addie G.

Watson, Mary H.

Davis, Ada L.

*Second Year Class—Ladies.*Ferris, Jessie E.
Hashagan, Ida M.

Wilkins, Amelia A.

*First Year Class—Ladies.*Braine, Constance
Downs, Jennie B.Fairbanks, Emma
Fielders, EttaJaques, Mary F.
Smith, Martha

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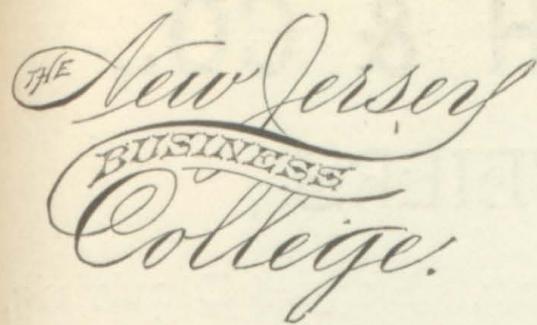
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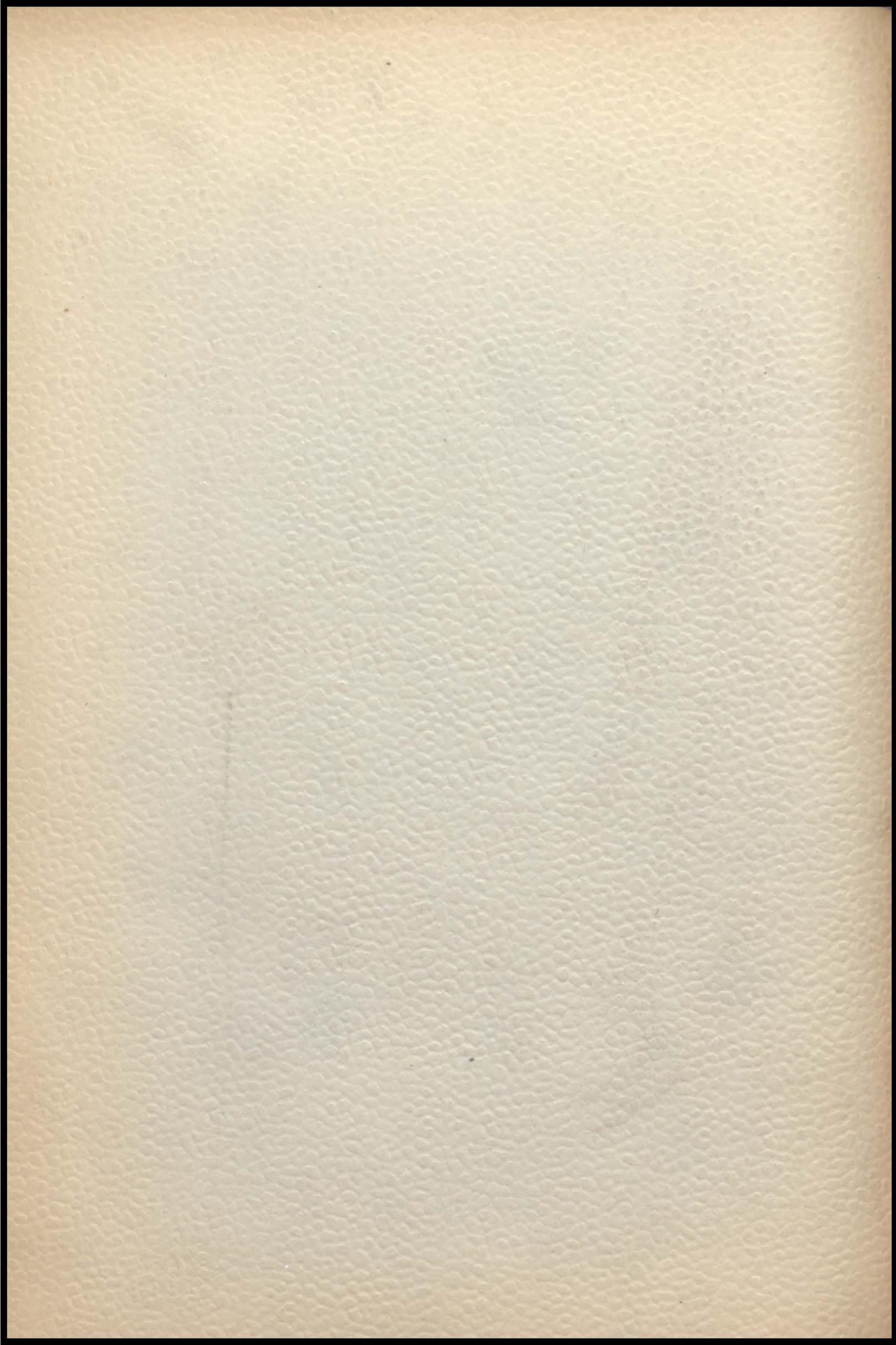
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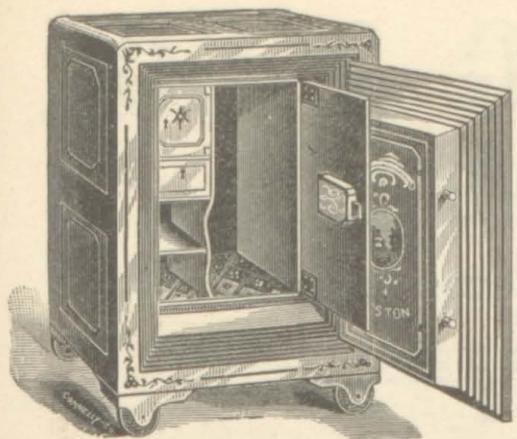


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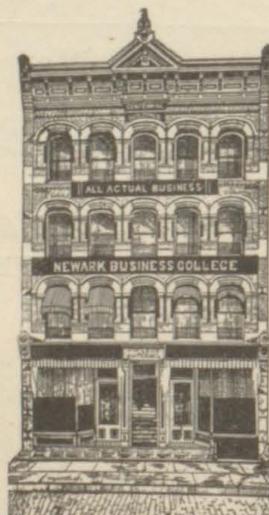
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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

VOL. XIII.

NEWARK, N. J., MARCH 1, 1889.

No. 1.

SHOULD you ask us whence these verses,
Whence this sage, unique effusion,
Whence this wit, this humor, pathos,
Whence this language, graceful, polished,
With its figures so abundant,
With its phrases so redundant,
We should answer, we should tell you
'Tis the work of five young women,
Gifted Seniors of the High School,
As a secret we should tell you
That they wrote it as they got it
As from out their brains they wrenched it.
Should you doubt their owl-like wisdom
Ye who would applaud their merit
Stay your flying steps and listen.

On the banks of wild Passaic
Stands a city, well you know it,
Classic Newark, mighty Newark.
In that city is a structure
Tall and stately, called the High School;
Stately is it, yet not spacious,
Room there is not for its students,
And the little, lamb-like First Years
Pass its gates with feet unwilling
To the Annex "By fate driven."
Thus 'tis sad to be a First Year:
We ourselves have known their sorrows.
We, once called by other Seniors
Little Teedle-toddle-to-tums,
Rose from that to Know-it-all-ums.
Thence by stages slow and tiring
To the state of Jam-o-crammers,
Till,—at last, released from bondage
Under that grim ogre cruel
Called by man from days archaic
"Horrid-old-Examination,"—

We have gained the summit lofty,
 We are Jack-o-lantern-light-ums.
 Those whose places we have taken
 Shed their light in schoolrooms noisy
 Shed their light the hearthstone cheering.
 Sweet, yet sad, to be a Senior!
 All the bright to-days are going,
 Only memories will linger
 Of a schoolroom, old, familiar,
 With its whispers, exclamations,
 With its stirring recitations;
 Of the nights so interesting
 When with ardor never weary,
 When with footsteps never tiring
 Up a street with sidewalks narrow
 Did we go in quest of knowledge
 Did we turn our vision skyward
 Did we gaze at orbs celestial.
 This, and more, shall we remember
 In the days that soon are coming,
 In the days when buoyant, hopeful
 We shall sail away, departing
 In the glory of Commencement,
 In the glare and blaze of gaslight,
 To our work beyond the schoolroom,
 To the great world that awaits us.

—D. G., R. H., I. L., M. R., and S. W., '89.

Prize Essay, 1888.

OUR CRITICS.

FRANCES C. HAYS.

IN the beaten road of literary calling leading up to the lofty heights of Helicon, rushes along an eager throng of aspiring mortals. Clad in a cloak of meditation, walks the poet; and, as he strikes the lyre in his hand, we hear the music of immortal verse. Behind him is the historian, whose garments are heavy with dates and statistics, and close at his side moves the modern novelist, treasuring up each incident of his journey as protoplasm for realistic creations. Here walks the naturalist, whose penetrating

gaze discovers "sermons in stones, books in running brooks." On they pass, the great throng, the literary travelers of all classes. But stationed here and there along the path, stand sentinels, who challenge with loud voices each new-comer. Some of them rend the garments of their victims with keen-edged swords of wit; others help along each timid aspirant to the temple of fame, and encourage him to strike his lyre more boldly. Do you recognize the class to which these armed men belong? Is not England's great critic,

John Ruskin, near the top? And there, just fallen in deep sleep, do we not recognize Matthew Arnold? While near them is a crowd of younger critics,—Lang, Birrel and Gosse, James and Howells. Yes, we are all acquainted with critics. We have heard more or less about them in books and magazines, and have read some of their candid criticisms and pitiless anathemas. But not only in the field of letters do we find our critics. Often they wander from their native element, and stray into the drawing-room, the theatre, the lecture-room, and the church. There are critics of men and critics of women, critics of art and critics of nature, indeed, critics of *all* descriptions; and there is one species of the *criticus scarabeus*, which so far asserts its superiority as even to criticize our commencements.

What a varied, and interesting audience assembles at a High School Commencement! And how entertaining it would be, could one only hear what everybody in the audience is saying of everybody on the stage, if the acoustic arrangements of the hall were so reversed, that the persons on the stage could hear what criticisms, favorable or otherwise, are uttered incessantly as the programme proceeds. But since we cannot change the laws of nature, let us fix the opera-glasses of our mental observation upon the different occupants of the house, and exercise our imagination in conjuring up their probable criticisms.

Sitting in quiet repose, her mind expanded to the proper degree for the receptivity of the intellectual flood descending upon her listening ears, is that highly impressible young damsel known as the High School Junior. With what evident appreciation she listens to the essays, and, as she looks up with solemn awe at the "sweet girl graduate," who at that moment is enlightening the audience by a treatise on "Homogeneous Intensity versus Heterogeneous Vacuity," asks herself

if she will ever attain such remarkable insight into that grave and difficult subject. Turn, O Junior, to a certain young woman a few seats from you, and your cherished aspirations will receive an effectual dumper. Her air as she looks through her glasses is nothing, if not critical, and she leans back in her chair with a resigned expression of countenance, and these are her reflections, "Yes, ninety of them! Pretty large class! Seems to me in that number there might be a little more brilliancy than I've heard yet. Of all stupid Commencements, this is the stupidest. Why, last year we had a recitation, two solos and an instrumental duet; and this year the programme is only a long list of essays which are so inferior to ours."

We will leave this well-informed young woman, and turn our attention to a representative of the other sex, the would-be aristocrat, who has never availed himself of the advantages of a Public School education, and hence thoroughly disproves of that system of learning. Hear, O ignorant mortals, the wisdom of his words, "Yes, I'm here to-night. I always did think Commencements were a bore; but, you see, I have a little cousin up there among the graduates. No, I don't believe in them at all; think they engender a vicious fondness for display among the lower classes. They are certainly a great extravagance,—every time I pay my taxes, I think of them." Don't worry, young citizen. The more generous you are, the lower will your taxes become, and if you ever send children to the Public Schools, let us hope your prejudice will be changed.

Here, now, is the representative of the Church, mentally commenting on an oration which deals closely with theology and ethics, and wondering within himself whether the young philosopher, just retiring amidst a burst of applause, has devoted all his life to the study of these weighty subjects. He laughs in his sleeve

and says to himself: "What a poor little preacher thou art, to be sure! Reach a little deeper into the human heart, touch those strings with firmer fingers, or the notes will die away like whispers, and no ear will hear them save thine own."

Let us have a peep at the medical man, if any be here. Yes, there is a doctor. I know him by the little frown on his forehead, as he looks keenly through his glasses at the graduates and classifies them at a glance. "Pale face, tired eyes, shaky voice, nerves quivering, hasn't had a bit of beauty sleep for a week I'll wager, round shoulders, hollow chest, too much cramming, not enough fresh air," and he mentally shakes his fist in defiance at the man who instituted examinations and the teacher who allows the classroom to be badly ventilated.

Once more let us turn our glass, till it rests upon that type of humanity always present in such large numbers at the High School Commencements, and known as the "fond parent" of the graduate. "Yes, there's Jennie! See, father, the first seat in the second row. Yes, she sees us. Dear girl, how nice she looks! It really repays me for all the trouble I had with her dress to see her so happy. Oh, dear me, her essay is the first on the programme! Poor child! I hope she isn't as nervous as I am."

And when Jennie does come out in the full flutter of her first appearance in public, and before she begins is already in the trembling delirium of stage fright, she may be quite dependent on at least one appreciative listener, a listener who watches her every movement, and drinks in each word she utters with the fondness that only a mother can feel. Dear mothers! what a deal of tenderness goes out from our hearts as we look down upon you, and assure ourselves that you at least will not criticize us.

And now since you are convinced that there are critics in this very hall, and

among the audience before you, that some of those aspirations you cherish so highly are deemed but shallow fallacies and dull platitudes, try to bear it with as much fortitude as possible. Do not flatter yourselves, O children of the Muses, that it is anything more than a mere hearing your essay requires from the critic, before it goes down into that gulf of oblivion, his mental waste basket. It is hard to be treated so. One writes so easily, and it all sounds so much like the felicities of expression used by *literati*. But it is, notwithstanding, a delusion and a snare. There are always critics, always men who pick you to pieces, sometimes from envy, sometimes from malice. Thackery envied Dickens, Petrarch despised Dante, Jonson criticized Shakespeare, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is disagreeable sometimes, very disagreeable, but it is human nature, and society must bear it as best it can. Critics, men, my brothers and women, my sisters, let us not criticize each other too harshly.

Some one has said that the ideal critic in literature is the great writer from whom praise is honor, and dispraise the admonition of a teacher. The man who has moved the world by his words, and can afford to greet others with kindness. Let us follow in his footsteps and be more easily pleased.

Did you ever read from the old-time legends that one of the player and the cricket? Sweet it seemed as it was read to me in the poet's interpretation, and a suitable story to tell to you just here. A poet, so the tale goes, was singing for a prize,—both singing and playing, on his lyre, for that was the way of poets then, and the judges were all assembled, listening to detect the slightest sound sung or played amiss. The poet played on boldly, sang with depth of tenderness unsurpassed, and the judges would fain have given him the prize. Now, it so happened that in the loftiest strain of his song, suddenly a string snapped and broke, and the poor young poet with disconcerted

fingers felt the chords, and thought that all was lost. But no; at that moment a cricket flew up from the grass, and lighted on his string, sounding from its throbbing little throat the note of the broken chord. Thus the singer was saved from defeat, and the prize awarded to him, but he did not then spurn the little creature which had done him such good service. He forthwith made a record of it, built a statue of himself, and on the lyre in his hand, placed the cricket, thus to share his glory and his prize. That is the story, and its application is this:

"Somebody I know,
Hopes one day for reputation,
Through his poetry, that's—oh,
All so learned, and so wise,

And deserving of a prize.
If he gains one, will some ticket,
When his statue's built,
Tell the gazer, 'Twas a cricket
Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt,
Sweet and low, when strength usurped,
Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?"

Oh, my brothers and sisters, give the critic the credit due him. Oh ye, who are struggling through the high and hard places of life, to leave a mark for yourself in the temple of fame, if some critic, by kindly encouragement and admonition, has supplied the lost chord in your song, can you not thank him with grateful hearts, and when you have gained the sought for glory, will you not let him share it with you?

Prize Oration, June, 1888.

THE TIES THAT BIND THE NATIONS.

GEORGE N. REEVES.

THE great men of a nation are her especial pride; and the death of an illustrious citizen is her severest loss. Hardly has such a bereavement veiled a nation in mourning, before the knowledge of her misfortune has spread throughout the world, and brought forth messages of sympathy from every people. But sympathy cannot exist without the bonds of mutual interest. What, then, are the ties that bind the nations?

About two centuries ago, along the eastern coast of America, a few small colonies maintained a struggling existence. Separated by the perils of the seas from all civilized nations, and surrounded by an unbroken wilderness, the very necessities of life were often wanting. The occasional visit of some trading ship was an event that caused untold rejoicing. But as the years passed, these arrivals in their ports became more frequent, and as the

colonies enlarged their trade with the nations, we find them growing in prosperity and power. So, in the history of every people, as their commerce has increased, they have awakened not only to a new life and greater prosperity, but to a new interest in the nations around them.

Commerce is not merely a means of accumulating wealth, but one of the great causes of the world's progress. It has made famine a mere tradition. With a liberal hand it has scattered through every clime the blessings peculiar to each land. It has overcome the unreasoning prejudices of the nations against each other, united them in peace, and rendered their progress mutual. In 1714 France was stricken with a famine which compelled the peasantry to live upon grass and the bark of trees. History shows that French commerce had in that year decreased two-thirds. The tie that had bound France to

the world's harvest fields had been severed, and her own fields were bare.

But man is not satisfied with necessities. He desires luxuries. How poorly could he satisfy this desire had not commerce persuaded all lands to share with each other their peculiar blessings. It has made us as familiar with the fruits of the tropics as we are with the productions of our own fields, and has placed the fruits of the whole earth within the reach of all.

Three centuries ago nations regarded each other as natural enemies, an attitude most injurious to the progress of mankind. But as international trade flourished, their prejudices disappeared. Commerce taught the nations the benefits of kindly dependence. It brought them into contact and so promoted friendly relations. By uniting distant branches of the human family, it created within them an interest in each other. And thus was awakened a feeling of brotherhood, upon which must rest all permanent friendships. Contact among the nations soon brought about mutual improvement. The inventions, manufactures, and discoveries of one country were placed at the disposal of all the others, thus stimulating to new activities and elevating mankind to a higher plane of existence.

When Grant received the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, every heart bounded with joy, and peace was the echo of every voice. But what Grant and the "boys in blue" did for America, commerce has done for the world. The commercial spirit has removed the old European sentiment of glory in war. Commerce opposes the conversion of factories into prisons and powder magazines. It protests against the sight of wharves deserted and rotting, and covered with moss where the dust of traffic should lie thick upon them. Truly "It maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth."

But out of the rapidly advancing civili-

zation another tie soon sprang. At first it timidly extended its wiry bands between neighboring cities, until Science, growing bold with the passing years, has now encircled the globe with its electric girdle. No longer can the sea keep the nations in ignorance of current events. When Germany's late monarch was dying, every quickening of his fevered pulse, and each feeble word that he uttered was known to us almost as quickly as to the mournful throng that gathered about his palace gates. Uncertain rumor, which by its distortion of facts has caused nation to rise against nation, need no longer be heeded. The telegraph has unified the nations in thought, enabling them to converse in a voice that neither the tempests of the ocean, nor the vastness of intervening wildernesses can drown.

Man has an insatiable desire for knowledge. Not more eagerly did De Leon search for his wonderful fountain than man has sought for truth. And this forms an imperishable bond between the nations, which has been strengthening through all the ages. The mutual reliance of the nations in their pursuit of knowledge has disclosed the great truths which support the civilization of the nineteenth century. If the nations had not united in this search, Leibnitz and Bacon would have been unknown save to their own country; and Michael Angelo, Thorwaldsen, and our own Powers could not have inspired the genius of every nation. Nor could La Place and Harvey have given each his mighty impulse to astronomy and physiology. The machines of Watt, Stevenson, and Fulton would be crude affairs were it not that the mechanical genius of the world has been intent upon improving them.

The international exhibitions in Germany, France, England, and America, collecting the thought and genius of every nation, have greatly stimulated invention and research. Shelley has said that,

"Thought after thought is piled till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots."

But no truths have stirred the nations more than those which have affected their religions. The conflict of thought as the nations sought for truth caused distress and bloodshed. But they passed through such terrible wars as the Crusades, the conquests of Mohammed, and the Spanish conquest of the Moors, into the light of purer religions. "Then came the opportunity for the development of the humane feeling which has awakened a spirit of universal philanthropy." The nations were moved to a realization of the universal brotherhood of man. And now they are striving not only for the higher advancement of the civilized world, but they have extended a helping hand to the

Hottentot, the dusky African, and the ignorant tribes of earth, in whom they have recognized needy brothers. The slave trade has been forever abolished. Instead of slave-traders entering our ports, we see vessels departing filled with men who have consecrated their lives to the enlightening of their brother-man. The nations hope to see the time when the uncivilized tribes shall have taken their places among the nations of the earth and shall lend their aid for the world's advancement.

Thus the future toward which the nations look is a glorious one. They are pressing forward to the time when they shall have brought the uncivilized out of their ignorance into civilization, and when they shall see all mankind united by imperishable ties, mutually working for the advancement of the race.

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

ANNIE C. RUDD, '90.

It is a warm, beautiful day in September. The bees drone busily as they plunge into the "Bouncing Bet" by the roadside. The birds are singing their sweetest songs, the distant tinkle of the cowbells echoes softly along the dusty roads and shady lanes. The sun casts his genial rays of light and warmth over two little figures trudging along to school.

With freshly-starched sun-bonnets, and white aprons over the new pink dresses; shining tin dinner-pails in whose depths repose luscious triangles of pie, plump doughnuts and generous sandwiches; eyes sparkling with anticipation, cheeks glowing with excitement, hand in hand they approach the little red school house under the hill.

Such a shout as arises from that school yard! It strikes dismay to the very soul

of the little one. "Oh, oh, I want to go home," she sobs. "Don't you be afraid, I'll take care of you," is big sister's reply, and but half reassured she follows shrinkingly on. "Oh, there's Jennie and May; do hurry up," and, half dragged, half led she is hurried on.

Hanging their pails and bonnets on a low peg in the "entry," and giving their aprons a fond smooth, they enter the school room. They almost expect to see the many headed monsters and dragons they had heard about.

And now comes the greatest ordeal of the day. They must go to the teacher's desk and be questioned about their names and ages. They do not sit on the low front bench on this first day, but on the back seat with some of the older scholars. Safe back in the shelter of the desk, they

dare to look around. They keep making wonderful discoveries. Here is the chalk-line, for whisperers, which is necessary, even to-day, for some young irrepressibles; the heavy wooden ferule of the master's, which, if it only could, would reveal blood-curdling tales; the worn and battered desks, engraved with jack-knife initials, and the place under the teacher's desk for naughty boys. But what is that awful sight? A girl, yes, a girl, whose mouth is embellished with a huge piece of brown paper, actually pasted on with mucilage. She sits rather quietly at first, gazing downward at her hands tied together. But a sudden inspiration seizes her. In a twinkling of an eye, the paper is not there. She has licked it off! A solemn row of small maidens, around whose necks are strung enormous circles of pasteboard, from the white surfaces of which, in staring black letters, gleams the word BAD, sit on the edge of the platform. (Now, as we study of Roman

shields, can our minds but revert to this scene?)

But the nicest time of all is at recess. Under the trees, in a wood back of the school-house, in true picnic fashion, they eat their dinner.

As the shadows on the wall begin to lengthen, they get so tired! How their feet ache! So they cuddle down on the bench and go to sleep. They are awakened by the closing song. The bell is a signal for a rush and shout.

Then they trudge homeward. They know that the dear face that watched them away in the morning will be waiting for them at night. Then the stories that must be told. What the teachers said, now they went to sleep, and everything.

Ah, little maiden! a new era had begun in your history, a fresh page in life's long book; and as we look back on those days we think, ah, yes, those were happy times and we love to think of them.

DE CATILINA.

LAWSON WICKWARE, '90.

LUCIUS SERGIUS CATALINA patricio sed paupere genere anno centesimo sexto ante Christum natum natus est. Natura magnis et animi et corporis viribus ornatus, in historia sui temporis memoriam laude dignam reliquisset, nisi juventus sua in pravitatis morum ac rei publicae dissolutionis tempus incidisset. Cicero ipse dixit, se neminem unquam ejus tam similem novisse, cui tot varia ac contraria ingenia una fuissent. Audacia, astutia, simulatio, avaritia, desiderium lautius vivendi, sumptus sui, libido effrenata ejus ingenii maxime propria erant. Virtutes autem ei erant etiam multæ, quibus multos amicos eosque ex optimis acquisivit. Quibus omnibus ingenii ad maleficia utebatur. Atta-

men compluribus amplis muneribus fungebatur. Anno sexagesimo octavo praerat provinciae Africæ, unde annis post duobus rediit. Tum summum civis Romani honorem, consulatum, cupivit, cum speraret se eo magistratu usurum esse, ut divitias sibi pararet et confectam suam rem familiarem restitueret. Sed repetundarum accusatus candidatus esse non potuit. Anno sexagesimo quarto repulsam tulit a M. Tullio Cicerone et C. Antonio, itemque proximo anno, conatus armis cogere ut consul creetur, a Silano et Murena victus est. Cujus consilio deprehenso senatus convocatus a. d. XII Kal. Nov. decrevit ut consules videarent ne quid detrementi res publica caperet. Interea exercitu a Catilina in Etru-

ria Manlio imperatore constituto, conjurati consilium incendendæ urbis Non. Nov. ceperunt adque consulum ceterorumque civium clarorum interficiendorum. Cicero a Fulvia certior factus Catilinam in senatu palam accusavit; quare ille ex urbe excessit et exercitui supervenit. Lentulo, Cethego, ceterisque ducibus, Saternalia, a. d. XIV, Kal. Jan. inter eos diem esse seditionis con-

venit. Consilium autem omne per Allobroges comprehensos, qui ad Catilinam litteras sibi datas habuerunt, Lentulum, Cethegum et Statilium manifesto convicentes, deprehensum est. Senatus consulto Non. Dec. de illis ducibus supilio sumpto, Catilina paucis diebus abhinc in proelio cum Antonio occisus est. Ita ille e vita discessit.

"THE NUT BROWN MAID."

MARION THOMAS, '89.

WHILE we read with pleasure the quaint old poems in which the lives of the people of the olden times are so clearly portrayed, we cannot but regret the fact that so little is known of their authors; not only their history, but even their names, in most cases, being unknown to us. "The Nut Brown Maid" is no exception to this general rule. Nearly all of us are familiar with the her story, yet we do not know who wrote it, or in what year it was given to the public; but authorities seem to agree that it is a ballad of very early date. The ballads constituted the first form of popular poetry among all nations. Some of the favorite ballads are descriptions of the struggles and conflicts on the boarders of England and Scotland, while others picture for us the bright, joyous and free life in the green wood. While the wild and stirring ballads, such as those of "Bold Robin Hood," "Chevy Chase," and the like, chain our attention and interest, yet it is with pleasure we turn to "The Nut Brown Maid," whose unselfish and womanly character is so well portrayed in the story.

At the time when such characters as those we meet in the poem lived, the countries of England and Scotland were in a critical condition; bold and wicked deeds were being committed; men were fleeing

to the forests for protection, and were often obliged to pass the remainder of their lives in exile. This apparently is the case of the hero in the poem when we first meet with him. The maid and her lover are together at the close of a beautiful Summer's day in May. He tells her a deed has been committed,

"Whereof great harm shall grow,"

and that he is destined either to die or to flee to the green wood, and that he has come to say "farewell." He tells her that he knows that it will grieve her for a time, and begs of her to be soon comforted. She replies that she will speak plainly, and tells him that insomuch as she has always shared his pleasures, so will she now his sorrows. As he sees her determination to follow him, he calls to her remembrance that

"It is no maidens' law"

to run away with an outlaw, and adds to this a picture of the hardships she would be compelled to endure as his wife. She, however, meets his disheartening picture with an undaunted spirit, and still insists that she will accompany him. He begins to yield, but makes a final condition, namely, that she must part with her hair, which is a "woman's glory," and cut off her kirtle to her knee, and learn to use the

bow as well as any man. All of which she promises to do, when suddenly comes the thought of her mother, and she says, "Oh! my sweet mother;" but only for a moment she wavers, and then,

"But now, adieu ! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead."

and is hastening away to prepare for her departure, when her lover, touched by her faithfulness, calls to her :

" My own dear love, I see thee prove,
That ye be kind and true,"

and tells her he is no outlaw. She doubts him, but he is sincere and convinces her by saying :

" Ye shall not need further to dread
I will not disparage,
You (God defend !) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineage
Now understand, to Westmoreland
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring, and with this ring
I will you take, and lady make
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won, an earles son
And not a banished man."

How clearly does one's daily life bring out the lights and shadows of one's character, and even, as in the case of our hero, a simple conversation. From the poem we are led to think of him as a man bold and daring, yet not a lawless character; one who would put forth every effort to gain his end. A man inclined to doubt his fellow men, but once convinced of their faithfulness would

" Grapple them to his soul with hoops of steel."

What a striking contrast does the maiden present, with her gentle, loving and trustful nature, thrusting aside her own feelings and ready to break from her old life and its many dear connections for her lover's sake! How womanly, faithful and forgiving she is, and how keen and clever! Such a character we can not help admiring, and

we follow her story with interest, rejoicing with her, when she discovers that her cloud, too, has its silver lining.

No doubt the poem we now possess has undergone changes, for it seems hardly possible that such an old ballad could have been handed down to us in its original form. Yet the characters and sentiments must have been the same. Surely, the author, unknown to us though he be, knew full well how to draw a pleasing, maidenly character, which could not fail to be appreciated then as now. The style of the poem is simple and pleasing, and the language as we now have it, pure and descriptive, bringing before us, as it does, without any great mental effort, a charming picture of the mode of life, customs, and even the people of that century.

Ballads belong to a class of literature which is separate and distinct. They were written at the close of the fifteenth century, and portray the life of that period. Anarchy, tyranny and constant warfare kept England and Scotland in a great state of excitement. As this was the state of the country, is it any wonder that the bards and poets were stirred to such a recital of their loves and hatreds as would stir the hearts and sympathies of the people living in the nineteenth century? Our poets cannot produce such ballads. It is impossible; we honor law, not lawlessness, now, and lawlessness was the one absorbing theme, four centuries ago. It is the age itself which renders it impossible for the reproduction of the old style ballads. We read and admire them, but only as the work of an age that is past, and because they draw for us the life of that age, and describe as they do, so truthfully, the fierce passions of human nature. One class of ballads brings us face to face with some of the wonderful tragedies of human life, and carries us into the midst of battles and among scenes of murder and sudden death; those, "whose

slothful loves and dainty sympathies" are not strong enough to walk among such scenes, have only to turn elsewhere, for "all is not darkness and tempest in this region of song; gay stories of true love

with a happy ending are many; and they who love enchantments and to be borne into fairyland, may have their wish at the turning of a leaf."

ARE PRIZES USEFUL AS A MEANS OF STIMULATING MIND?

FRED. HOADLEY, '90.

THE prize system in schools has many adherents in all parts of the world, but there are serious objections which render it doubtful whether the system is not injurious rather than beneficial. In a few lines we wish to sum up these objections, endeavoring to show how the giving of prizes to successful students may be harmful.

In the first place, if the students of a school know that a prize is offered for the highest mark in scholarship, it is very natural for them to keep this in view, and work with the object of winning that prize. But is this the most honorable motive for study? Are there not other motives which ought to be held up before the students as worthier and higher than this?

Besides, a rivalry is created, and, as only one can win, the disappointed ones will be envious of the winner and angry with the awarder. This is not all, for some, knowing that they can never win by fair means, resort to foul; and thus the very method which was intended to promote industry becomes an incentive to dishonesty.

At best, the system of giving prizes stimulates but a few. There are those, and they are the majority, too, who know from the start that they cannot stand high enough in their classes to take a prize; and, since this is the aim of their school, they have no object for work, and consequently do not enter into the spirit of their studies. Thus the larger part of the school is injured; and it can also be shown

that even the pupils who do win prizes are hurt. For they are almost sure to become self-conceited and over-confident. They go out of the school and get knocked about by those who know nothing of their former victories. Remembering these, they consider themselves ill-used, and they become discouraged, and forget that they must begin at the bottom and work for a name as they worked for the prize at school.

In order to make the awarding of a prize perfectly just, the judges ought to be endowed with superhuman powers, for the decision is often very difficult.

Moreover, the prizes are given, not as rewards to the efforts and work of the competitors, but to their success. A bright boy who has not done his best may take a prize away from an industrious one who has worked with all his might.

Another argument against the system is, that the influence of the brighter scholars is lost. The work of the best students ought to be an incentive to the poorer ones. But a class does not often waste very much admiration upon a prize seeker. They understand that he is not working with the highest motives, and so they half despise his effort.

We have thus brought forward and discussed several objections to the system of giving prizes, and we draw the inference that, while the system has its advantages, and serves the purpose for which it is intended, yet its defects seem to so overbalance its benefits, that, on the whole, it is injurious.

CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

Since the last issue of the ANNUAL, the Classical Library has received an addition by means of money appropriated by the Board of Education, as a duplicate of the proceeds of Prof. Proctor's lecture, given a year ago under the direction of the Department.

Now the library numbers about two hundred volumes, all carefully selected, and bearing directly upon the work done by the Department, both in the recitation room and in the Classical Club.

The library contains the standard political histories of Greece and Rome, histories of their literatures, histories and illustrated works of their art, works of the social life of the peoples, works containing the results of excavations, even the latest, Prof. Schliemann's works on Troy and Mycenæ, metrical and prose translations

of many of the Greek and Latin authors, many biographies of noted Greeks and Romans, works on the ancient drama, games, etc., historical novels based upon some period of Greek or Roman history, plays of Shakespeare with plots in Greece or Rome, lexicons, dictionaries, atlases, &c.

Constant use is made of these books, chiefly as voluntary reading on the part of the students, but also under the direction of the instructor of the Department. The Classical Club depends almost entirely on the Library for helps in preparing for their monthly meeting.

The Library is a source of great pleasure and profit to all connected with the work of the Department, and they are grateful to the Board of Education for aiding them in their efforts to obtain a library.

LABORATORY NOTES.

With the proceeds of the concert on the 25th of January, 1888, were purchased many items whose need had long been felt. One hundred and thirty dollars were invested, and at the close of the year a like amount with a liberal addition was voted by the Board. A photographic outfit, electric motor, Geissler tube electric rotator, and an electric light installation were acquired by direct purchase. The donations of the Board comprise an Adams camera, one hundred views in anatomy, and a dynamo of capacity sufficient to run at full candle power eight or ten sixteen-

candle lamps of sixty or seventy volts, when driven at its full power.

Advocates of manual training will be encouraged by the skill shown by many of our students in their practical work, both in the classes in physics and physiology. Our cases exhibit work of which no school need feel ashamed.

No small impetus has been given this movement by some of our graduate friends. In the department of electricity, Electrician Wm. J. Hammer has for three years past awarded prizes for original work. Last June the honor was captured by E. G. Hedges.

A LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.

[Not according to Walker.]

ONE may live *and* learn; but that some students live *to* learn will be questioned on occasions by our instructors. The last examination in the first year

science class elicited surprising information; and even if it be not strictly in accordance with the best authorities on physiology and hygiene, it gives evidence of original-

ity in research that must prove gratifying to all save the instructor. Here are submitted a few of the gems.

The alimentary canal is composed of "larynx, phrynx, wind-pipe, trichinæ, and stomach."

The bile is a circulating fluid of the body, whose functions are to clean the pancreas.

Chyme is a part of the vegetable matter of bone chiefly found in infants.

I do not see the use of pain, unless it is to give the brain something to think about.

A sensory nerve is one that gives sense to the person; this is what makes man the noblest of animals.

On proper clothing—it must be warm and not too tight. Do not wear a belt to keep your pants up, because it cramps the ribs and you do not have the full power of breathing.

To remove foreign particles from the ear, as most people cannot move their ear, they take their hands and remove it with an ear-cleaner.

MARRIAGES.

- Miss Anna H. Gilbert, '86, to Mr. Stephen Wade.
Miss Joanna S. Stewart, '86, to Mr. Alexander Pach.
Miss Myrtle Faux, '86, to Mr. Haines.
Miss Mary E. Starbuck, '85, to Mr. Coe.
Miss Edith Hedden, '87, to Mr. John T. Allen.
Miss Josephine Baldwin, '87, to Mr. William Westwood.
Miss Laura Hovey, '85, to Mr. Wilbur Sayre.
Miss Ruth Hampson, '79, to Mr. Frank Nettleship.
Miss Lena Jonas, to Mr. David T. Klein, '79.
Miss M. Alice Dod, '84, to Mr. J. Frank Kitchell.

DEATHS.

- Miss Leonora Price, '86.
Mrs. Helen Tuttle Colton, '79.
Miss Bessie Alston, '92.
Mrs. Amelie Tuttle Cairns, '79.

DEATH is as sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-song in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that are left behind, but not for those who have gone before.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

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NO. I.

EDITORS.

MARION THOMAS,

M. EVELYNNE WIDMER.

EDMUND K. HOPPER,

EDGAR E. SMITH.

EDITORIAL.

THE examinations over, we now feel at liberty to turn our thoughts to the ANNUAL. This paper, since its first issue in 1857, has increased from an eight-page pamphlet to a magazine of forty-four pages. Realizing this we feel the responsibility of our position as editors, and so have endeavored to make the paper sustain its customary interest. We now present it to the public, hoping that it will be received with the favor which has ever been bestowed upon our yearly issue.

Another class has departed. They went bearing the good-will of the school, but evidently not that of the elements, for the rain poured, the thunder pealed, and the fire bells rang on the night of June 15, 1888, when with mingled feelings of joy and sadness the class of '88 received diplomas that severed their connection with the school. But we must not mourn their going; for as year by year passes, class by class step over the line and their going is numbered among the events of the past. We, too, shall soon hand in our books, receive our diplomas, and take our places in the ranks of those who are but a step before us.

Our English Composition Department

is flourishing. In fact, under the leadership of Miss Olmstead, its history has been but a record of steady progress. The classes now subscribe to the *North American Review*, *Century*, *Scribner's Monthly*, *Cosmopolitan*, and many other leading magazines. Already the number of recitations has been increased, and we are looking for the time when our classes will daily recite in this most important branch of study.

Year by year our faculty is receiving additions. Mr. Arthur V. Taylor, a graduate of Williams College and a former member of the High School, has been appointed Assistant in the Mathematical Department. We also have another addition, which supplies a long-felt need. The Board of Education has presented us with a handsome theodolite. Already the Seniors have made such progress in the science of surveying, that offers for professional work have been received by their instructor. We have had naught but additions to our Faculty since Professor Merwin left us in '85, but we now record with great regret the departure of Professor Dawson, who for nearly six years has labored among us as the head of the Mathematical Department. We, who have been

long under his instruction, realize what a loss our school must sustain. As he leaves us and enters upon a new kind of work, we wish him joy, and hope that as he was eminently successful in his efforts here, he may be equally successful in his new field of labor.

Looking back over the past four years, we notice many improvements. Following the line of the steady advance which has been made during those years, we bring before our mind's eye, in dim outlines, the High School of the future. The building, located on an eminence and surrounded by

pleasant grounds, is artistically designed; the interior, roomy and well ventilated, is all that the most exacting can desire; the teachers and pupils are working hand in hand toward one common goal—the advancement of learning. Toward this are we tending, and the rapidity of our advance depends largely on the efforts of the students that daily assemble in this grand old institution.

Just as we are going to press, we learn that Prof. A. S. Downing, of Palmyra, has been appointed to take Prof. Dawson's position.

GOOD public, attention! Once more we have wielded the mighty pen, and put to work our powerful intellects until, now, the "feast of reason" is ready in the shape of our promised ANNUAL. In it are gathered our choicest literary productions, dignified essays and bright bits of humor, all of which have emanated from the minds of those prodigies of learning, the youths and maidens of the venerable and stately High School. In its preparation, quantities of "midnight tapers" (which, we all know, are, in their nature, conducive to profundity), have been consumed, and—well, we earnestly hope that our ANNUAL will be a faithful exponent of the work done in our High School.

Although so many left us in June, yet in September, a throng of young students came to fill up our rooms. To our great consternation and sorrow, all the young ladies could not remain with us, and again, as in times past, the redoubtable "Annex" was instituted.

Miss Freer took one of the classes, but still there was pressing need of another teacher, and to the delight of the young ladies, Mrs. Clark came to them and undertook to guide them through the labyrinths (to them) of learning. Now, room having

been made in the main building for her class, Mrs. Clark has left them, but we shall always thank her heartily for her timely help. Though all have been accommodated this year, yet the great cry is, "What shall we do in the future?" When will all see the need of a new High School?

Miss Richards has left the ranks of the First Years, and now heads a flourishing Second Year class, leaving Miss Coulter to preside in her former place. Miss Crane, who has been granted a furlough for the rest of the year, takes with her the love and best wishes of us all. A little "send-off," in the shape of a surprise at her house, gave the girls "lots of fun," and it is secretly whispered that the lady teachers had a private and convivial season in her honor.

High School affairs seem to be in a thriving and prosperous condition—how could they be otherwise in such a well-ordered institution? On Friday, we still warble sweetly our time-worn tunes, under the leadership of our highly esteemed Professor Ellis. He has threatened to deprive us of our aged "Triumph." We feel that it will be an unheard of and startling triumph on his part if he does so.

PRIZES OF 1888.

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship and Deportment of the Class in German during the year—Edward Goeller Prize—**WILFORD B. VAN HOUTEN.**

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment, and Attendance of the Graduates of the Commercial Department—Gift of the Gentlemen of the Class of Seventy-Nine—**HERBERT L. THOWLESS.**

For the highest total average of all the examinations for the four years by the Young Ladies—Gift of the Alumni—**MARY A. BIRRELL.**

For the best Oration—Gift of the Alumni—**GEORGE N. REEVES.**

For the highest per cent. in Mathematics

during the past four years—John L. Johnson Medal—**GEORGE W. TERWILLIGER.**

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship of the entire Class as shown by the final examination—George B. Swain Medal—**MARY A. BRADFORD.**

For the best Rhetorical work during the year by the young ladies—Tichenor Medal—**AGLAI L. LABIAUX.**

For the best final Essay of the young ladies—Abbie A. E. Taylor Medal—**FRANCES C. HAYS.**

For the highest per cent. in Scholarship, Deportment, and Attendance of the entire Class during the year—Hovey Medal—**KATHERINE F. BELCHER.**

German Commencement Essay.

DER AMERIKANISCHE INDIANER.

WILFORD B. VAN HOUTEN, '88. COM. DEP.

ES war ein sehr heisser Sommertag im Jahre 1492, da blickte Columbus auf und sah neber der schwarzen, dicken Linie des Horizontes ein grosses Land. In wenigen Minuten war es belebt auf dem Decke, und nicht lange nachher, obwohl das Land noch sehr fern von ihnen war konnte man die schoenste Landschaft sehen, so schoen, dass sich alle wunderten, denn sie hatten solche Naturschoenheit nie zuvor gesehen.

Als Columbus dann zuerst diesen fremden Boden betrat, konnte er allerdings die schoenen Palaeste und grossen Staedte von heute nicht sehen, aber anstatt dieser sah er gruene Waelder und gruene Erdhuegel. Zuweilen ritt auch ein Indianer hin und her. Als er auf die Maenner zuging, flohen sie nicht, wie er erwartet hatte, sondern fielen vor ihm auf ihre Kniee nieder, denn sie dachten, er waere ein Geist. Daher

empfingen sie ihn mit grosser Freude, und gaben ihm alles, was er zu essen und zu trinken verlangte. Aber damit war er noch nicht zufrieden. Er wollte auch einige auffangen und sie nach Europa mitnehmen.

Die Indianer konnten ihm natuerlich nicht widerstehen, und so wurden viele auf das Schiff gefuehrt und gefangen.

* * * * *

Die Indianer versuchten zuerst diesen neuen Ankoemmlingen zu widerstehen, aber sie wurden allmaelig von der Heimat ihrer Vaeter, von der Heimat, die sie so sehr liebten, vertrieben. Niemand kann die Verwuestung dieser Rasse in seinem Geiste vorueberziehen lassen, ohne dass ein Gefuehl des Erbarmens fuer diese Menschen in ihm wach wird.

* * * * *

Allein dieses Missverhaeltniss endete

nicht mit diesem schrecklichen Kriege, sondern die Verwirrung dauerte fort. Die einzelenen ensiedler verfolgten die Indianer und schossen sie nieder, wo sie ihnen begegneten, und die Indianer erwidereten es, indem sie manchen friedlichen Bauer scalpirten.

So dauerte es eine lange Reihe von Jahren fort. Kampf folgte auf Kampf, Verwirrung auf Verwirrung, so dass diese Nation zuletzt ueber die ganze Erde buechtigt wurde wegen der Indianerkriege, die hier gekaempft wurden.

Heute aber ist alles anders geworden; anstatt des Krieges haben wir jetzt Frieden, und der Indianer lebt jetzt friedlich auf seiner Reservation. Die Regierung ernennt Agenten, deren Geschaeft es ist,

dafuer zu sorgen, dass Indianer alles haben, was zum Leben nothwendig ist.

Noch vor ungefaehr 200 Jahren konnte man kaum eine verminderung der Zahl der Indianer bemerken, heute aber sind sie so sehr zusammengeschmolzen, dass wir in verhaeltnissmaessig kurzer Zeit keine Indianer mehr sehen werden, es sei denn in Barnum's Circus oder in den Museen.

Schon vor Jahren wurden ueberall Gesellschaften gegründet, um dem Indianer zu helfen, um ihn zu unterrichten, aber nichts scheint den raschen Verfall dieser Nation aufhalten zu koennen.

Wenn wir ihre Geschichte waehrend der letzten 300 Jahren verfolgen, so sehen wir dass gaenzlicher Untergang ihr Verhaengniss zu sein scheint.

A PEEP AT THE SENIORS.

SENIORITA MERRIMENT, '89

JUST take a peep into the Senior room at the noon intermission. What a bevy of busy, brustling, bright-eyed young women! Up and down before the platform, Miss Mag Esty and Miss Grace Fulness glide through the perplexing mazes of the latest dance, to a lively tune by Miss Sere Nade, who presides at the piano; sweet Geni Ality sits in the corner endeavoring to draw into conversation Miss Em Barassment; Miss Molli Fy and Miss Peace Able strive to quell an uproar excited by An I. Mosity and Fan A. Tic; while above the din come shouts and peals of laughter caused by the irrepressible Ani Mation and Lu Dicrous.

The honors of Seniors were scarcely upon us when the weighty question of class pins or rings arose. The subject was duly considered, but nothing definite could be determined. Quite a flutter of excitement prevailed. Miss Min Ority, advocating rings, stoutly refused to yield to Ma-

Jority, who declared that she would have pins, and not long afterward triumphantly displayed her choice. From a glittering crescent bearing in blue enamel the inscription N. H. S., an owl with a golden quill behind his ear gazed from the clear depths of his ruby eyes. Lest he might take sudden flight, he had been secured by a tiny chain to a guard-pin surmounted by a glistening '89. Min Ority was wild with delight. Was ever pin so charming? The owl was declared

"Perfectly sweet,
From the cute little ears on his wise little head
To the neat little claws of his dear little feet."

A gushing young Senior was actually heard to affirm that she was in love with the eyes of the creature. Rings were out of the question. Pins were in great demand, and now the class-room seems fairly alive with owls.

The speed with which our brilliant class

has rushed through geometry is truly marvelous. The only delay was caused by the stubbornness of Miss Poly Edron. We consider it a very great honor to be the first class to receive and welcome "Trig!"

The favorites of the astronomy class were the Misses Lu Nation, Con Stellation and Ra Diant Point. Who knows but we have a Caroline Herschell in Em Bryo! We have closed our astronomies, ceased our nightly vigils, turned over orbs earthward, and bidden the science an affectionate farewell; but shall we ever forget our breakneck endeavors to follow the nightly wanderings of the ram or the bear, or the evenings when we did not view the lovely Venus through the telescope?

We have thoroughly enjoyed our study of literature, although the information received from our classmates has, sometimes, been of a startling character. For instance:

King Alfred's literary works were "Constellations Afforded by Philosophy," and "The Complaint of Physiology."

Friday is our red-letter day and is ever hailed with delight. Merry times we have as the genial face of Prof. Jo. V. Ality beams upon us and the old walls ring with a lusty chorus. After singing comes Montagu when we are charmed with an essay by Miss Su Periority or a declamation by Miss El O. Quent. Here also stirring scenes from Shakespeare or bits from the graceful King Rene's Daughter are rendered in a manner truly becoming to the senior.

The event of the year is the appearance of Miss ANN U. AL. For a time it was feared that she was going into a decline; but we hear that she is now on her way and will soon be among us, her robes "wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly."

OUR EXCHANGES.

The largest paper with which our ANNUAL exchanges is the *High School Annual*, published at Lancaster, Mass. It has twenty-five pages and is well made up. Like our ANNUAL, it publishes the list of pupils.

The Academy, from Worcester, Mass., comes bearing the plea for an exchange. They may be sure that we will gratify their desire.

The Lever, a bright, spicy monthly, comes to us regularly all the way from Colorado Springs.

We should judge from one of the numbers of *The Academy Belle*, of Richmond, Me., that their High School contains plenty of dramatic talent.

The Young Educator, of Portland, Me., has few advertisements, but plenty of good solid matter.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy, of Milford, Mass.,

seems at first to be all cover, but the interior, when found, is excellent.

The Deltan, a monthly published at the Grand Rapids High School, is a new and very neat paper, and large for one so young.

The Trinity Hall Record, of Washington, Pa., is small but witty.

The Business Educator and Literary Gazette, a quarterly paper published by the New Jersey Business College, contains many articles of merit.

Our exchanges last year were not very numerous, and so we made a plea through our columns for more. When we look at the number now before us, we can but think that our sister schools, hearing of our lack, have combined to fill our table with their productions. We are very glad of this, and by noticing each paper in our issue, we hope to keep up their interest in us.

A SNOW STORM.

JANET B. HARVEY, '89.

WHEN stilled was the hum of the busy town,
On a wintry night the snow came down.
With silent speed it fell through the gloom,
From its mystic, shadowy, far-off home.
Down, down, in whirling, eddying, swarms,
Came the feathery flakes in fairy forms.
Prone from the cold gray cloud-land driven,
Like white-winged messengers from heav'n.

How they flutter and dance in airy play,
And hover and float on their downward way,

These beautiful children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost.
Chasing each other as though in glee,
From their cloudy prison-bonds set free.
Oh! beautiful flakes of drifting snow,
You seem to me in your ceaseless flow,
Like white-winged birds of Paradise,
Veiling your forms from mortal eyes;
Or pearly blossoms from trees of life,
Waving above all earthly strife;

Or flowrets scattered by angel hands,
To beautify earth's barren lands
Bringing a message of love and light,
As you softly fall through the silent night.
But lo! at the first gray dawn of day,
The drifting storm-clouds sailed away.
The beautiful snow-flakes ceased to come,
Their mission accomplished, their work well done.
And the streets so dingy and gray last night,
Were robed in a mantle of spotless white,
Clothed in a glittering bridal dress,
Of pure unspotted loveliness.
No print nor stain on its whiteness lay,
To mar its beauty at break of day;
Spotless as robes the ransomed wear,
In the heavenly city so bright and fair.
The land, the light, the firmament,
The beauty with the stillness blent.
So pure, so tender is the snow
Like God's great peace o'er all below.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

(A Reproduction.)

EDWIN J. STEWART, '89, COM. DEPT.

WHAT a sight! Rats and mice everywhere. They are running across the streets, playing hide and seek among the barrels and boxes of the grocery stores, running races, and holding prize fights on the corners.

Hamelin, the place so infested, is a small German town of about eight thousand inhabitants. Its mayor and corporation are in a quandary. They have vainly tried every imaginable plan to drive away the rats, and are still sitting in council, pondering the vexed question, when — hark! what is that? a soft, low tap, tap on

the door. The stranger is admitted, but what a figure! He is tall, thin, smooth-faced, with small, deep-set, glittering eyes, and is dressed in a long, straight-cut coat of red and yellow stripes. From his neck dangles a flute, and his fingers are twitching nervously, as if impatient to be playing upon it.

He looks about the room, and at last his gaze rests on the little, old mayor, as if waiting for him to speak. The mayor, trying with but little success to speak calmly under the gaze of those glittering eyes, asks him what he wishes.

"If," says this strange being, "I free your town from rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"I'll give you fifty thousand," exclaims the now excited mayor, seeing, doubtless, a faint glimmer of hope struggling through the gloom of his despair. So he brushes a big, briny tear from his bleary eyes, as he thinks of the disasters those terrible rats have wrought among the pickels and mackerel barrels.

"But," says a more careful member of the corporation, "how can this be done? I see nothing about you that gives me the assurance that you can do this. Besides, you have not yet told us your name."

The thin lips of the intruder curl themselves into a faint smile; he lays his hand affectionately upon his flute, and answers with a twinkle in his eyes:

"In this I have a charm that nothing breathing the breath of life can withstand, and for this reason I am called the Pied Piper."

"Come, then," says the mayor, moving towards the door, "and show us your skill."

Into the street steps the Piper and commences to play the most bewitching tune. At once there is a great commotion throughout the town, and soon the streets are swarming with rats. There are rats of every description and in all stages of life from the little two-day-old rat, to the great grey-bearded old fellow of fifty years or less. Charmed by the music, this grand army scampers after the Piper as he advances to where the Weser is rolling onward to the sea. He goes to the water's edge, but alas for the rats! They all rush on and, like Pharaoh and his host, disappear beneath the waves.

Great is the joy in Hamelin. The bells are ringing, banners are waving, the people are feasting; yes, the town is enjoying a gala day in celebration of this great event. The mayor is addressing the peo-

ple: "And now," he is saying, in conclusion, "send for the carpenters; have all the rat-holes—"

"First, if you please, I should like my guilders," interrupts a voice from some one in the crowd, and the Piper appears.

The mayor and corporation are appalled by this new feature of the programme. In the excitement of their new-found happiness, they have forgotten their promise to the Piper.

"Come," says the mayor at last, "you surely cannot expect us to pay you any such amount; as for giving you a little something for drinks, why we shouldn't mind that; here are fifty guilders."

"Be careful," says the Piper, a stern look stealing over his face; "those who break their word with me may find me playing a very different tune."

"I defy you to do your worst," cries the mayor, with a gesture worthy the hero of a dime museum play.

Once more the Piper steps into the street, and again he plays his flute. The magic notes contain promises of a whole heaven of delight for the children. They all listen and are drawn irresistibly by the wonderful music. There is a gentle pattering of their wooden shoes, as the merry company crowd about the Piper, but they hush their voices lest they lose a single note of the strain.

The mayor and people are horror-stricken; they cannot stir; they cannot even call out to their children as they go laughing and dancing after the Piper. He leads them towards the hills behind the town. "He cannot climb the hill; he will surely have to stop now and let our children come back," is the thought that comes to the poor parents. But no, as the path grows steep, a gate opens in the rocks; they enter, and Piper and children are gone forever.

In vain did the distracted mothers call

for their darlings; in vain did the mayor send everywhere for the Piper, offering him all the gold he wished, if he would only bring back the lost children.

The people of Hamelin declare that after this sad event, they will always pay their debts; another case of locking the stable doors after the horse has been stolen.

SILAS LAPHAM.

EDGAR E. SMITH, '89.

FEW men who have been born in the humbler walks of life and have succeeded in amassing great wealth, are worth being spoken of. As one has well said, "They are shoddy." But now and then, in looking over the annals of different sections, we find, here and there, one who differs from his fellows, one who seems to be above them, one who lacks but a higher education and the breeding which comes from associating with cultivated people, to make him equal to the best. Such a man was the late Silas Lapham of Boston.

This man started in life without a commercial education; and when he came to sell mineral paint, he found that his wife was truly his better half, for she it was that managed his affairs. But the trade assumed such proportions that she was unable to control it, for her business knowledge was limited. Meanwhile Silas had been learning how to manage so as to make a fortune successfully.

For the wife, who had been so true a helpmeet, and for his two daughters, he had the greatest affection. Anything which would please them he delighted in doing. If his wife expressed a wish for anything that money could buy, he would say: "Send and get it right away; there's plenty of money." He had great respect for his wife's judgment, in fact, at times when his sense of the right was weak, she acted as his conscience, whose dictates he always obeyed. Occasionally he and his wife would have some word contests, but

these were always soon smoothed over, and as the couple had great love for each other, these little affairs amounted to nothing, unless it was to strengthen their love.

In one point Silas showed his weakness, but how many with his sudden prosperity would not have showed the same. He was conceited. You had but to give him the chance, and he would tell you the whole history of mineral paint; what a success it was, and how his wife had been the one to start it; he never left his wife out. As he talked, he would swell up with pompous pride to think of how he, once a poor man, had, through his own efforts, risen to such a giddy height. Praise mineral paint to him, and he would ever after do anything for you.

Silas wanted something which money could not buy, and that was social distinction. By his excellent business management, his integrity and conscientious dealing, he succeeded in making all respect him as a business man, but lack of society breeding excluded him and his family from the higher circles of the cultivated Bostonians.

To look at this man you could but agree with one who said: "In personal appearance, he is a fine type of the successful American." His clear blue eyes showed well the mood he was in; his nose was gracefully moulded beneath a broad but not commanding forehead; a stubby beard of reddish gray adorned his square chin, or at least he thought it did; his body

was massive, so were its attachments—head, neck, hands, and even the feet, which ought to have special mention.

It is said on good authority that ninety-nine out of every hundred business men fail. Surely the one who does not fail must be not only lucky but careful. This last Silas was not; he cast his money about with unfettered hand, never dreaming that he might some day run short. As the result of this carelessness, when hard times came he went as many others did; to-day a millionaire, to-morrow a pauper. Down from the terrible height went Lapham, but not so did the respect the people had for him. No; on the contrary, his integrity was almost unex-

ampled, for he could have saved something had he been unprincipled and borrowed money at the last moment when he knew he could never pay it back again. He preferred, rather than hang longer over the precipice of ruin, to drop: instead of trying to retrieve his lost fortune by questionable means, he gave up all and was ready to start afresh, and be more careful in the future. He did so, and who can doubt, seeing the grit and determination which he showed, that he would have succeeded, had not an untimely death ended his career. His brilliant record for honesty can but have strong influence, especially among the Boston business men with whom he was associated.

THE SNOWDROP'S STORY.

EDNA D. DECKER, '92.

WELL, since you must know my story, I suppose I shall have to tell it to you, though you do not deserve to hear it, at all. Let me assure you, it is not pleasant to be made into 'snow ice cream,' and pounded and flavored and pounded and flavored again," and the poor little snowdrop jumped up and down, trying in vain to get out of the dish. At last she was quiet, and sighing deeply she began: "I always was a conceited little thing anyhow, but, if I do say it myself, I had some reason to be proud, for I was constantly admired by everybody all through my younger days."

You see, I was not always a snowdrop. I used to be a dewdrop, and one bright summer day, when lying on a large green leaf, thinking as usual how I could make myself look prettier, a little sunbeam came creeping up the leaf.

"Ah," thought I, "here is the very thing. That sunbeam will make me shine and sparkle three times as much as I do now."

And away I glided and soon was dancing blithely along with the sun's warm ray. But while I was thus enjoying myself, a very strange thing happened.

I felt myself lifted up! up! up! into a great dark cloud, and there I beheld to my utter astonishment thousands, yes, millions of little creatures like myself. Soon my thoughts began to wander back to the time when I had glided to and fro on the beautiful green leaves in the cool park. But now that time had departed and I should never enjoy myself again. I sighed over and over when I thought of the happy past and the sorrowful future.

But while I had been absorbed in thought we had been flying swiftly across miles of country. It was fast growing colder and I began to feel very strange. Chills ran all over me and I shivered in spite of my efforts to look composed.

Something was happening, but I could not tell what it was. I soon became aware that I was changing from a rainbow-hued

dewdrop to a white "something." On glancing round I found that all my companions had changed also, and, O, joy, I was prettier than all the rest. This discovery somewhat revived my drooping spirits and I began to be more reconciled to my fate. To be sure I talked gaily enough, but somehow I did not feel quite happy.

Soon the clouds seemed to break, and we, hundreds by hundreds, tumbled out and fell in disorder down! down! down! It was pretty good fun after all, and I really enjoyed the rollicking time we had. First one way then another, now fast, and now slow, ending in an excited whirl round and round. But it did not last long, and

almost before I knew it, I was lying in the snug corner of a long piazza.

You, little earth maiden, were watching the falling snow through the window when you seemed to have a sudden idea, for you immediately came out with a spoon, and walking to the very place where I was lying, gathered me, with many others, into your bowl. Then you took us into the house and made us into "ice cream."

"'Tis a shame! 'tis a shame!" sobbed the sympathetic little listener. Then the snow drop spoke again, saying earnestly: "One thing more. Never be conceited. It is the worst sin there is," and with these passionate words the excited little creature quietly melted away and was gone.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

GINEVRA F. TOMPKINS, '90.

THE day is done." The evening bells ring in the night, ring out the day. The western windows glow like a mass of molten gold, and the rays of the setting sun fill the room with a transient glory. A yellow band falls aslant a picture and brings into bright relief the beauties there portrayed. A fair child is sitting on the mossy brink of a swiftly gliding stream, her young feet bathed in its everchanging waters. The opposite bank of the river is bordered by a green and pleasant meadow, gradually becoming a bleak and barren plain, while in the distance towers a mountain, its lofty summit glorified by the sunset rays. But 'tis only for one fleeting moment that the picture is transformed by the light of the setting sun. The beauty that comes with the last hours of the day now closing does not linger long. The sun sinks behind the glory-crowned western hills and

"The darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight."

Over the fast gathering gloom the flames, roaring in glee, to the ceiling cast their flickering, wandering light.

Anon the bright gleams bring into view the face of one who sits alone in the fire-light glow. She wears the silver crown of age, and the wrinkled yet peaceful face, the toil-worn hands tell that for her life's weary day is almost done. Yet she is not alone, for memory, that ever present though oft-unbidden guest, brings to her thoughts the pleasures and pain of the years that have fled and left her "waiting at the gates of gold." She is thinking how well the picture seen in the sunset light typifies life's journey. When the fleeting stream of youth is crossed the path leads through pleasant places, where the

wayside flowers of Patience and Hope are oft unheeded and left to wither in the sun's fierce heat, then on, over plains made barren and desolate by sorrow, and up the slope to the mountain top, life's vesper hour of rest and peace. She thinks of the wasted moments and the hours of life's glad springtime that slipped so idly by; of the needless fretting over petty cares when the sun of life was high, losing sight of strength that bids us "take no thought for the morrow." And what did it avail? The choice was not left to her.

"There are leadings, there are drivings, paths appearing we must take,
Doors are closed behind us, others opened to our view;
Thresholds crossed where new work waits us that we never thought to do."

Then the bitter questioning that came from the lonely heart when her loved ones were taken from her and she felt that nevermore, from the broken chords of her life-song could she bring forth the joyous melodies of former years, and how, while she wept and vainly wished they could tell her of their wondrous change from death

to life, from sorrow to endless joy, He, who had left her so bereft, sent his peace into her heart, whispering such good tidings of the land wherein they dwell, of its glory and its beauty, of its peace and sweet content, that she rose up with renewed strength to press on towards that fair haven which they had entered.

Now, in life's vesper hour of rest and quiet, she, with unclouded vision looks down from the "hills of God" into the valley of sunshine and shade through which her steps have been led. She is eager for the joys of that land in whose borderland she dwells and can but await, in bright anticipation, the welcome summons home.

* * * * *

The fire has died to a few glowing embers and dark shadows fill the room. The muser has fallen asleep in the firelight and in fancy again looks into the eyes and clasps the hand of many loved ones.

"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."

MODERN HOUSEHOLD DECORATIONS.

A. RAYMOND BROWN, '89, COM. DEPT.

LE T us imagine ourselves going through a house in one of the Oranges, and giving special attention to the articles of bric-a-brac.

We enter the house, and while waiting for the lady, we notice that one side of the room is almost completely converted into meadowland; cat-tails, grasses, and golden rod are so arranged as to completely hide the wall from view. By the side of my chair is a milking stool prettily embroidered and trimmed with ribbons; from beneath it a fancy milk pail is suspended, and, in fact, all that is needed to

complete the scene is the milkmaid and the cow.

What can that be around my feet? I look down and am about to scream, when I perceive to my amazement that the ugly monster is only a gilded bootjack. Handsome scarfs adorn the chairs, and near to the fire-place are the shoes our hostess' baby wore when she was baptized. They have a hole in the toe of each, but nevertheless they are gilded and tied together with a shoestring. Suspended from the wall by a bit of rope, is a piece of matting painted in dainty colors and representing

"The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Our hostess enters the room, and, after a pleasant chat, she asks us if we should like to go through her house. Of course we accept, and she takes us to the library. Between the folding doors which separate the library from the hall, a handsome *portiere* made from odd bits of silk and woven at the carpetweaver's is looped gracefully back. Rich India silk curtains protect the books from dust, and a paper-rack made of a gilded broiler and tied together with ribbons hangs on the wall. A bunch of peacock's feathers are tacked over the top of a picture frame, and a rustic guide-stick stands in the corner of the room.

Next we visit the dining-room which has a hard wood floor and a pretty Turkish drugget spread in the centre. Numerous jugs adorned with oatmeal or rice are upon the mantel and brackets, and above

the mantel is fastened a huge pair of antlers. A handsome sideboard loaded with silver occupies one side of the room, and a thermometer, fastened to a gilded corn-cob, is tacked on its corner.

In the bedrooms, at the side of each bed is a large fur rug and a pair of worsted slippers. A pretty bureau cover and toilet set adorn each bureau, and over the top of one, suspended by pieces of ribbon, hang three painted pine cones.

The halls and stairs are all hard-wood finished, and on the floors are pretty rugs. A handsome bronze image of the "Goddess of Liberty" rests on the pillar at the bottom of the balustrade, and the torch which she holds in her right hand lights the lower hall.

It is now quite late, and as the bell is ringing for Lenten services, our hostess puts on her bonnet and cloak and accompanies us to church.

WHAT THE WINDOW POLES DO WHEN WE CANNOT SEE.

KATIE EVERDING, '91.

BANG!" went the rubber, startling Miss A. Firstyear Windowpole, as she stood idly gazing out of the window. Going to the blackboard, she put her ear down and listened. A faint "Hello!" came quickly along the sill. "Hello," she answered. "Are you number six?" "Yes, who are you?" "Number three. Come to Miss Greene's room tonight, we are going to have a tea." "All right, good-bye." "Good-bye." The Rubber fell and silence reigned.

Miss Windowpole waited anxiously for the scholars to depart, and it was with a sigh of relief that she saw the last lingering teacher take her departure. Then she began to array herself for the tea. Stepping up to the desk she dipped a pencil alternately into ink and powdered crayon

and proceeded to enliven her complexion. When she had accomplished this to her satisfaction she carefully polished the varnished surface of her dress, and, having surveyed herself in the window, started for Miss Greene's room. She found a number of guests there, but remarked with much dissatisfaction to Miss B. Secondyear Windowpole, (this was a family party), that the gentlemen were late in putting in an appearance. "Gentlemen!" exclaimed Miss B., holding up her hands in horror, "why this is an old maid's tea. Did you not know that? Gentlemen! the idea!" and she looked very indignant, much to Miss A. Firstyear's confusion. She said nothing, however, and very soon tea was announced.

"How lovely!" "Exquisite!" Were the

remarks as they entered Miss Leyden's room, where the feast was spread. The table was covered with charts turned on the wrong side, and in the centre was a large waste-basket, filled with paper, served in the form of balls. All around were savory dishes in the form of chalk puffs, paper cream, rubber cakes, and as many other kinds of cake as the French cook could bake.

While at tea they proposed to pass away the time by reciting verses or stories, and Miss A. Firstyear Windowpole, having been called, rose with a stately bow and said: "It is better to eat cake and die than never to eat cake at all."—*Tennyson*. Miss C. Secondyear Windowpole followed with the quotation: "I will eat this plate of cream on the table if it takes all night"—*Grant*. Another said: "There are three classses of windowpoles. Those who are born polished, those who achieve polish, and those who have polish worn upon them."—*Shakespeare*.

"We clatter, clatter, as we go
To cheer the busy scholar,
For poles may come and poles may go,
But schools go on forever."—*Tennyson*.

Said the hostess, "and let me remind you that time is fleeting and that art of this quality is long." "Yes," said Miss C. Secondyear, "and if you will give me your attention I will read an original ode on the old maid's tea." Cries of "Attention! attention!" were heard, and then she began:

"Dear old maid tea
What so sweet as thee?
No gentlemen here
To laugh or sneer;
We are from jokers free.
Had I my way,
I'd sing alway
Let's have an old maid tea;
But scholars stay
In school all day,
And so this cannot be."

"Encore! encore!" was heard on all sides, but Miss C. Secondyear begged to be excused, as she had accidentally swallowed some chalk dust that morning, and was rather hoarse. After this the guests went home, each declaring that she had spent a delightful evening, and each was soon fast asleep in the warmest corner of her room.

THE STORY OF AN OAT.

A. M. BARNES, '92.

A WAY back among the hills of New Hampshire, partly hidden by a clump of maples, there stands a certain cosy white farm-house. Near by is an ample barn, and surrounding these buildings there is a good-sized farm.

It was here there once lived a little boy who was the light and life of the whole place. One spring his father, desiring to plant a certain field, sent to Detroit for a bushel of wheat, and planted it on ground prepared in the usual way. One day after the wheat had come up, the little boy noticed a single stalk of oats growing near

the edge of the field. It soon became evident that this was an exceptionally fine kind of oats, for the stalk grew to an unusual height and sent out many heads. Under the influence of the sun and rain, it ripened, and when the field of wheat was ready to harvest, the little boy reaped his single stalk of oats. He took it to the house and rubbed out the oats, getting about half a tea-cupful. Instead of giving these to his pet hen, he laid them carefully away, intending to plant them the next year.

Providence did not will that he should

carry out his plan, for he was soon taken sick and, after a long illness, died. While looking over some of the boy's treasures, the father found the little package of oats just where the boy had placed it, and planted them in memory of his only child. As great care had been taken to plant the oats under favorable circumstances, they flourished, and in the fall two quarts were gathered. The next year the two quarts were planted, and two bushels were the result of the labor. Again, the two bushels were all planted, and, when the threshing-machine had finished its work, there was found to be a bountiful harvest of sixty bushels of very fine oats.

Of course, the farmer could not plant sixty bushels on his farm, so we lose track of the multiplications. But when the neighbors saw the oats, they wanted some for seed; the farmer gave some away, used a quantity to feed his stock, besides having all he wanted to plant again.

To-day the oats from this seed are widely scattered through the State of New Hampshire, and greatly valued by the farmers.

Last summer, while helping the farmer reap a field of oats from the same stock, he told me how his great crops all sprang from the one kernel brought accidentally from the west.

"GUENN."

(A Book Review.)

K. ELIZABETH RUDD, '89.

OFF the coast of Brittany, encircled by a broad arm of the sea, lay the ancient town of Plouvence. Its massive granite walls, overgrown with a tangle of golden green mosses and vines, its quaint fortress, its grass-gown ramparts, its fields of purple heather and waving buckwheat, its shady lanes and story-telling glens, its silver sands, with their shining masses of yellow seaweed, stretching far out to the changing waters of the noble bay where the dusky sails of the fishing boats floated to and fro, its blooming maids in their quaint, pretty costume, all lent their charm to make a region of great picturesque beauty. Far across the white-capped waves, their line barely perceptible in the blue distance, lay the Lannions. There, no towering cliffs, no striking outlines,—barrenness and desolation were heightened by the melancholy sound of the rolling surges.

In this region where nature had dropped handfuls of treasure, ignorance, superstition and vice reigned. The rough Bretons

worked hard on sea and drank hard on land. Impure influences hovered about the very cradles of the fisher girls; yet, among them were faces pure and honest.

Amid such scenes the story unfolds, as the bright crested waves dance joyously over the boundless blue, or the restless surges dash in mad defiance.

Everett Hamor, an aspiring young American artist, determines to secure as a model the hitherto unapproachable Guenn Rodellec. Money, entreaties fail, and only through kindness to her little deformed brother, does he finally succeed. All the passionate eagerness with which Guenn has avoided him is now employed in anticipating his every wish. He becomes a part of her daily existence. She helps him as none other can. She saves his pictures, his life, from the murderous hands of the rough Bretons. Upon returning home from a neighboring village late one evening she finds that Hamor has been suddenly called to Paris, "never to return" cruel lips tell her. In her wild despair she re-

members her promise to go to the good priest, Thymert, when in trouble, and, amid the thundering March breakers, sets sail. She reaches the Lannions, but her sweet wild laughter is forever hushed, her restless dancing feet forever at rest. Thymert leaves her—with her, all the joy of his life.

Ten years pass. Hamor, the same free, easy, unconscious Hamor, meets Thymert, a pale and broken-down monk, in Rome. With unfeigned sadness, the artist learns of the death of Guenn, whose picture had been the beginning of his success, and goes his way, a happy painter, to his art.

In an atmosphere of impurity, motherless, worse than fatherless, Guenn's life, pure as a snowdrop, unfolds.

Bright, strong, beautiful Guenn! Her vivid little figure, with its grace and daring; her sweet, ringing laughter; her feet, light as the crest of a wave, flash through the village—here, there, everywhere—with a friendly call to the sailors, a sharp retort to any one who dares provoke it; her bold, honest eyes smiling defiance at the strange artists.

Vividly she stands before us—impetuous Guenn, as she passionately declares, “If I like people—if I do—they may hurt me, hate me, beat me, starve me, kill me—and still I like them, if I do!” and, as in reply to Hamor's question, “Whom do you like in that way, Guenn?” tremblingly, her great heart full of worship for her painter, yet prompted by maidenly instinct, she softly answers, “My Nannic!”

How loyal she is, warm-hearted Guenn, with her ambitions, small vanities and loves! A true Breton she lives—a true Breton she dies, and as the waves roll over the pebbly strand they seem to echo, “Poor, brave, little Guenn!”

Nature has endowed Everett Hamor with a handsome face, a gracious manner, an unusually agreeable voice and a smile so irresistibly winning that even the wild

little Breton girls soon laugh back. He worships art, and is willing to blot from his life education or friends, if by so doing he can paint better pictures. His interest is entirely self-centered. Merely for the artistic pleasure he experiences, with no thought of final consequences, he makes liberal use of his tender, modulated tones.

And so we see him, wrapped up in his art, seemingly unconscious of the undying devotion of Guenn—the type of a supremely selfish man.

A striking contrast to Hamor is the strong, noble Thymert, curé of the Lannions. Doctor, comforter of women, friend and comrade of men, ready at any moment, though the winds roar and the waves boom, to minister to his people, he reigns king of his savage islands. Simple, faithful, warm-hearted—man to the core of his brave heart. A Breton among his Bretons, he makes his little world brighter and better. And when the deep anguish of his passionate nature compels him to leave his loved islands, although changed as grief only can change a strong man, we find him to the last engaged in his Master's work.

The plot is simple and plausible.

The would-be-critic would have Guenn, civilized by life at a fashionable boarding school, married to Hamor and settled in a state of blissful happiness; an ideal ending for the modern novel, but in direct opposition to the whole idea of the book. With such a character as Hamor, the thoughtful reader cannot fail to see the impossibility of such a result.

The characters are varied and powerfully outlined. We instinctively shrink from the base hypocrite, Hervé Rodellec with his maudlin tears, his oaths and his smiling friendliness. We feel the calm, tranquil presence of Madame at the Voyageurs; and hear the weird chanting of wise little Nannic.

The scenes are depicted with wonderful force and vividness. The descriptions are

remarkably picturesque and impressive.

With expert skill and with special delicacy of insight and expression, the author

has given us a charming picture of Breton life.

OUR SOCIETIES.

OF the Hesperian Society we know not what to write. That it still exists is a fact but it exists in a very feeble condition. We trust that when our new High School is erected, there will be a room given especially to this Society in which they can hold their meetings. Then more interest will be taken in the work and the Society will be in its former flourishing condition.

OUR Montagu Society, numbering the Senior and Junior young ladies among its members, has made great progress during the past year and presages for itself an exceedingly active future. The next best thing to possessing knowledge is to know where to find it, and the young ladies have every opportunity of "finding it" among the eight hundred volumes which now grace the shelves of our Montagu library. The success of this Society is also shown in the increasing interest which its members take in it; and, indeed, its attractions are by no means small, and of late it has been especially interesting. At each weekly meeting of the Society, several young actresses, in embryo, have essayed to portray the characters in Henry Hertz's "King René's Daughter," and are in a fair way to rival even the great Scott Siddons herself.

The list of publications now taken by the Montagu Society is as follows: *The North American Review*, *Century Magazine*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Book Buyer*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Christian Union*, *Critic*, and *Youth's Companion*.

ABOUT a year and a half ago there was organized in connection with the Classical Department of our High School, a society

called the "Classical Club." The object of the Club is to study the history, life, art, literature, etc., of the peoples whose languages are studied in the classroom. By this means the students not only become intelligent concerning the Greeks and Romans, but the study of the languages, the classroom work, is more intelligently performed, and hence, it is less irksome, more enjoyable.

The Club meets every school month at the house of some member. At each meeting a committee is appointed, which is responsible for the entire programme of the next meeting, and the chairman of the committee conducts the programme at the meeting.

At each meeting, something in connection with the Greeks or Romans, or both, is considered. The last subject was the "Social Life of the Romans." At previous meetings, such subjects as the following have been considered: "Regal Period of Rome," "Heroic Age of Greece," "Grecian Architecture," "The Coliseum, Games, Oratory," etc. The stereopticon is occasionally used, and the students as well as the instructor, take the pointer and describe the subjects represented and interpret the pictures. Tableaux, modeled after noted paintings and statuary of Grecian and Roman subjects, are becoming a very pleasant feature of programmes.

The work done in connection with this Club is entirely voluntary, and hence, more profitable.

The value of the Club and library is not easily estimated, but it is very easily seen in its effect upon the work of the Department.

THE first branch of the Agassiz Society (Chapter A, No. 337, of the State Agassiz Association), organized in the High School was formed in 1886, by the young gentlemen of the Class of '90. Officers were elected and a constitution adopted.

Its principal object was to provide for the pupils a pleasant pastime in the study of the works of nature, as represented in the three kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral. A cabinet being procured, it was speedily filled by a variety of specimens, including the skulls of animals and birds, insects, cocoons, petrifications and curios of all kinds, which were classified by a member appointed for that purpose.

For over two years it has been in a thriving state, each year showing a constant and abundant supply in the treasury and a large amount of specimens in the cabinet. There are now twenty-seven members. Excursions have been made to places in the vicinity for the purpose of examining natural formations and securing specimens.

The Class of '91, last year, formed a second society, which is designated as Chapter B, No. 351, and which is making rapid progress.

The Class subscribes for a paper devoted to this study, and generally used by the Chapters throughout the State.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

INA B. DEANE, '92.

THE old year is passing into the infinite realms of the past, leaving with us the ever reliable present and the hope of the future.

The old year is closely linked with the chain of memory, where sorrows and griefs are effaced, and all that is bright and beautiful remains untarnished.

Would we stay if we could the mighty hand of time, and live forever in the beauty of the past? No; for we move with the age, and each year, as it passes, leaves with us new friends, and yet ripens old friendships, and widens our knowledge of men, of books, and of God.

So we welcome the New Year to come, and nature also greets him. Decked in her loveliest dress, she waits his coming, and the new and unsullied year will dawn on a spotless and stainless earth.

Long and silently fell the snow, till meadow, pathway and road all are an unbroken field of white. Now the snow-

fall has ceased, and no sound is heard save the restless moan of the night-wind through the forest of fir, and pine, and hemlock.

Even the wind is now stilled, and, breaking the silence of the night, rises an anthem, chanted by many voices, from the little chapel on the hill. Sweetly they sing; and, as the sounds die away, suddenly from the tower the chimes peal out their welcome, as the old year yields up his crown and the New Year stands in his place.

The chimes of the bells are not sweet, but loud and clear their brazen voices ring out, resolutely waking from slumber the folk of the village. Numberless prayers rise from the hearts of the people, asking for help and guidance through the troubles and trials which make our joys more welcome.

No sound is caught by mortal ears, but a chorus rises to the Father, more beautiful than any e'er chanted by angels.

TEACHER to young lady in Literature—
"Tell me some of the relics of Shakespeare?"

Young lady—"All that remains of the house he bought is the yard."

OLD ABRAM.

MARY H. WATSON, '89.

NEAR the outskirts of the town there is an old-fashioned garden that slopes gradually from the little white house with its closed green shutters, down to the road. In summer this garden looks like a gay, silk handkerchief spread out before the house; for roses and lilies, striped petunias and hollyhocks everywhere flash their brilliant colors.

But I am describing the garden and not its most peculiar plant—the gardener himself. He is pruning his lilacs this morning, and, as he works, he softly hums a fragment of some gospel tune. The twigs he cuts off are not thrown into a heap upon the ground. Oh, no! but carefully gathered in the hand and carried to the barrow which stands with open arms in the main path. Among his gay hollyhocks, dahlias, and petunias, he looks very much like a gnarled and withered bulb. The garden is spotless, but stray leaves and patches of mold cling to his clothes and tumbled beard. To use a much worn expression, he is a study in brown; his boots, into which are thrust a pair of brown jean overalls, are covered with dust and garden mold; the turned-back sleeves of a worn brown corduroy jacket disclose two knotted fists stained with digging and calloused by rake and shovel. Upon his head is a brown slouch hat; but boots, overalls, jacket and hat only serve as a well shaded background into which is set a pair of the merriest brown eyes in the world. From under their shaggy brows, they peer at you with the closest scrutiny. Abram's face, tanned and seared with wrinkles, is bare, except upon the chin, where grows one of those brush-like beards common in pictures of "Uncle Sam."

As this old fellow shambles about, as he

weeds his petunias and scratches, pipe in mouth, among his roses, as the hideous blue patches of his overalls grin and make faces at each other, we wonder how such a grub as he can find companions among lilies and roses. For many years he has toiled among his few botanical volumes, so that now he can give you not only the native land and environment, but also the Latin name for each of his plants. In his collection there are many rare plants, some of which he has begged from greenhouses, but many he has managed to buy for himself through much self-denial and fasting. Though he stints and disciplines himself in order to add to his collection of books or flowers, he never allows a beggar to go hungry from his door.

One morning he had denied himself his customary rasher of bacon. I was about to say "customary roll," but "rasher of bacon" sounds more prosaic and less like a novel, so that he might be able to make up the amount he needed to purchase a certain botanical work. In his best hat and old broadcloth coat, with the silver securely tied in the corner of his bandanna, he walked down the long box-bordered path. The latch of the gate behind the hedge clicked. He knew what that was; some one begging flowers or money. Although he disliked very much to cut his flowers, old Abram preferred that request this morning. However, when the hedge was passed, he found himself face to face with a haggard looking woman carrying a child upon her arm. She told her story so piteously that Abram seized the red bandanna, ostensibly to wipe his moist eyes, but he was really pinching the hard knot in the corner. When she pointed to the sick child, a dollar came out of its hid-

ing place. Then she told of the lame one and the blind one and the boy that was hurt in the mill. At last there were but two lone quarters in the corner of the handkerchief. He turned sorrowfully round and walked slowly to the house. There were two collections the next Sunday. Abram put one quarter into the contribution box. The other collection was for the poor, and Abram deposited his last quarter.

He is very religious, at least he is considered so by all who know him. He is a Methodist, and nothing delights him so much as does a revival where he can sing and shout and tell his experience. He prays and exhorts and often expounds the scripture in prayer meeting.

Abram was married once; but Betsy died. Since then he has lived alone in the

little white house at the end of the garden. In one room he cooks, eats and sleeps. His shelf of books is in one corner, his bed in another, his table and Bible in the third, while the remaining corner is occupied by the broad fire-place. In the long winter evenings, Abram sits on one side of the fire-place with the open Bible upon his knees. The fire lights upon his face, and every gust of wind swings to and fro a large black rocking chair, half covered with a white crocheted tidy. It is Betsy's chair, and, when it moves, Abram dares not look up from his Bible. He does not believe in ghosts, yet he feels as though her spirit hovered about the old creaking rocker. So for the last ten years Abram has drawn it to this position before the fire.

WAS it Burns who intended to commit suicide by jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge into the Thames?

A YOUNG lady of an inquisitive turn of mind inquired: "Are we going to be examined on what we read to-morrow?"

THE people of "Sunny France" would stare rather indignantly if they could learn of the startling origin ascribed to them, that their ancient progenitors were "Soline" Franks.

A MAIDEN of tender years relates this eminently interesting anecdote on the name of the Plantagenets. Says she: "The ancient members of that illustrious family soothed their troubled consciences by scouring themselves with the broom-plant."

SOME individuals of truly investigating minds have given us the results of their learned explorations in the following: "Henry VIII, noted for his saintliness, and that paragon of virtue, Louis XIV,

were canonized." "'Tis never too late to mend."

PRINCIPAL to class — "Children, who was the oldest man?" Smart boy—"I know." Principal, willing to encourage juvenile learning while he thought of Methuselah — "Very well, my little man, who?" Boy—"Washington." Principal in schoolastic amazement—"How do you make that out?" Boy, triumphantly—"Why he was the Father of his country."

WE rejoice to know that the Board of Education has at last coincided with our ideas so far as to make a law by which it is possible for a student who has done good work during the year, to pass into the next class without being obliged to have the worry and wear which are the necessary accompaniments of an examination. The law was made so late last year that the list of Honorary Pupils was not very large, but we expect to increase it this year, and continue so doing until examination papers become things of the past.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRED. W. JACOBUS, '88, is at Rutgers.

MISS CHARLOTTE R. BLAKE, '88, is in Smith College.

GEORGE N. REEVES, '88, is in the New York College of Dentistry.

L. B. MCWHOOD and George W. Terwilliger, Class of '88, are at Columbia.

EDWARD HYMES, Class of '87, has taken the prize in mathematics in Columbia College.

WE are under deep obligations to the friends who tendered their services in the concert of January 25 for the Laboratory benefit.

DR. MAX J. BREITENBACH, Class of '74, has set a good example for others of the Alumni to follow. He has presented the High School with an elegant self-registering thermometer. We have no microscope.

LAST year we issued our ANNUAL at Christmas, before the new Board had elected its officers; and as we wish to have a complete record, we give the officers for 1888: President of the Board, James L. Hays; Secretary, Geo. W. Case; Superintendent of Schools, Wm. N. Barringer; Committee on High School, William H. Dobbins, Edward Goeller, A.W. Bray, Jr., John Breunig, James A. Backus.

ON FRIDAY evening, March 8, the Central M. E. Church was crowded to the doors to witness the presentation of a handsome flag to the pupils of the High School by Lincoln Post, G. A. R. Col. E. W. Davis, of Lincoln Post, presided, and after prayer by Dr. Iglehart, and a chorus "God for Us," by the school, E. B. Smith delivered the presentation address, in which he recalled the time when the pupils of the High School had presented that same regiment with a stand of colors on the very day of their departure for the front, in '61. The

flag was received by Dr. Hovey, on behalf of the pupils with a few but forcible remarks. An essay, overflowing with patriotism, by Miss Katharine Rudd, '89, was followed by a recitation by Miss Nellie Kinnard, '90, which took the house by storm. Comrade Gifford then recited that thrilling narrative, "The Bayonet Charge;" after which the school sang an ode, "The Flag of the Free." We were then treated to an eloquent address by Dr. Iglehart, which was ever and anon interrupted by bursts of applause. After one verse of that good old "America," in which everyone joined, the exercises were brought to a close, and we went forth filled with new impulses to see the flag of our country honored by all.

ONE of the most important land transfers which has taken place in this city for a long time, was effected on the 5th of February, between the Prudential Insurance Company of America, whose home office is on Broad street of this city, and Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, and the Wiss Brothers. The property has a frontage of nearly 70 feet on Broad street; it extends 265 feet on Bank street, and 140 feet on Library court.

As the Company intend covering the entire space with a building nine stories high with basement, there will be about six acres of flooring under one roof. This will undoubtedly be the most complete building for the purpose in the United States, if not in the world, for while those of other companies have cost much more than will be expended in this, special attention will be given to the conveniences of the business as carried on by the Company. It is not their intention to occupy the whole at once, but if the business increases as rapidly in the future, as it has in the past, it will not be long before the entire structure will be required for the Company's work.

As is well known, the business of this Company is the issuing of small policies on all healthy lives between the ages of one and seventy, these policies bearing premiums from five cents upward.

If the same rate of increase in the number of policies issued, continues for the next eleven years, which has characterized the last eleven, the first year of

the 20th Century will witness the remarkable spectacle of one insurance company issuing about 13,000,000 of policies in a single twelve-month. This appears almost incredible, but it is not more so than it would have seemed to any one in 1877, after scanning the annual statement of the Prudential Insurance Company of the previous year.

FROM the history of ancient countries this fact has been unearthed: Babylon fell into a decline.

POLITICAL slogans inspire even non-voters. During one of our singing exercises, while the late campaign was at its height, we came to a piece requiring a solo. Prof. Ellis called for a volunteer, but was unsuccessful in obtaining one, where-

upon some one suggested that a certain Freshman, Wright by name, had a very musical voice. Upon his refusing to accept the honor, the Professor asked: "What's the matter with Wright?" We can imagine his surprise when we know that the three hundred scholars in one voice responded: "He's all right."

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

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MISS LUCY M. FREER,
MISS JULIA MERRY,
MISS ELLA E. PUTNAM,
MISS ALICE B. POINIER, A. B.
MISS HANNAH M. COULT,

LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class—Ladies—A Division.

Ruth C. Bautes,
Lilian I. Cashion,
Hester B. Dean,
Sarah B. Doremus,
Hallie L. Garner,
Emma L. Gogl,
Lucy Graham,
Genevieve S. Grork,
Alberta A. Hadley,
Ruth E. Healy,

Maggie Jennings,
Grace M. Leary,
Maggie Lenox,
Ida Loeser,
Kate McDonald,
Harriet E. McElhose,
Ida H. Reynolds,
Mary A. Riker,
Bertha L. Ruckelshaus,
Katherine E. Rudd,

Anna Scarlett,
Amelia Straus,
M. Leanora Stevens,
Helen A. Tappen,
E. May Van Ness,
Lula Westwood,
Sarah A. Wheeler,
M. Evelynne Widmer,
Jennie Wrigley.

Senior Class—Ladies—B Division.

Mary A. Andrew,
Jennie M. Arbuckle,
Anna W. Baxter,
Della W. Beach,
M. Florence Brown,
Mildred L. Clark,
Alice M. Conger,
Katherine V. N. Crane,
Jean A. Dearie,
Janet B. Harvey,

Frances L. Hedges,
Belle Henry,
Alyda B. Johnson,
Flora B. Levy,
Augusta Lunger,
Elizabeth B. McDonald,
H. Louise Oliver,
Charlotte W. Pell,
Jeannette C. Price,
Cora V. D. Putnam,

Jessie A. Robertson,
Caroline D. Schieck,
Caroline A. Shepard,
Jessie M. Stout,
Marion Thomas,
Clara M. Thompson,
Caroline A. Thorn,
Jessie E. Ward,
Lilian B. Wilson.

Senior Class—Gentlemen.

Charles W. Campbell,
Irving Cook,
Luther E. Gregory,
Chauncey B. Griffiths,

Edmund K. Hopper,
George Jaeger,
Edward W. Russell,
Edgar E. Smith,
Carlyle E. Sutphen,

John N. Teeter,
Jacob Van Ness,
John Van Nest,
William C. Wright.

Junior Class—Ladies—N Division.

Jennie A. Axford,
Nellie M. Badgley,
May V. Bassett,
Mary N. Bonneau,
Florence M. Burtchaell,
M. Ella Craig,
Magaret C. Delany,
Antoinette Forbes,
H. Adra Freeman,
Margaret A. Hausman,

Maud G. Hogan,
Laura E. Hunt,
Helen S. Jenkins,
Harriette Johnstone,
Mary R. Ledwith,
Minnie Lewis,
Clara S. Littell,
Mona M. May,
Jennie L. Menagh,
Theresa C. Navatier,
Abby D. Reeve,

Bertha A. Redding,
Annie C. Rudd,
May I. Sherman,
Jennie B. Stein,
Nellie L. Smalley,
Ginevra F. Tompkins,
S. Elizabeth Van Duyne,
C. May Welcher,
Helen E. Williams,
Annie May Young.

Junior Class—Ladies—S Division.

Lulu B. Albertson,
Lucy E. Baker,
Mary E. Bennett,
Mabel I. Blanchard,
Rosa Bornstein,
Grace A. Coe,
Mabel W. Dixon,
Lena E. Egner,
Rachel Fried,
Leonora R. Gaffy,
Julia A. Harlow,

Clara Jones,
Nellie S. Kinnard,
Grace King,
Phebe A. Lynch,
Nettie A. Marlatt,
Mary C. Meade,
E. Louise Melick,
Kate Nichols,
Margaret A. Nichols,
Charlotte T. Phillips,
Marie L. Price,

Margaret M. Randolph,
Lue Tunison,
Susan H. Vieser,
Florence A. Vreeland,
Jessie M. Wendover,
Amelia A. Wilkins,
Mabel A. Willoughby,
Flora York,
Eva Bayley,
Josephine White.

Junior Class—Gentlemen.

Charles Belcher,
James R. Blake,
William H. Burnet,
Albert G. Clark,
R. G. Contrell,
Charles G. Colyer,
William A. Duren,
Edward G. Hedges,
Arnaud Heller,

Frederick Hoadley,
William A. Kinsey,
Nathan Kussy,
Henry Hahn,
Herman B. Lehlbach,
E. F. Lyon,
George Morgan,
William C. Nicoll,
Frank G. Ormsby,

William H. Osborne,
William Schopfer,
Herbert F. Sill,
James Sisserson,
Fred. P. Schenck,
Charles E. Teeter,
Ludwig Thiele,
Lawson H. Wickware,
Frank B. Voorhees.

Second Year Class—Ladies—A Division.

Ada Baird,
Helen M. Baldwin,
Hulda A. Bauman,
Mabel Bingham,
Edna I. Bleyle,
Lizzie B. Bourne,
Emma M. Butler,
Florence G. Carter,
Mary E. Caufield,
Cora M. Coleman,
Lillian M. Counter,
Mabel T. Crane,
Anastasia M. Demars,
Lillie M. Douglas,
Grace M. Duffy,
Katie A. Everding,

Grace Faulks,
Lizzie Geissele,
Mary Geraghty,
Sallie E. Hadden,
Lucie B. Haring,
Leora A. Hartpence,
Maud Haskins,
Belle Hedenberg,
Grace Hicks,
Evelyn Kirk,
Lizzie Kitchell,
Ella M. Kent,
Bessie M. Littell,
Olive B. Marley,
Mabel Matthews,
Mary Mattison,

Caroline Miller,
Susie Milne,
Addie M. Moore,
Bessie P. Osborne,
Ernestine Piez,
Florence E. Russell,
Josephine Siegel,
Edna S. Smith,
Jennie S. Smith,
Sallie Spence,
Laura Sullivan,
Ada Walsh,
Sarah H. Willis,
Helen E. Wilson,
Helen J. Woodruff.

Secomd Year Class—Ladies—B Division.

Lizzie Asher,
Amy Barnes,
Mabel Burnett,
Jennie M. Carr,
Jessie M. Clute,
Helen Cook,
Bessie K. Crane,
Kittie Currie,
Mattie C. Douglass,
Isabelle B. Dowie,
Grace E. Drowne,
Russie M. Dusenberry,
Florence V. Farmer,
Lydia Friess,
Emma Grebe,
Nellie Guile,

Josephine E. Haws,
Margaret L. Hewitt,
Olive Hopping,
Florence E. Hutman,
Maud A. Johnson,
Frances E. Jones,
Clara M. King,
Berta A. Koyt,
Sadie I. MacDonald,
Mary McDonell,
Isabelle Meyer,
Carrie E. Miller,
Annie E. Mitchel,
Lizzie Murray,
M. Gussie Myers,
M. Theresa Overgne,

May E. Palmer,
Hattie L. Pettit,
Lottie B. Pullin,
Florence Richardson,
Mabel A. Rutan,
Annie E. Sill,
Nettie Strouse,
Lillian Stumph,
Annie J. Sutphen,
Madge F. Thompson,
Lottie H. Wilkinson,
Essie S. White,
Anna E. Woodruff,
Lucinda Wrigley,
Rosa Zimmerman.

Second Year Class—Ladies—C Division.

Laura Aber,
Matie Chenoweth,
Hattie M. Cook,
Edith C. Decker,
Agnes Dunn,
Lillian Eagles,
Lula B. Evers,
Grace B. Fish,
Annie M. Genung,
Emma L. Haussling,
Hattie E. Hay,
Edna M. Hedden,

Clara Lee,
Grace G. Kane,
Nellie R. Kane,
Nellie McLorinan,
Mamie R. Milzeg,
Clara L. Mitchell,
Lilian Mulford,
Maude Parmly,
Lizzie Parmly,
Addie E. Purvis,
Berta S. Reuck,
Lizzie Rodomor,

Hilda Rose,
Bertha Schaeffer,
Eva Sherwood,
Cora B. Soden,
May E. Spencer,
Hattie Sternberg,
Almena Sutphen,
Mabel Thomas,
Nellie Van Ness,
Dora Wadams,
Sarah P. Walker,
Lilian F. Winchell.

Second Year Class—Gentlemen.

Harris Alexander,
Fred. M. Baldwin,
Herman Berchtold,
Ernest S. Birdsall,
Charles C. Brenn,
William H. Brown,
Louis R. Buckbee,
George P. Buehler,
Harry V. Byles,
William H. Camfield, Jr.,
Charles W. Carpenter,
William D. Chandler,
Claud E. Demarest,
William J. Donald,
Henry W. Egner,
Griffin Fairchild,
Frank W. Fithian,
John D. Fitz Gerald,
George B. Fitzgerald,
Daniel P. Fitzgerald,
Charles R. Floyd,
Edward B. Folmer,
William C. Fredericks,
William Gauch, Jr.,
Samuel H. Gibian,
Anthony J. Gunther,
Max Hammerschlag,
Robert B. Harrar,
Frank S. Harrison, Jr.,
Lee Harrison,
Edward H. Heckendorn,

Louis H. Holden,
Fred. G. Holzwarth,
Arlington W. Houck,
Wilbur C. Husk,
Arthur Hyde,
Carl L. Jacobsen,
Leonard R. Jacobus,
Victor Jacoby,
James D. Jamison,
James H. Johnson,
John Kay,
Charles G. Krueger,
John Kimmerle,
Joseph Kussy,
Theo. W. Lemassena,
Robert Loudon,
Joseph Lowenstein,
Evander W. Matteson,
Arthur MacKinnon,
Leo Markhart,
Esteve Mars,
Charles Middleton,
William P. Mills,
Walter D. Norris,
Louis M. Nuttman,
John O'Neil,
Arthur DeZ. Patton,
Harry F. Peal,
George T. Peck,
William B. Powell,
Henry J. Pfrommer

Dayton K. Price,
Richard L. Riker,
Frank W. Roller,
Louis F. Reed,
Herbert W. Rhodes,
Moses Roth,
Moses Samuel,
Frank W. Shulz,
Joseph N. Sinnock,
Walter Steadman,
Henry Stengel,
George D. Stevenson,
Edwin J. Stewart,
Warren B. Stout,
Samuel Ernest Sutton,
Charles Terwilliger,
Harry C. Thompson,
Harry W. Tichenor,
Wesley H. Trimmer,
George V. Tucker,
Philip E. Van Patten,
Gustav Voigt,
Willie J. Wakefield,
Henry Wangner,
John E. White,
Fred. Wichelhaus,
William Q. Wilcox,
Harry C. Wintsch,
Gilbert T. Woodhull,
William C. Woodhull
Howard E. Wright.

First Year Class—Ladies—A Division.

Mary Beers,
Emma Beach,
Josie Bird,
Lida Brown,
Ella V. Church,
Olive Cornish,
Jennie R. Courter,
Luneora Crane,
Ina B. Deane,
Maggie M. Flood,
Mamie Fulton,
Jennie Gibson,
Ida Goble,
Susie Greason,

Nellie Hastings,
Nettie Hegeman,
Bertha Higgins,
Hattie Howell,
Lillie M. Hurd,
Mamie Hutchinson,
Anna Lockwood,
Jessie Lockwood,
Helena McClelland,
Eleanor Morfilt,
Delia Noe,
Lizzie Noe,
Olivia O'Fake,
Bertha Redman,

Ida M. Reeve,
Carrie Romer,
Ida F. Romer,
Annie R. Schickhaus,
M. Adella Smith,
Grace B. Tompkins,
Emelia Wangner,
Laura E. Weil,
Tillie Weil,
Maggie D. White,
Florence B. Widmer,
Estelle Williams,
Maude E. Wise,
Louise B. Wolfer.

First Year Class—Ladies—B Division.

Clara Adams,
Flora Allison,
Ida M. Bailey,
Bessie Barker,
Dora A. Brundage,
May Burtchaell,
Ella Cullen,
Nellie Cook,
Carrie Conselyea,
Mabel Davis,
Edna Decker,

Linda DeMott,
Matilda Dengler,
Mamie Dunham,
May Girdler,
Georgiana Hamel,
Julia M. Horstman,
May Kriener,
Bertie Littell,
Annie A. Livingstone,
Lyde B. Marsh,
Tillie L. Mayo,

Laura W. McCrea,
Agnes Murphy,
Nellie E. Ogden,
Laura Pierson,
Margorie E. Pinckney,
Edith Blanche Rose,
Margaret L. Rowland,
Grace B. Roden,
Edith H. Sanborn,
Rosalind G. Shepherd,
Jennie Smith,

First Year Class—Ladies—B Division.—Continued.

Myrtle Smith,
May Tompkins,
Mary M. Teller,

Tillie L. Tliet,
Jessie Wakefield,
Jennie Watson,

Mamie Wendell,
Hattie E. Wolfe,
Minnie Williams.

First Year Class—Ladies—C Division.

Gussie C. Barnum,
Catharine Blake,
Harriet Brown,
Gertrude Cadmus,
Hettie Chapman,
Jennie A. Day,
Maggie E. Day,
Frances G. Fisher,
Julia M. Fisher,
Eva C. Fraley,
Maude C. Freeland,
Emma Girtanner,
Emilie L. Glorieux,
Ada Graham,

Carrie L. Grill,
Minnie P. Harness,
Annie P. Helmstaedter,
Anna L. Johnstone,
Ida E. Kirk,
Emma C. Leonard,
Cora B. Loder,
Tillie A. Ludwig,
Nellie I. Lull,
Adah MacAinsh,
Katharine E. McNally,
Minnie Mendel,
Minnie E. Morrow,
Josephine Myers,
Josephine L. Noble,

M. Louise Penrose,
Emma L. Robbins,
Alice P. Robertson,
Mamie Rodamor,
Essie Ross,
Lena Schooley,
Belle Smith,
May Starker,
Helen A. Stout,
Lizzie M. Townley,
Lulu Van Stienberg,
Annie G. Washington,
Ella B. Welcher,
Edith M. Zimmerman.

First Year Class—Ladies—D Division.

Edith V. Aschenbach,
Mary L. Auchterlonie,
Helen Baldwin,
May Baldwin,
Margaret A. Baxter,
Ella G. Bergen,
Josie Berger,
Lelia F. Bird,
Emily Block,
Georgiana Bowie,
Louise Clark,
Helen D. Conway,
Florence Corlies,
Kittie E. Courter,

Mamie F. Charmbury,
Clara M. Dill,
Jennie P. Dod,
Ida M. Gable,
Gussie Gale,
Stella Gorgas,
Agnes Haddow,
Alice B. Haines,
Florence B. Johnson,
Grace E. Jones,
Gussie A. Kudel,
Hattie Lawrenz,
Maggie Ledwith,
Lizzie M. Lutes,

Carrie M. Maschy,
Emma A. Meeker,
Mary Messler,
Bertie L. Mills,
Bertie Mills,
Wilma Mulford,
Jennie J. Norman,
Ella Quinn,
L. Maude Rhodes,
Christine Roalefs,
Clara Y. Simonson,
Maggie F. Stickle,
Addie L. Utter,
Grace A. Willis.

First Year Class—Ladies—E Division.

Mabel Barnett,
Annie Barth,
Alberta Bartow,
Bessie C. Bennett,
Regina H. Breidt,
Selina M. Buckley,
Edith M. Burnett,
Florence M. Coe,
Bertha M. Demarest,
Florence Dowden,

Miriam Feder,
Lillian Garabrant,
May Hopper,
Edith M. Jacobus,
Bertie Lauber,
Jessie E. MacGowan,
Grace Northrop,
May Osborne,
Elizabeth Pickance,
Mary Quin,

Lulu B. Riggin,
Allie Rood,
Sadie G. Russell,
Josephine Sell,
Alice M. Thompson,
Clementine Tucker,
Alice Van Arnam,
Jessie B. Ward,
Geraldine Warring,
Ada M. Woodland.

First Year Class—Ladies—F Division.

Bessie Alston,
Caroline E. Beyer,
Emma R. Beach,
Fannie J. Ball,
Alice M. Baxter,
Bertha A. Bandonin,
Cora F. Cogger,
Meta P. Chadsey,
Anna Deidrick,
Grace L. Darling,

Florence I. Dovell,
Cora B. Davis,
Arity J. DeMont,
Ida B. Edwards,
Florence M. Graul,
Nettie Goeller,
Louisa Hartman,
May E. Holbrook,
Nellie M. Henchel,
Mary L. Hoesly,

Grace Keymer,
Anna Lockwood,
Jessie M. Lockwood,
Lida A. Lawrence,
Ella W. Mockridge,
Martha E. Nicols,
Mary E. Osborn,
Julia A. Osborne,
Mary M. Purvis,
Grace Porter,

First Year Class—Ladies—F Division.—Continued.

Carrie L. Romer,
Ida F. Romer,

Adaline H. Russell,
Emilie F. Stapff,
Eva M. Sandford,

Grace B. Tompkins,
Ida E. Winters.

First Year Class—Gentlemen—A Division.

Neilson Abeel,
John C. Ball,
Arthur M. Barnes,
S. Albert Brown,
William B. Burgyes,
Charles A. Carter,
De Witt J. Carter
George L. Champlin,
Charles A. Clymer,
I. Wilbur Conselyea,
Edward F. Crane,
Ernest Crawford,
Walter S. Decker,
Paul K. Douglas,
Carl H. H. Fischer,
Marcus L. Goldfinger,
Herbert R. Hadley,

Alvin Harper,
Frank R. Haussling,
Charles M. Henry,
Allie M. Joroleman,
Maurice Kaufman,
George E. Kennedy,
Francis J. Kieb, Jr.,
A. Frederick Lehlbach,
Henry G. Lemassena,
Charles A. MacCall,
Howard Marshall,
Henry W. May,
John S. McDougall,
Edward V. McIntyre,
John M. Miller,
James E. Moore,
Isaac M. Noe,

Philip C. Poinier,
Dudley D. Roberts,
Edward W. Sayre,
W. C. Schenck,
Harry A. Scheppach,
Frederick S. Scheuer,
Edgar Schiener,
Walter T. Shepard,
Isaac Straus,
Louis F. Teller,
William V. Van Blarcom,
Harrison R. Van Duyne,
John Van Dyke,
U. Condit Varick,
George C. Wallace,
M. Royal Whitenack,
John R. Williams.

First Year Class—Gentlemen—B Division.

Theodore F. Bailey, Jr.
H. Halsey Beach,
Thomas H. Bowles,
Ed. C. Briden,
Martin G. Bross, Jr.
William Burkhardt,
Bernard A. Cannon,
William F. Cone,
Robert B. Dunham,
Harry C. Franklin,
Ward L. Ferguson, Jr.
Thomas A. Gardener,
George R. Gardener,
Howard R. Garis,
Joseph Gott,
Samuel Graber,
Edwin J. Handley,

William V. Hann,
Alfred M. Haring,
Ed. L. C. Hegeman,
Reuben A. Heller,
William J. Hoare, Jr.
George W. Jackson,
De Witt V. Jacobus,
William E. Jaehning,
Walter W. Kane,
Joseph Kessler,
Louis Leroy,
Roger Marshall, Jr.
Henry F. Mellen,
James Mungle,
Frank M. Potter, Jr.
William M. Provost,
Benjamin J. Reed,
W. Henry Ruth, Jr.

Charles Solliday,
William A. Terhune,
Leslie G. Thompson,
Henry M. Tompkins,
Harry J. Turton,
George D. Van Arsdale,
Charles H. Urguhart,
Herman Van Steenberg,
John Venters, Jr.
Frank L. Vincent,
Herbert C. Walsh,
William H. Wambold,
Alfred C. Watts,
Gustav A. Wiedenmayer,
Fred W. Werner,
Frank West,
Cassius M. Wright.

First Year Class—Gentlemen—C Division.

Arnold Leucht,
George Lirnau,
Fred. Lusinger,
Edward Lyon,
George E. Lyon,
Emil Mahr,
Thomas McElhose,
Wilbur Meier,
James Meldrum,
Edwin C. Muller,
Frederick Nicoll,
Charles W. Norris,
James O'Connor,
Edward Phillips,
Henry Pilger,
George Potter,

Otto Rauch,
Henry B. Rogers,
Frank Saul,
Harry Schaeffer,
Robert Schaller,
Gust. Schettelich,
George Schmauder,
Samuel J. Schnarr,
Frederick Seip,
Lyall R. Simpson,
Harry H. Slater,
Whittfield Smith,
Alfred Soden,
Robert Steinhardt,
John P. Streib,
George L. Tench,

Frank Thompson,
John S. Thompson,
Arthur Thowless,
Sigmund Tigner,
Wilbert Titus,
Theodore A. Toering,
William A. Townley,
James Traphagen,
J. Edgar Vanderhoff,
Arthur Van Houten,
William H. Walters,
Louis Waer,
Charles Wakefield,
Edward Weil,
Frank Williams,
Elbert E. Wonderly.

<i>First Year Class—Gentlemen—D Division.</i>		
Louis H. Aff,	Charles T. Clark,	Fred W. Grossner,
Frank E. Alexander,	George A. Collis,	John Haas,
Walter B. Allen,	Leroy A. Conklin,	Harry D. Hewson,
Louis J. Auerbacher,	Daniel R. Cook,	Julius L. Huber,
Walter L. Bambridge,	Whitfield Cox,	Alvah M. Jacobus,
Henry Birkenhauer,	Theodore L. Currie, Jr.	Moses Jedel,
Max Block,	William Dauner,	Thomas T. Johnson,
Fred M. Boyle,	Henry R. de Mund,	Frank R. Kennedy,
Herbert N. Brand,	Fred W. Dusenberry,	John A. Kern,
Henry Breuninger,	John C. Edinger,	Harry Kiersted,
Fred Bruen,	James H. Elkins,	Bernhardt Klein,
Joseph Brunner,	Harry E. Ferris,	Adolph Kuhne, Jr.
Harry B. Burnett,	William D. Francisco,	Edwin W. Lambert,
Harvey D. Cadmus,	Louis Gartz,	Simon Lang,
Robert W. Cartwright,	John C. Gibson,	Frank A. Lyon.
	Thomas C. Griffiths,	
	CLASSICAL.	
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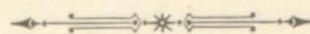
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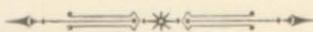
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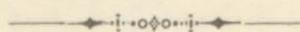


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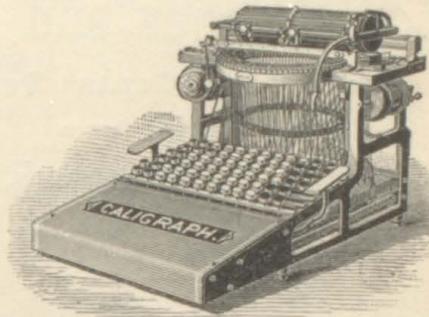
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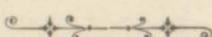
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